KINGSTON
PUBLIC LIBRARY

921 CAR
219/591
CARLYLE, T.W.
~~FROUDE, J.A.~~ Ed.
vol. 1
STORE

STORE £6.00

FOLKESTONE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Central Library—Black Stamp. Sandgate Library—Green Stamp.
Cheriton Library—Blue Stamp. Sidney St. Library—Red Stamp.

THE TIME ALLOWED for reading books is **FOURTEEN DAYS** excluding the day of issue. Borrowers detaining books beyond fourteen days, unless extension has been granted, shall be liable to a fine of three-pence per week or part of a week for each book so detained, plus the cost of sending notices.

TIME OF READING MAY BE EXTENDED, provided the book is not required by another reader, for a further period of fourteen days dating from the day of intimation, by quoting the book number and the last date stamped below.

R. HOWARTH,
Borough Librarian.

This Book must be returned on or before the date last stamped below.

2 NOV 1963		
SER 20-5-68		
21. MAY 1968		
19. JUL 1968		
LASER		
16. 10. 72		
X 7		
03. OCT 87		
01. 88		
3. JAN '90		

C 10 0194596

3 Vols 15/-

MRS CARLYLE'S LETTERS

VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1883

All rights reserved

219/591
921
CAR

BX8604 0835
826

PREFACE.

The Letters which form these volumes were placed in my hands by Mr. Carlyle in 1871. They are annotated throughout by himself. The few additional observations occasionally required are marked with my initials.

I have not thought it necessary to give an introductory narrative of Mrs. Carlyle's previous history, the whole of it being already related in my account of the 'first forty years' of her husband's life. To this I must ask the reader who wishes for information to be so good as to refer.

Mr. Carlyle did not order the publication of these Letters, though he anxiously desired it. He left the decision to Mr. Forster, Mr. John Carlyle, and myself. Mr. Forster and

Mr. John Carlyle having both died in Mr. Carlyle's lifetime, the responsibility fell entirely upon me. Mr. Carlyle asked me, a few months before his end, what I meant to do. I told him that, when the 'Reminiscences' had been published, I had decided that the Letters might and should be published also.

Mr. Carlyle requested in his will that my judgment in the matter should be accepted as his own.

J. A. FROUDE.

5 Onslow Gardens:
February 28, 1883.

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 1.

'TUESDAY, June 10, 1834,' it appears, was the date of our alighting, amid heaped furniture, in this house, where we were to continue for life. I well remember bits of the drive from Ampton Street; what damp-clouded kind of sky it was; how, in crossing Belgrave Square, *Chico*, her little canary-bird, whom she had brought from Craigenputtock in her lap, burst out into singing, which we all ('Bessy Barnet,' our romantic maid, sat with us in the old hackney-coach) strove to accept as a promising omen. The business of sorting and settling, with two or three good carpenters, &c., already on the ground, was at once gone into, with boundless alacrity, and (under such management as hers) went on at a mighty rate; even the three or four days of quasi-camp life, or gypsy life, had a kind of gay charm to us; and hour by hour we saw the confusion abating, growing into victorious order. Leigh Hunt was continually sending us notes; most probably would in person step across before bedtime, and give us an hour of the prettiest melodious discourse. In about a week (it seems to me) all was swept and garnished, fairly habitable; and continued incessantly to get itself

polished, civilised, and beautified to a degree that surprised one. I have elsewhere alluded to all that, and to my little Jeannie's conduct of it: heroic, lovely, pathetic, mournfully beautiful, as in the light of eternity, that little scene of time now looks to me. From birth upwards she had lived in opulence; and now, for my sake, had become poor—so nobly poor. Truly, her pretty little brag (in this letter) was well founded. No such house, for beautiful thrift, quiet, spontaneous, nay, as it were, unconscious—minimum of money reconciled to human comfort and human dignity—have I anywhere looked upon where I have been.

From the first, or nearly so, I had resolved upon the 'French Revolution,' and was reading, studying, ransacking the Museum (to little purpose) with all my might. Country health was still about me; heart and strength still fearless of any toil. The weather was very hot; defying it (in hard, almost brimless, hat, which was *obbligato* in that time of slavery) did sometimes throw me into colic; the Museum collection of 'French Pamphlets,' the completest of its sort in the world, did, after six weeks of baffling wrestle, prove inaccessible to me; and I had to leave them there—so strong was Chaos and Co. in that direction. Happily, John Mill had come to my aid, and the Paris 'Histoire Parlementaire' began to appear. Mill had himself great knowledge of the subject. He sent me down all his own books on the subject (almost a cartload), and was generously profuse and unwearied in every kind of furtherance. He had taken a great attachment to me (which lasted about ten years, and then suddenly ended, I never knew how); an altogether clear, logical, honest, amicable, affectionate young man, and respected as such here, though sometimes felt to be rather colourless, even aqueous—no religion in almost any form traceable in him. He was among our chief visitors and social elements at that time. Came to us in the evenings

once or twice a week; walked with me on Sundays, &c.; with a great deal of discourse not worthless to me in its kind. Still prettier were Leigh Hunt's little nights with us; figure and bearing of the man, of a perfectly graceful, spontaneously original, dignified and attractive kind. Considerable sense of humour in him; a very pretty little laugh, sincere and cordial always; many tricksy turns of witty insight, of intellect, of phrase; countenance, tone and eyes well seconding; his voice, in the finale of it, had a kind of musical warble ('chirl' we vernacularly called it) which reminded one of singing-birds. He came always rather scrupulously, though most simply and modestly, dressed. 'Kind of Talking Nightingale,' we privately called him—name first due to her. He enjoyed much, and with a kind of chivalrous silence and respect, her Scotch tunes on the piano, most of which he knew already, and their Burns or other accompaniment: this was commonly enough the wind-up of our evening; 'supper' being ordered (uniformly 'porridge' of Scotch oatmeal), most likely the piano, on some hint, would be opened, and continue till the 'porridge' came—a tiny basin of which Hunt always took, and ate with a teaspoon, to sugar, and many praises of the excellent frugal and noble article. It seems to me, in our long, dim-lighted, perfectly neat and quaint room, these 'evening parties' of three were altogether human and beautiful; perhaps the best I anywhere had before or since! Allan Cunningham occasionally walked down; pleasant enough to talk with—though the topic was sure to be Nithsdale (mainly Nithsdale fun), and nothing else. Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Buller, Darwin, Wedgwood, &c., &c. (of this or shortly posterior dates), I do not mention. I was busy; she still more hopefully and gaily so; and in what is called 'society,' or London interests for us, there was no lack.—Of all which, these 'Letters,'

accidental *waifs* among such multitudes as have carelessly perished, are now the only record.

I perfectly recollect the day this following letter describes, though I could not have given the date, even by year. 'Macqueen and Thomson' were two big graziers of respectability, Macqueen a native of Craigenputtock, Thomson, from near Annan, had been a school-fellow of mine. They had called here without very specific errand; and I confess what the letter intimates (of my silent wish to have evaded such interruption, &c., &c.) is the exact truth.

'*Traiked*' means *perished*, contemptuous term, applied to cattle, &c. '*Traik*' = German '*Dreck*.' To '*bankrape*' is to '*bankrupt*' (used as a verb passive). 'And then he bankrapit, and geed out o' sicht:' a phrase of my father's in the little sketches of Annandale biography he would sometimes give me. During two wholly wet days, on my last visit to Scotsbrig in 1830, he gave me a whole series of such; clearest brief portraiture and life-history of all the noteworthy, vanished figures whom I had known by look only, and now wished to understand. Such a set of *Schilderungen* (human delineations of human life), so admirably brief, luminous, true, and man-like, as I never had before or since. I have heard Wordsworth, somewhat on similar terms (twice over had him in a corner engaged on this topic, which was his *best*); but even Wordsworth was inferior.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Sept. 1, 1834.

My dear Mother,—Could I have supposed it possible that any mortal was so stupid as not to feel disappointed in receiving a letter from *me* instead of my husband, I should have written to you very

long ago. But while this humility becomes me, it is also my duty (too long neglected) to send a little adjunct to my husband's letter, just to assure you 'with my own hand' that I continue to love you amidst the hubbub of this 'noble city'[1] just the same as in the quiet of Craigenputtock, and to cherish a grateful recollection of your many kindnesses to me; especially of that magnanimous purpose to 'sit at my bedside' through the night preceding my departure, 'that I might be sure to sleep!' I certainly shall never forget that night and the several preceding and following; but for the kindness and helpfulness shown me on all hands, I must have *traiked*, one would suppose. I had every reason to be thankful then to Providence and my friends, and have had the same reason since.

All things, since we came here, have gone more smoothly with us than I at all anticipated. Our little household has been set up again at a quite moderate expense of money and trouble; wherein I cannot help thinking, with a *chastened vanity*, that the superior shiftiness and thriftiness of the Scotch character has strikingly manifested itself. The English women turn up the whites of their eyes, and call on the 'good heavens' at the bare idea of enterprises which seem to me in the most ordinary course of human affairs. I told Mrs. Hunt, one day, I had been very busy *painting*.

[1] Phrase of Basil Montague's.

'What?' she asked, 'is it a portrait?' 'Oh! no,' I told her; 'something of more importance—a large wardrobe.' She could not imagine, she said, 'how I could have patience for such things?' And so, having no patience for them herself, what is the result? She is every other day reduced to borrow my tumblers, my teacups; even a cupful of porridge, a few spoonfuls of tea, are begged of me, because 'Missus has got company, and happens to be out of the article;' in plain unadorned English, because 'missus' is the most wretched of managers, and is often at the point of having not a copper in her purse. To see how they live and waste here, it is a wonder the whole city does not 'bankrape, and go out o' sicht';—flinging platefuls of what they are pleased to denominate 'crusts' (that is what I consider all the best of the bread) into the ashpits! I often say, with honest self-congratulation, 'In Scotland we have no such thing as "crusts."' On the whole, though the English ladies seem to have their wits more at their finger-ends, and have a great advantage over me in that respect, I never cease to be glad that I was born on the other side of the Tweed, and that those who are nearest and dearest to me are Scotch.

I must tell you what Carlyle will not tell of himself—that he is rapidly mending of his Craigenputtock gloom and acerbity. He is really at times a tolerably social character, and seems to be regarded

with a feeling of mingled terror and love in all companies; which I should expect the diffusion of Teufelsdröckh will tend to increase.

I have just been called away to John Macqueen, who was followed by a Jack Thomson, of Annan, whom I received in my choicest mood, to make amends for Carlyle's unreadiness—who was positively going to let him leave the door without asking him in; a neglect which he would have reproached himself with after.

My love to all. Tell my kind Mary to write to me; she is the only one that ever does.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 2.

Mournfully beautiful is this letter to me; a clear little household light shining, pure and brilliant, in the dark obstructive places of the past!

The 'two East Lothian friends' are George Rennie, then sculptor, and his pretty sister, Mrs. Manderston, wife of an ex-Indian ship captain.

'Eliza Miles' and 'the Mileses' are the good people in Ampton Street with whom we lodged; Eliza, their daughter, felt quite captivated with my Jane, and seems to have vowed eternal loyalty to her almost at first sight; was for coming to be our servant at Craigenputtock (actually wrote proposing it then—a most tempting offer to us, had not the rough element and the delicate aspirant been evidently irreconcilable!). She continued to visit us here, at modest intervals; wrote me, after my calamity befel, the one letter of condolence I could completely read (still extant, and almost worth adjoining here), she was a very pretty and, to

us, interesting specimen of the London maiden of the middle classes; refined, polite, pious, clever both of hand and mind; no gentlewoman could have a more upright, modest, affectionate and unconsciously high demeanour. Her father had long been in prosperous upholsterer business ('*Miles* and Edwards,' as we sometimes heard), but the firm had latterly gone awry, and poor Miles now went about as a 'traveller' (showing specimens, &c.), where he had formerly been one of the commanders-in-chief. He was a very good-natured, respectable man; quietly much sympathised with in his own house. Eliza, with her devout temper, had been drawn to Edward Irving; went daily, alone of her family, to his chapel, in those years 1831–2, and was to the last one of his most reverent disciples. She did, in her soft loyal way, right well in the world; married poorly enough, but wisely, and is still living, a now rich man's wife, and the mother of prosperous sons and daughters.

'Buller's Radical meeting,' had one an old newspaper, would give us an exact date: it was the meeting, privately got up by C. Buller, but ostensibly managed by others, which assembled itself largely and with emphasis in the London Tavern, to say what it thought on the first reappearance of Peel and Co. after the Reform Bill, '*first* Peel Ministry,' which lasted only a short time. I duly attended the meeting (never another in my life); and remembered it well. Had some interest, not much. The 2,000 human figures, wedged in the huge room into one dark mass, were singular to look down upon, singular to hear their united voice, coming clearly as from one heart; their fiery 'Yes,' their sternly bellowing 'No.' (Camille Desmoulins in the Palais-Royal Gardens, not long afterwards![1]) I could notice, too, what new *laws* there were of speaking to such a mass;

[1] 'Afterwards:' when Carlyle came to write about Camille in the *French Revolution*.—J. A. F.

no matter how intensely consentaneous your 2,000 were, and how much you *agreed* with every one of them; you must likewise *begin* where they began, follow pretty exactly their *sequence* of thoughts, or they lost sight of your intention; and, for noise of contradiction to you and to one another, you could not be heard at all. That was new to me, that second thing; and little or nothing else was. In the speeches I had no interest, except a phenomenal; indeed, had to disagree throughout, more or less with every part of them. Roebuck knew the art best; kept the 2,000 in constant reverberation, more and more rapturous, by his adroitly *correct* series of commonplaces; John Crawfurd, much more original, lost the series, and had to sit down again unheard—ignominiously unheard. *Ohe jam satis est.* I walked briskly home, much musing; found her waiting, eager enough for any news I had.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: End of November [Nov. 21], 1834.[1]

My dear Mother,—Now that franks are come back into the world, one need not wait for an inspired moment to write; if one's letter is worth nothing, it costs nothing—nor will any letter that tells you of our welfare and assures you of our continual affection,

[1] About a month before this date, Edward Irving rode to the door one evening, came in and stayed with us some twenty minutes, the one call we ever had of him here—his farewell call before setting out to ride towards Glasgow, as the doctors, helpless otherwise, had ordered. He was very friendly, calm and affectionate, spoke; chivalrously courteous, to her (as I remember): 'Ah, yes,' looking round the room, 'You are like an Eve, make every place you live in beautiful!' He was not sad in manner, but was at heart, as you could notice—serious, even solemn. Darkness at hand, and the weather damp, he could not loiter. I saw him mount at the door, watched till he turned the first corner (close by the rector's garden-door), and had vanished from us for altogether. He died at Glasgow before the end of December coming.

be worth nothing in your eyes, however destitute of news or anything else that might make it entertaining.

The weather is grown horribly cold, and I am chiefly intent, at present, on getting my winter wardrobe into order. I have made up the old black gown (which was dyed puce for me at Dumfries), with my own hands; it looks twenty per cent. better than when it was new; and I shall get no other this winter. I am now turning my pelisse. I went yesterday to a milliner's to buy a bonnet: an old, very ugly lady, upwards of seventy, I am sure, was bargaining about a cloak at the same place; it was a fine affair of satin and velvet; but she declared repeatedly that 'it had *no air*,' and for her part she could not put on such a thing. My bonnet, I flatter myself, has an *air*; a little brown feather nods over the front of it, and the crown points like a sugar-loaf! The diameter of the fashionable ladies at present is about three yards; their bustles (false bottoms) are the size of an ordinary sheep's fleece. The very servant-girls wear bustles: Eliza Miles told me a maid of theirs went out one Sunday with three kitchen dusters pinned on as a substitute.

The poor Mileses are in great affliction. Mr. Miles, about the time we came to London, got into an excellent situation, and they were just beginning to feel independent, and look forward to a comfortable future, when one morning, about a week ago,

Mr. Miles, in walking through his warerooms, was noticed to stagger; and one of the men ran and caught him as he was falling: he was carried to a public-house close by (his own house being miles off), and his wife and daughter sent for. He never spoke to them; could never be removed; but there, in the midst of confusion and riot, they sat watching him for two days, when he expired. I went up to see them so soon as I heard of their misfortune. The wife was confined to bed with inflammation in her head. Poor Eliza was up, and resigned-looking, but the picture of misery. 'A gentleman from Mr. Irving's church' was with her, saying what he could.

A brother and sister, the most intimate friends I ever had in East Lothian, live quite near (for London), and I have other East Lothian acquaintances. Mrs. Hunt I shall soon be quite terminated with, I foresee. She torments my life out with borrowing. She actually borrowed one of the brass fenders the other day, and I had difficulty in getting it out of her hands; irons, glasses, tea-cups, silver spoons, are in constant requisition; and when one sends for them the whole number can never be found. Is it not a shame to manage so, with eight guineas a week to keep house on! It makes me very indignant to see all the waste that goes on around me, when I am needing so much care and calculation to make ends meet. When we dine out, to

see as much money expended on a dessert of fruit (for no use but to give people a colic) as would keep us in necessaries for two or three weeks! My present maid has a grand-uncle in town with upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, who drives his carriage and all that; at a great dinner he had, he gave five pounds for a couple of pineapples when scarce; and here is his niece working all the year through for eight, and he has never given her a brass farthing since she came to London.

My mother gave a good account of your looks. I hope you will go and see her again for a longer time. She was so gratified by your visit. I have just had a letter from her, most satisfactory, telling me all she knows about any of you. She gives a most wonderful account of some transcendentally beautiful shawl which Jane had made her a present of. I am sure never present gave more contentment.

Carlyle is going to a Radical meeting to-night, but there is no fear of his getting into mischief. Curiosity is his only motive—and I must away to the butcher's to get his dinner. I wish you may be able to read what I have written. I write with a steel pen, which is a very unpliable concern, and has almost cut into my finger. God bless you all. A kiss to Mary's new baby when you see it.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 8.

Postscript to some letter of mine, announcing brother John's speedy advent from Italy, and visit to Scotsbrig as his next step.

The 'wee *wains*' (weans) are sister Mary's, sister Jean's, and brother Alick's; 'wee Jane,' her namesake, is brother Alick's eldest. 'Mighty nation' had this origin (derived by tradition of mine): My mother, in the act of removing from Ecclefechan to Mainhill (in 1816), which was a serious new adventure to the family and her, had, as she privately told me, remembered vividly the first time she came *down* that road, riding towards Ecclefechan, as a little girl behind her father—towards an aunt, and unknown fortune in that new country—and how she could now piously say of herself, like Jacob, 'Now hath the Lord made of me a great nation.' Good dear mother!

I almost think this promised visit to Scotland did not take effect—John's own part of it having failed, and general uncertainty having thereupon supervened. I was myself in dreadful struggle[1] with the burnt first volume of 'French Revolution;' miserable accident which had befallen three months before this date; but which (having persisted to finish 'Book i. Vol. II.,' before turning back) I had now first practically grappled with, and found how near it bordered on the absolutely insuperable! certainly the impossiblest-looking literary problem I ever had: 'resembles swimming in an element not of water, but of quasi-vacuum,' said I mournfully, almost desperately: 'by main

[1] I may mention here a fact connected with the burning of this MS. Mill had borrowed it to read, and when in his hands it was in some way destroyed: he came himself to Cheyne Row to confess what had happened. He sat three hours trying to talk of other subjects. When he went away at last, Mrs. Carlyle told me that the first words which Carlyle spoke were: 'Well! Mill, poor fellow, is very miserable; we must try to keep from him how serious the loss is to us.'—J. A. F.

force, impossible, I find!'—and so had flung it all by, about this date; and for four weeks was reading the trashiest heap of novels (Marryat's, &c.) to hush down my mind, and, as it were, bury the disaster under ashes for a time. About July I cautiously, gingerly, stept up to the affair again, and gradually got it done. How my darling behaved under all this, with what heroism and what love, I have mentioned elsewhere. I find she renounced Scotland for this year, and instead appointed her mother to come and visit *us* here, which did take effect, as will be seen.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: May 2, 1835.

I too am coming, dear mother, and expect a share of the welcome! For though I am no son, nor even much worth as a daughter, you have a heart where there is '*coot and coom again*.'[1] I think of nothing so much at present as this journey to Scotland; all the sea-sickness and fatigues of my former journeys do not damp my ardour for this one.

Carlyle has not told you a piece of news we heard yesterday, so curious as to be worth recording. Mrs. Badams, who a year and half ago made such outrageous weeping and wailing over the death of her husband, is on the eve of a second marriage (has been engaged for months back) to a Frenchman who is—her own half-nephew!!! the son of a sister who was daughter to the same father by a former wife!

[1] 'The grace of God, brethren,' said some (mythical) Methodist, 'is like a round of beef; there is *coot* and,' &c.

Such things, it seems, are tolerated in France; to us here it seems rather shocking. Such is the upshot of all poor Badams's labours and anxieties, and sacrifices of soul and body, in amassing money! Himself lies killed, with brandy and vexation, in a London churchyard; and the wreck of his wealth goes to supply the extravagances of a rabble of French who have neither common sense nor common decency.

I have just had a call from an old rejected lover, who has been in India these ten years: though he has come home with more thousands of pounds than we are ever likely to have hundreds, or even scores, the sight of him did not make me doubt the wisdom of my preference. Indeed, I continue quite content with my bargain; I could wish him a little *less yellow*, and a little more *peaceable;* but that is all.

What a quantity of wee *wains* I shall have to inspect! though I doubt if any of them will equal the first wee Jane, whom I hope they are not suffering to forget me. Truly you are become 'a mighty nation'! God prosper it!

Your affectionate

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 4.

Susan Hunter of St. Andrews, now and long since Mrs. Stirling of Edinburgh, was daughter of a Professor Hunter in St. Andrews University, and granddaughter of a famous do. do., whose editions of Virgil, and various other

Latin classics, all excellently printed in the little county town of Cupar, Fife, are held in deserved esteem, not among ourselves only, but in Germany itself, by the best judges there.

To an elder sister of this Susan the afterwards famous Francis Jeffrey, then a young Edinburgh advocate, had been wedded, and was greatly attached; but she soon died from him and left him a childless widower. A second sister of Susan's, I believe, had married John Jeffrey, younger and only brother of Francis; but she too had died, and there were no children left. John Jeffrey followed no profession, had wandered about the world, at one time been in America, in revolutionary France, but had since settled pleasantly in Edinburgh within reach of his brother, and was a very gentle, affectionate, pleasantly social and idly ingenious man. I remember Susan and her one younger sister as living often with John Jeffrey; I conclude it was at Craigcrook, at Francis Jeffrey's, that we had made acquaintance with her. She was a tall, lean, cleanly trim and wise-looking, though by no means beautiful woman, except that her face and manners expressed nothing that was not truthful, simple, rational, modest though decided. Susan and a brother of hers, John, who sometimes visited here in after times, and is occasionally mentioned in these letters, had a great admiration and even affection for Leigh Hunt, to whom John was often actually *subventive*. Susan's mild love for poor Hunt, sparkling through her old-maidish, cold, still, exterior, was sometimes amusingly noticeable.—T. C.

To Miss Hunter, Millfield House, Edmonton.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: June 1835.

My dear Susan Hunter,—What an infidel you are to dream of my ever forgetting either your existence or your kindness! Woman though I be, and though

Mr. John Jeffrey once said of me (not in my hearing) that I was 'distinguished as a flirt' in my time, I can tell you few people are as steady in their attachments. That I was attached to you, a person of your quick penetration could hardly fail to observe.

You were very kind to me; and that was not all; you were several things that women rarely are, straightforward and clear-sighted, among the rest, and so I liked you, and have continued to like you to this hour. Never have I thought of Edinburgh since we left it without thinking of you and the agreeable evenings I spent with you.

Such being the case, you may believe it is with heartfelt gladness that I find you are again within reach. Do come to-morrow evening or Thursday, whichever suits you best, and know that we possess the rarest of London accommodations, a spare bed; so that if you consider the thing in the same reasonable light that I do, you will undoubtedly stay all night.

My dear Susan (do let me dispense with formalities), I am so glad that I have not even taken time to mend my pen.

Your affectionate friend

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 5.

Letter to John Sterling; probably her first. Our acquaintance then was but of few weeks' standing. This letter and all the following to the same address were carefully laid

together under sealed cover 'Aug. 14, 1845,' in Sterling's still steady hand; and mournfully came back to us in the course of a few weeks longer.—T. C.

To the Rev. John Sterling, Herstmonceux.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, June 15, 1835.

My dear Sir,—You did kindly to send the little separate note. The least bit 'all to myself,' as the children say, was sure to give me a livelier pleasure than any number of sheets in which I had but a secondary interest; for, in spite of the honestest efforts to annihilate my *I-ety*, or merge it in what the world doubtless considers my better half, I still find myself a self-subsisting, and, alas! self-seeking *me*. Little Felix, in the 'Wanderjahre,' when, in the midst of an animated scene between Wilhelm and Theresa, he pulls Theresa's gown, and calls out, 'Mama Theresa, I too am here!' only speaks out with the charming trustfulness of a little child what I am perpetually feeling, though too sophisticated to pull people's skirts or exclaim in so many words, 'Mr. Sterling, I too am here.'

But I must tell you I find a grave fault in that note—about the last fault I should have dreamt of finding in any utterance of yours—it is not believing, but faithless! In the first place, the parenthesis ('if ever') seems to me a wilful questioning of the goodness of Providence. Then you say, if in some weeks I can bring myself to think of you with

patience, &c., &c. Now, both the 'if' and 'perhaps' displease me. Only the most inveterate sceptic could, with your fineness of observation, have known me for two weeks without certifying himself that my patience is infinite, inexhaustible! that, in fact, I, as well as yourself, combine 'the wisdom of Solomon with the patience of Job!' Far from being offended by your dissertation on the 'Sartor,'[1] I think it the best that has been said or sung of him. Even where your criticism does not quite fall in with my humble views, I still love the spirit of the critic. For instance, I am loth to believe that I have married a Pagan; but I approve entirely of the warmth with which you warn your friend against the delusion of burning pastilles before a statue of Jupiter, and such like extravagances. I suppose it is excessively heterodox, and in a Catholic country I should be burnt for it, but to you I may safely confess that I care almost nothing about what a man believes in comparison with how he believes. If his belief be correct it is much the better for himself; but its intensity, its efficacy, is the ground on which I love and trust him. Thus, you see, I am capable of appreciating your fervour in behalf of the Thirty-nine Articles, without being afflicted because my husband is accused of contumacy against them.

But what do you mean by speaking of 'a few

[1] Herstmonceux, May 29, 1835 (*Life of Sterling*, 1864 edit., p. 274).

weeks'? When you went, you said, with an appearance at least of good faith, that you would be back in London in three weeks; and one week and half of another is already gone. I hope you will keep your time for several reasons: chiefly for this one, that our continuance in London has, of late days, become more uncertain, the American speculation having suddenly received a more practical form; and if we depart for Scotland without seeing you any more, and afterwards our good or evil star actually shoots over the Atlantic, surely, to some of us at least it will be a matter of regret rather than of self-congratulation that our acquaintance should have begun.

I have seen your mother twice. She is very good to me. I have, moreover, been reviving one of my young lady accomplishments for her sake; painting flowers on a portfolio, to keep those verses in, which she was so troubled about losing. Your father has been here since I began writing, to ask us to dinner on Saturday. We played a drawn game at chess, and Carlyle and he debated, more loudly than logically, on the subject of Napoleon's morality. He is just gone to inquire about the house in Cheyne Walk, in which good work I was meaning to have forestalled him, and communicated the result in my letter. If a fairy would grant me three wishes this evening, my first would be that we might remain

where we are, my second that you might be settled in Cheyne Walk, and the third, like a thrifty Scotchwoman, I would beg leave to lay by in reserve for future need. And now I must go and array myself with all possible splendour for a rout at Mrs. Buller's,[1] where O'Connell is to be, and all the earth—that is to say, all the Radical earth. Wish me good speed. May I offer my good wishes, and prospective regards to your wife?

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 6.

To Miss Hunter, Millfield House, Edmonton.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday [July ?] 1835.

Dear,—I am too essentially Scotch not to give due heed to the proverb 'it is good to make hay while the sun shines,' which means, in the present case, it is good to catch hold of a friend while she is in the humour. But I have been provokingly hindered from acting up to my principle by the prolonged absence of my usual domestic, which has kept us until the present day in 'the valley of the shadow' of charwoman; and, thoroughgoing as I know you to be, I feared to invite you to participate

[1] I remember this 'Buller Soirée,' with 'O'Connell and all the Radical earth' there; good enough for looking at slightly, as in a menagerie. O'Connell I had already seen the figure of, heard the voice of, somewhere; speak to him I never did, nor, in the end, would have done.

therein. Now, however, I have got the deficiency supplied, after a more permanent and comfortable fashion, and make haste to say 'come and stay.' Come, dear Susan, and let us make the best of this 'very penetrating world'—as a maid of my mother's used to call it in vapourish moods—come and wind me up again, as you have often done before when I was quite run down, so that, from being a mere senseless piece of lumber, I began to tick and tell people what o'clock it was. Will you come in the ensuing week? Name your own time, only remember the sooner the better.

My kind regards to Mr. John when you write, and to your sister. Do you remember her physiological observation on hens?[1]

I hear nothing of his lordship,[2] but the fault is my own.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

Do not be after thinking that I have lost the power to write more legibly. I am just out of one of my headaches—my hand shakes. No Miss ——,[3] however, stept in out of space to drive me to extremity. Oh, the horror of that moment!

[1] Lost to me, or gone to the remnant of an indistinguishable shadow (1873).

[2] Lord-Advocate Jeffrey.

[3] A rather bouncing young Edinburgh lady, daughter of ——, not in the highest esteem everywhere. Her 'stepping in' (two years ago, in the Edinburgh winter) I have forgotten.

LETTER 7.

Mrs. Welsh was to come about the end of August. I was now getting tolerably on with my 'burnt MS.,' and could see the blessed end of it lying ahead—had, probably, myself resolved on a run to Annandale, by way of bonfire on that victorious event. At least, I did go for a week or two, it appears, and brought up an Annan maidservant with me, one 'Anne Cook,' who proved peaceable and obedient for a year or more afterwards. The continual trouble my brave little woman bore—all of it kept quiet from me, result quasi-perfect, of its own accord, when it came to me—is now, to look back upon, tragically beautiful! That 'miraculous Irish Roman Catholic' proved utterly a failure before long.

The Wilsons of the 'Madeira hamper,' and of many other kind procedures and feelings towards us, were an opulent brother and sister of considerably cultivated and most orthodox type (especially the sister), whom we had met with at Henry Taylor's, and who held much to us for many years—indeed, the sister did (though now fallen deaf, &c.) till my dear one was snatched away. I think they both yet live (2 Upper Eccleston Street), but I shudder to call, and shall likely see them no more. Many dinners—James Spedding, Reverend Maurice, John Sterling (once or twice), James Stephen (afterwards Sir James), Perrot of Edinburgh (who was the brother of 'Tom Wilson's' Cambridge old friend), &c., &c.—many dinners brilliantly complete, and with welcome glad and hearty, at which, however, I would rather not have been.

The coterie-speech abounds in this letter; more witty and amusing, much, very much, to the first reader than it can now ever be to another. Explanation I must add at any rate. 'Blessings &c. over my head:' Extempore public

prayer: 'Lord, we thank Thee for the many blessings Thou art making to pass over our heads.' 'Encouragement:' Cumberland man (to me), concerning a squire whose son and he had quite quarrelled: 'Feayther gives him nea encouragement.' 'Arnot,' a little laird, come almost to starvation by drinking, &c. A poor creditor, unpayable, overheard Mrs. A. whispering, 'Let us keep,' &c. 'Victualling:' Old Johnnie Maccaw (McCall), a strange old Galloway peasant of our Craigenputtock neighbourhood, who witnessed the beginning of settlement in 1834, had asked my sister Mary, 'D'ye victual a' thae folk? Ai what a victualling they wull tak!'

I recollect the evening with the Degli Antonis—that evening! all gone, all gone! (Dumfries, August 16, 1868).—T. C.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Chelsea: Aug. 1835.

My dear Jane,—Even the doubt expressed in your last letter about the durability of my affection was more agreeable to me than the brief notice which you usually put me off with, 'remember us to Mrs. Carlyle,' or still worse, 'remember us to your lady.' I have told you often that it afflicts me to be always, in the matter of correspondence with you, obliged, like the Annandale man, to thank God 'for the blessings made to pass over my head.' It ought not, perhaps, to make any difference whether your letters be addressed to him or me, but it does. You never in your life answered a letter of mine (and I have written you several), except little business notes from Dumfries, which could not be considered any

voluntary expression of kind remembrance. Had you even expressed a wish to hear from me since I came here, I would nevertheless have written, being of a disposition to receive thankfully the smallest mercies when greater are denied; but, as I said, you have always put me off with a bare recognition of my existence, which was small 'encouragement.' The fact is, we are both of us, I believe, too proud: We go upon the notion of 'keeping up our dignity, Mr. Arnot.' You have it by inheritance from your mother, who (as I have often told herself) with a great profession of humility is swallowed up in this sin; and I have possibly been seduced into it by her example, which I was simple enough to consider a safe one to imitate in all respects.

For my part, however, I am quite willing to enter into a compact with you henceforth to resist the devil, in so far as he interferes with our mutual good understanding: for few things were more pleasant for me than to 'tell you sundry news[1] of every kind,' nay, rather 'every thought which enters in within this shallow mind,' had I but the least scrap of assurance of your contentment therewith.

Now that my mother is actually coming, I am more reconciled to my disappointment about Scotland. Next year, God willing, I shall see you all

[1] Some old *child's verses* of this same '*Craw* Jean' (considerably laughed at and admired by us in their time).

again. Meanwhile, I am wonderfully well hefted here; the people are extravagantly kind to me, and in most respects my situation is out of sight more suitable than it was at Craigenputtock. Of late weeks Carlyle has also been getting on better with his writing, which has been uphill work since the burning of the first manuscript. I do not think that the second version is on the whole inferior to the first; it is a little less vivacious, perhaps, but better thought and put together. One chapter more brings him to the end of his second 'first volume,' and then we shall sing a *Te Deum* and get drunk—for which, by the way, we have unusual facilities at present, a friend (Mr. Wilson) having yesterday sent us a present of a hamper (some six or seven pounds' worth) of the finest old Madeira wine. These Wilsons are about the best people we know here; the lady, verging on old-maidenism, is distinctly the cleverest woman I know.

Then there are Sterlings, who, from the master of the house down to the footman, are devoted to me body and soul; it is between us as between 'Beauty and the Beast':—

> **Speak your wishes, speak your will,**
> **Swift obedience meets you still.**

I have only to say 'I should like to see such a thing,' or 'to be at such a place,' and next day a carriage is at the door, or a boat is on the river to take me if I

please to the ends of the earth. Through them we have plumped into as pretty an Irish connection as one would wish. Among the rest is a Mr. Dunn, an Irish clergyman, who would be the delight of your mother's heart—a perfect personification of the spirit of Christianity. You may take this fact to judge him by, that he has refused two bishoprics in the course of his life, for conscience sake. We have also some Italian acquaintances. An Italian Countess Clementina Degli Antoni is the woman to make my husband faithless, if such a one exist—so beautiful, so graceful, so melodious, so witty, so everything that is fascinating for the heart of man. I am learning from her to speak Italian, and she finds, she says, that I have a divine talent (*divino talento*). She is coming to tea this evening, and another Italian exile, Count de Pepoli, and a Danish young lady, 'Singeress to the King of Denmark,' and Mr. Sterling and my old lover George Rennie. 'The victualling' of so many people is here a trifle, or rather a mere affair of the imagination: tea is put down, and tiny biscuits; they sip a few drops of the tea, and one or two sugar biscuits 'victuals' a dozen ordinary eaters. So that the thing goes off with small damage to even a long-necked purse. The expenditure is not of one's money, but of one's wits and spirits; and that is sometimes so considerable as to leave one too exhausted for sleeping after.

I have been fidgeted with another change of servants. The woman recommended to me by Mrs. Austin turned out the best servant I had ever had, though a rather unamiable person in temper, &c. We got on, however, quite harmoniously, and the affairs of the house were conducted to my entire satisfaction, when suddenly she was sent for home to attend a sick mother; and, after three weeks' absence, during which time I had to find a charwoman to supply her place, she sent me word, the other day, that, in the state of uncertainty she was kept in, she could not expect her place to remain longer vacant for her. The next day I lighted on an active, tidy-looking Irish Roman Catholic in a way so singular that I could not help considering her as intended for me by Providence, and boding well of our connection. She is not come yet, but will be here on Wednesday; and in the meanwhile my charwoman, who has her family in the workhouse, does quite tolerably.

One comfort is, that I have not to puddle about myself here, as I used to have with the 'soot drops' at Craigenputtock; the people actually do their own work, better or worse. We have no bugs yet, to the best of my knowledge; and I do not know of one other house among all my acquaintance that so much can be said for. For all which, and much more, we have reason to be thankful.

I must not finish without begging your sympathy

in a disaster befallen me since I commenced this letter—the cat has eaten one of my canaries! Not Chico, poor dear; but a young one which I hatched[1] myself. I have sent the abominable monster out of my sight for ever—transferred her to Mrs. Hunt.

With kindest regards to every one of you, prattlers included,

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 8.

To Miss Hunter, Millfield House, Edmonton.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday, Sept. 22, 1835.

My dear Friend,—I have been hindered from writing to you all this while by the same cause which has hindered me from doing almost everything on earth that I ought to have done these last six weeks—continued illness, namely, taking one day the form of intolerable headache; another day of equally intolerable colic; and many days together animating me with a noble disposition to hang or drown myself. Since you left me especially, I have been at the right pitch of suffering for entitling me to Mr. Jeffrey's warmest sympathy—confined to bed, and not out of danger of 'going to the undertaker' (the cockney idea of a future state).

My projected visit to Herstmonceux did not take

[1] *Assisted* in hatching, or bringing from the shell! Chico was a very bad husband and father.

effect, my mother arriving[1] on the very day we should have set out. It seemed when I had received her in a perpendicular posture, and seen her fairly established in the house, that I had nothing more to do, for I made no more fight with destiny, but quietly took to bed.

When I was a little recovered, Mrs. Sterling, who would not give up the fancy for taking me out of town, carried me to her brother's for a few days—about twenty-five miles from London,[2] a perfect Paradise of a place—peopled, as every Paradise ought to be, with angels. There I drank warm milk and ate new eggs, and bathed in pure air, and rejoiced in cheerful countenances, and was as happy as the day was long; which I should have been a monster not to have been, when everybody about me seemed to have no other object in life but to study my pleasure. I returned in high feather—to be sick again the very next day.

Now I am but just arisen from another horrible attack, which being the worst, I fondly flatter myself may be the *finale* to the business for this time.

I long very much to see you again, and have too much confidence in your kindness of nature to dread that my inability to make your last visit agreeable, or

[1] Came Aug. 31. Herstmonceux, where John Sterling still was, had been the kind project of his mother for behoof of my poor suffering Jeannie.

[2] Near Watford (Mr. Cunningham, who tragically died soon after).

even decently comfortable, will deter you from giving me again the pleasure which I always have in your company, sick or well.

Carlyle expects to be at the end of his vexatious task this blessed day,[1] and in a week or ten days will probably depart for Scotland. There has been much solicitation on my mother's part that I would go also, and get myself plumped up into some sort of world-like rotundity. But man nor woman lives not by bread alone, nor warm milk, nor any of these things; now that she is here, the most that Dumfriesshire could do for me is already done, and country air and country fare would hardly counterbalance country dulness for me. A little exciting talk is many times, for a person of my temperament, more advantageous to bodily health than either judicious physicking or nutritious diet and good air. Besides, nobody was ever less than I a partaker in the curse of the man who was 'made like unto a wheel.' I have no taste whatever for locomotion, by earth, air, or sea (by the way, did you hear that the aërial ship has been arrested for debt?).

Will you come a while in Carlyle's absence, and help to keep my mother and me from wearying? I think I may safely engage to be more entertaining than you found me last time; and one thing you are always sure of, while I keep my soul and body

[1] Just about to finish his re-writing of Vol. I. *French Revolution*, a task such as he never had before or since!

together—an affectionate welcome. For the rest, namely, for external accommodations, you, like the rest of us, will be at the mercy of another distracted Irishwoman, or such successor as Heaven in its mercy, or wrath, may provide, for this one also is on the 'move.' My husband, God willing, will bring me a sane creature of the servant sort from Scotland with him; for it is positively a great crook in my present lot to have so much of my time and thought occupied with these mean perplexities.

Your friend Mr. Craik was here lately; he seems a good-hearted pleasant man.

Carlyle unites with me in kind love. My mother also begs her remembrances. Forgive scrawling, and many things besides—poverty in the article of paper among others. Remember me to Mr. John and your sister when you write, and believe me always

Your affectionate and amiable

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 9.

'Sereetha': in the interval of servants (rebellious Irishwoman packed off, and Anne Cook not yet come with me), I remember this poor little Chelsea specimen, picked out as a stop-gap from some of the neighbouring huts here—a very feeble though willing little girl, introduced by the too romantic-looking name 'Seraether'—which, on questioning her little self, I discovered to be Sarah Heather (Sar' 'Eather)! much to our amusement for the moment!

'Peesweep' is peewit, lapwing; with which swift but ineffectual bird Sereetha seemed to have similarity.

'The kindness of these people!' 'I'm sure the,' &c., (interjectional in this fashion) was a phrase of her mother's.

'Beats the world.' Annandale form of speech which she had heard without forgetting from my sister Mary.

'Garnier,' big German refugee, dusty, smoky, scarred with duel-cuts; had picked up considerable knowledge in his wanderings, was of intelligent, valiant, manful character; wildly independent, with tendency to go mad or half-mad—as he did by-and-by. Il Conte 'Pepoli' was from Bologna, exile and dilettante, a very pretty man; married, some years hence, Elizabeth Fergus of Kirkcaldy (elderly, moneyed, and fallen in love with the romantic in distress); and now, as widower, lives in Bologna again.—T.C.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.[1]

Chelsea: Oct. 12, 1835.

Dearest,—A newspaper is very pleasant when one is expecting nothing at all; but when it comes in place of a letter it is a positive insult to one's feelings. Accordingly your first newspaper was received by me in choicest mood; and the second would have been pitched in the fire, had there been one at hand, when, after having tumbled myself from the top story at the risk of my neck, I found myself deluded with 'wun penny'm.' However, I flatter myself you would experience something of a similar disappointment on receiving mine; and so we are quits, and I need not scold you. I have not been a day

[1] Carlyle had gone to Annandale at the beginning of October.—J. A. F.

in bed since you went—have indeed been almost free of headache, and all other aches; and everybody says Mrs. Carlyle begins to look better—and what everybody says must be true. With this improved health everything becomes tolerable, even to the peesweep Sereetha (for we are still without other help). Now that I do not see you driven desperate with the chaos, I can take a quiet view of it, and even reduce it to some degree of order. Mother and I have fallen naturally into a fair division of labour, and we keep a very tidy house. Sereetha has attained the unhoped-for perfection of getting up at half after six of her own accord, lighting the parlour-fire, and actually placing the breakfast things (*nil desperandum me duce!*). I get up at half after seven, and prepare the coffee and bacon-ham (which is the life of me, making me always hungrier the more I eat of it). Mother, in the interim, makes her bed, and sorts her room. After breakfast, mother descends to the inferno, where she jingles and scours, and from time to time scolds Sereetha till all is right and tight there. I, above stairs, sweep the parlour, blacken the grate—make the room look cleaner than it has been since the days of Grace Macdonald;[1] then mount aloft to make my own bed (for I was resolved to enjoy the privilege of having a bed of my own); then clean myself (as the

[1] The Edinburgh servant we brought with us to Craigenputtock; the skilfullest we ever had anywhere.

servants say), and sit down to the Italian lesson. A bit of meat roasted at the oven suffices two days cold, and does not plague us with cookery. Sereetha can fetch up tea-things, and the porridge is easily made on the parlour-fire; the kitchen one being allowed to go out (for economy), when the Peesweep retires to bed at eight o'clock.

That we are not neglected by the public, you may infer from the fact that, this very night, Peesweep fetched up four tea-cups on the tray; and when I asked the meaning of the two additional, she inquired, with surprise, 'Were there to be no gentlemen?' In fact, 'the kindness of these people' 'beats the world.' I had some private misgiving that your men would not mind me when you were not here, and I should have been mortified in that case, though I could not have blamed them. But it is quite the reverse. Little Grant[1] has been twice to know if he could 'do anything for me.' Garnier has been twice! The first time by engagement to you; the second time to meet Pepoli, whom he knew in Paris, and wished to re-know, and who proved *perfido* on the occasion. Pepoli has been twice, and is gliding into a flirtation with—*mia madre!* who presented him, in a manner *molto graziosa*, with her tartan scarf. From John Mill I have been privileged with two notes, and one visit.

[1] Official in the India House, a friend and admirer of John Mill's.

He evidently tried to yawn as little as possible, and stayed till the usual hour, lest, I suppose, he should seem to have missed your conversation. John Sterling and the Stimabile,[1] of course. The latter was at tea last night to meet Mr. Gibson[2]—one of my fatal attempts at producing a reunion, for they coincided in nothing but years. The Stimabile was at Brighton for several days, and goes again next week, so that he has not been too deadly frequent.

Our visiting has been confined to one dinner and two teas at the Sterlings', and a tea at Hunt's! You must know, —— —— came the day after you went, and stayed two days. As she desired above all things to see Hunt, I wrote him a note, asking if I might bring her up to call. He replied he was just setting off to town, but would look in at eight o'clock. I supposed this, as usual, a mere off-put; but he actually came—found Pepoli as well as Miss ——, was amazingly lively, and very lasting, for he stayed till near twelve. Between ourselves, it gave me a poorish opinion of him, to see how uplifted to the third heaven he seemed by ——'s

[1] A title we had for John's father. Signora degli Antoni, the Italian instructress in these months, setting her pupil an epistolary pattern, had thrown off one day a billet as if addressed to Edward Sterling, which began with *Stimabile Signor*.

[2] Was a massive, easy, friendly, dull person, physically one of the best washed I ever saw; American merchant, 'who had made, and again lost, three fortunes'; originally a Nithsdale pedlar boy, 'Black Wull,' by title; 'Silver-headed Packman,' he was often called here.

compliments and sympathising talk. He asked us all, with enthusiasm, to tea the following Monday. —— came on purpose, and slept here. He sang, talked like a pen-gun,[1] ever to ——, who drank it all in like nectar, while my mother looked cross enough, and I had to listen to the whispered confidences of Mrs. Hunt. But for me, who was declared to be grown 'quite prim and elderly,' I believe they would have communicated their mutual experiences in a retired window-seat till morning. 'God bless you, Miss ——,' was repeated by Hunt three several times in tones of ever-increasing pathos and tenderness, as he handed her downstairs behind me. ——, for once in her life, seemed past speech. At the bottom of the stairs a demur took place. I saw nothing; but I heard, with my wonted glegness—what think you?—a couple of handsome smacks! and then an almost inaudibly soft 'God bless you, Miss ——!'

Now just remember what sort of looking woman is —— ——; and figure their transaction! If he had kissed me, it would have been intelligible, but —— ——, of all people! By the way, Mr. Craik[2] is immensely delighted with you, and grateful to Susan for having brought you together. Mrs.

[1] *Scoticè*, gun made of quill-barrel for shooting peas (and 'cracking,' which also means pleasantly conversing).

[2] *Useful Knowledge* Craik, poor fellow!

Cole[1] came the other day, and sat an hour waiting for me while I was out, and finally had to go, leaving an obliging note offering me every assistance in procuring a servant.

Mrs. John Sterling takes to me wonderfully; but John, I perceive, will spoil all with his innocence. He told her the other day, when she was declaring her wish that he would write on theology rather than make verses, that she 'might fight out that matter with Mrs. Carlyle, who, he knew, was always on the side of the poetical.' He (Sterling) has written a positively splendid poem of half-an-hour's length—an allegorical shadowing of the union of the ideal and actual. It is far the best thing he ever did—far beyond anything I could have supposed him capable of. He said, when he was writing it, he thought sometimes, 'Carlyle will be pleased with that.'

To descend to the practical, or, I should rather say ascend, for I have filled my whole paper with mere gossip. I think you seem, so far as human calculations avail, to have made a good hit as to the servant; character is not worth a straw; but you say she looks intelligent and good-humoured, is young and willing.[2] Fetch her, then, in God's name, and I will make the best I can of her. After all, we

[1] The now thrice-notable 'Crystal Palace,' 'Brompton Boilers,' &c., &c., Henry Cole's wife.

[2] Anne Cook (got for me by sister Mary, at Annan).

fret ourselves too much about little things; much that might be laughed off, if one were well and cheerful as one ought to be, becomes a grave affliction from being too gravely looked at. Remember also meal, and oh, for goodness sake, procure a dozen of bacon-hams! There is no bottom to my appetite for them. Sell poor Harry, by all means, or shoot him. We are too poor to indulge our fine feelings with keeping such large pets (especially at other people's expense). What a pity no frank is to be got! I have told you nothing yet. No word ever came from Basil Montague. I have translated four songs into Italian—written a long excessively *spirituosa* letter to 'mia adorabile Clementina,'[1] and many *graziose cartucie* besides. In truth, I have a *divino ingegno!*

You will come back strong and cheerful, will you not? I wish you were come, anyhow. Don't take much castor; eat plenty of chicken broth rather. Dispense my love largely. Mother returns your kiss with interest. We go on tolerably enough; but she has vowed to hate all my people except Pepoli. So that there is ever a 'dark brown shadd' in all my little reunions. She has given me a glorious black-velvet gown, realising my *beau idéal* of Putz!

Did you take away my folding penknife? We are knifeless here. We were to have gone to Rich-

[1] Degli Antoni.

mond to-day with the Silverheaded; but, to my great relief, it turned out that the steamboat is not running.

God keep you, my own dear husband, and bring you safe back to me. The house looks very empty without you, and my mind feels empty too.

Your JANE.

LETTER 10.

Beautiful Poverty, when so triumphed over, and victoriously bound under foot. Oh, my heroine, my too unacknowledged heroine! I was in the throes of the 'French Revolution' at this time, heavy-laden in many ways and gloomy of mind.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Oct. 26, 1835.

Caro e rispettabile il mio Marito!—Mi pare, che voi siete assai irrecordevole della vostra povera piccola! Questi i vostri lunghi silenzi, questa la vostra lunga assenza mi divengono noiosa. Ritornate, mio Marito, ritornate, in nome di Dio, alla vostra casa! In vano stimabili Signori vengono in gran numero mi far' adorazione! In vano mangio carne di porco, e ricomincio esser una bella Gooda! In vano mi sforzo m' occupare, mi divertire, mi fare contenta! Nell' assenza del mio Marito rimango sempre inquieta, sempre perduta! Se però voi trovatevi meglio nel' paese, se la preziosa vostra sanità diviene più forte, la vostra

anima più chiara più tranquilla, non avete pensiero di me. Bisogna ch' io sottometta la mia voglia alla vostra prosperità; e farò il più meglio possibile d' esser paziente.

Ecco come sono stata studiosa, mio Marito! Questa bellissima Italiana è scritta senza dizionario, senza studio, con penna corrente. Il Conte di Pepoli si maraviglia al divino mio talento; lascia i suoi alti complimenti; e dice solamente in sotto voce, 'Ah graziosa! Ah bella bella! Ah, ah!'

Dear my husband,—You have probably enough of this, as well as I; so now in English I repeat that I expect with impatience the letter which is to fix your return. So long, I have reason to be thankful that I have been borne through with an honourable through-bearing.[1] Except for two days before your last letter arrived, I flatter myself I have been conducting myself with a quite exemplary patience and good-nature towards all men, women, and inanimate things. *Ecco la bella prova di che, Sereetha sta sempre quì, e la mia Madre ed io non siamo ancor imbrogliate.*

What a world of beautiful effort you have had to expend on this matter of the servant! Heaven grant it may be blessed to us! I do not know well why; but I like the abstract idea of this woman[2] now much better than the other. It seemed to me rather an objection to the other that she had a brother a

[1] Helpless phrase of a certain conceited extempore preacher.
[2] Anne Cook.

baker. The bakers, you know, trade in servants here, and he would probably have soon been recommending her into more exalted place. Moreover, it was thought displeasing to me that she had been educated in the school of country gigmanism. Macturkdom-ism, and Gillenbie-rig-ism [1] is just as hateful or more hateful to me than Devonshire-house-ism. The '*uz*ing' woman, of tarnished virtue,[2] will suit, I think, much better. In fact, it would be difficult for me to say that an Annandale woman's virtue is the worse for a misfortune. I am certain that, in their circumstances, with their views and examples, I should have had one too, if not more! And now that the best is done which could be done, let us quiet ourselves, and look with equanimity towards the issue. If she does not do better than those that have gone before, if no grown servant any longer exists on this earth, why, we can certainly manage with an ungrown one. Sereetha has hardly been a fair trial of the little-girl plan; but she has been a trial, and I am confident of being able to get on quite peaceably with one of such little girls as, I doubt not, are to be found in plenty; with only a giving up of a few hours of my own time, which might easily be worse spent, and the sacrifice of the beauty and ladylike-

[1] Annandale 'genteel' places or persons.

[2] Appears to have had what they call a 'misfortune' there. The *uz*ing, some misfeature of pronunciation, which I have now forgotten.

ness of my hands. For economy, little, I find, is to be gained by the substitution of a child for a woman. The washing runs away with all the difference in wages, and their consumption of victual is much the same. But then the things are washed beautifully; and I clean beautifully when you do not dishearten me with hypercriticism. So never fear, dearest! Never fear about that, or anything else under heaven. Try all that ever you can to be patient and good-natured with your *povera piccola Gooda*,[1] and then she loves you, and is ready to do anything on earth that you wish; to fly over the moon, if you bade her. But when the *signor della casa* has neither kind look nor word for me, what can I do but grow desperate, fret myself to fiddlestrings, and be a torment to society in every direction?[2]

Poiche i giorni divengono si freddi, la rispettabile mia Signora Madre diviene infelice assai, e di molto cattivo umore. Ma io sono a presente d'un umore divino! et tutto va mediocremente bene! Mr. Gibson comes to-morrow to take me—to prison! I believe the King's Bench, &c. *Quello Signor è, per*

[1] Goody, with diminutives 'Goodykin,' &c., the common name she had from me.

[2] A poor, but lively and healthy, half-idiot and street beggar, in Birmingham, whom I had grown used to, the dirtiest and raggedest of human beings (face never washed, beard a fortnight old, knee-breeches slit at the sides, and become knee-*aprons*, flapping to and fro over bare, dirty legs), said, one day, under my window, while somebody was vainly attempting to chafe him, 'Damn thee, I's an ornament to society in every direction.'—T. C.

mia Madre, il solo angelo di bontà quì, nella nobile città. Tutti i miei signori e signore (a meno il leggiádro Conte[1]*) sono per lei fastidiose persone.* Other sights we have seen none, except the British Museum and the King and Queen. Their majesties very opportunely came to visit the College,[2] and the fact being made known to me by the beggar-woman from New Street (with the cobweb shawl), I hurried off my mother to the place, where, without being kept waiting above five minutes, we saw them walk past our very noses.

My mother's enthusiasm of loyalty on the occasion was a sight for sore eyes! 'Poor Queen, after all![3] She looked so frost-bitten and anxious! curtsied, with such a cowering hurriedness, to the veriest rabble that ever was seen. I was wae to look at her, wae to think of her, when I heard that the very same night they hissed her at one of the theatres! Poor thing! She would have done rather well, I do believe, looking after the burning of her cinders![4] But a Queen of England in these days! The British Museum charmed my mother, and I myself was affected beyond measure by the Elgin marbles. We

[1] Pepoli. [2] Chelsea Hospital.

[3] 'Poor fellow, after all!' a phrase of brother John's.

[4] William IV., soon after his accession, determined one day to see his cellar-regions at Windsor, came upon a vast apartment filled merely with waste masses of cinders: 'What are these?' asked his Majesty, astonished. Attendant officials obsequiously explained. 'It seems to me those would burn!' said his Majesty, kicking the cinders with his boot; and walked on.—*Newspaper of the time.*

went after to lunch with the Donaldsons.[1] 'The kindness of these people!'[2]

On that day I came, saw, and bought—a sofa! It is my own purchase, but you shall share the possession. Indeed, so soon as you set eyes on it and behold its vastness, its simple greatness, you will perceive that the thought of you was actively at work in my choice. It was neither dear nor cheap,[3] but a bargain nevertheless, being second-hand; and so good a second-hand one is not, I should think, often to be met. Oh, it is so soft! so easy! and one of us, or both, may sleep in it, should occasion require—I mean for all night. It will sell again at any time; it is so sufficient an article. With my velvet gown, I shall need no great outlay for *Putz* this winter, so I thought I might fairly indulge ourselves in a sofa at last.

The *Stimabile* conducts himself in a quite exemplary manner since you went, coming but once, or at most twice, in the week. I fear, however, we must not give him too much credit for his self-denial; but rather impute it, in part, to his impossibility of

[1] A Haddington family. Dr. Donaldson (of Cambridge celebrity, &c.) eldest son then.

[2] Phrase of Irving's.

[3] Melancholy shopkeeper in Lamb's Conduit Street (in 1831, whom she ever afterwards dealt with, for what he sold) had stated, in answer to a puppy-kind of customer, the how-much of something. Puppy replied: 'D'you call that cheap?' Whereupon answer, in a tone of mournful indifference: 'I call it neither cheap nor dear; but just the price of the article.'

getting at ease with my mother, and also to some rather violent political arguments which he has had of late with myself. All the men take fright sooner or later at my violence—*tant mieux!* John I seldom see; he is so occupied in waiting upon his wife. He came one night last week with his mother to meet the Cunninghams. Mrs. S. wished to know Allan. It went off wonderfully well, considering Sercetha was our sole waiter!

There is nothing in the note.[1] Miss Elliot's address was written on it in pencil, which I interpreted to express an expectation that you would call for her. I wrote her, therefore, a courteous little note, stating that you were in Scotland, &c., &c.; that I, &c., &c., would be glad to see her here, &c., &c.

Mother's love, of course. Can you bring her from Duncan, Dumfries, one gross of pills? He has her prescription. My head has troubled me a little of late days, but I continue generally much better. Special love to your mother, and a kiss to my Jane's *piccola!*[2] Mill told me it was next to impossible for him to realise a frank, so I need not waste time sending him this. I have hardly room to send love to them all; and to you, dear, kisses *senza misura!* Mrs. Cole came for a day; her husband in the evening; talkative, niceish people.

[1] Note inclosed, from Miss Elliot, an acquaintance of Lady Clare's and my brother's.

[2] The now 'Annie Aitken,' I suppose.

My dressing-gown 'likes me very much.' A thousand thanks! And the hams! Oh, I am glad of them! This one is near done. Think you one could have a little keg of salt herrings sent at the same time?

[No signature. These last little paragraphs are crowded in upon every margin and vacant space, so that there is not a bit of blank more.—T. C.]

LETTER 11.

Mrs. Welsh came to us in the last days in August, by an Edinburgh steamer. I was waiting at the St. Katherine Dock, in a bright afternoon; pleasant meeting, pleasant voyage up the river in our wherry; and such a welcome here at home as may be fancied. About the end of next month I had finished my burnt MS.; and seem then to have run for Scotsbrig, and been there perhaps three weeks (scarcely a detail of it now clear to me) in October following. I was sickly of body and mind, felt heavy-laden, and without any hope but the 'desperate' kind, which I always did hold fast. Our Irish Catholic housemaid proved a mutinous Irish savage (had a fixed persuasion, I could notice, that our poor house and we had been made for *her*, and had gone awry in the process). One evening, while all seated for supper, Eliza Miles and we two, the indignant savage, jingling down her plates as if she had been playing quoits, was instantaneously dismissed by me ('To your room at once; wages to-morrow morning; disappear!'), so that the bringing of a Scotch servant was one of my express errands. 'Anne Cook,' accordingly, and the journey with her by steamer from Annan, by 'Umpire coach' from Liverpool, some forty or fifty hours, all in a piece, is dismally memorable! Breakfast at Newport

Pagnell (I had given Anne the inside place, night being cold and wet); awkward, hungry Anne would hardly even eat, till bidden and directed by me. Landing in Holborn, half dead, bright Sunday afternoon, amidst a crowd of porters, cabmen, hungry officials, some seven or ten of them, ravenous for sixpences and shillings, till at length I shut the cab-door. 'To no person will I pay anything more at this time!' and drove off, amid a general laugh, not ill-humoured, from the recognising miscellany. Drive home, surrounded by luggage, and with Anne for company, seemed endless. I landed at this door in a state of misery, more like mad than sane; but my darling was in the lobby; saw at a glance how it was, and almost without speaking, brought me to my room, and with me a big glass, almost a goblet, of the best sherry: 'Drink that, dear, at a draught!' Never in my life had I such a medicine! Shaved, washed, got into clean clothes, I stepped down quite new-made, and thanking Heaven for such a doctor.

Mrs. Welsh went away a few weeks after to Liverpool, to her brother John's there—favourite and now only brother—a brave and generous man, much liked by all of us.

John Sterling had turned up in the early part of this year, John Sterling, and with him all the Sterlings, which was an immense acquisition to us for the ten years that followed, as is abundantly betokened in the letter that now follows.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Dec. 23, 1835.

My dear Mother,—You are to look upon it as the most positive proof of my regard that I write to you in my present circumstances; that is to say, with the blood all frozen in my brains, and my brains turned

to a solid mass of ice; for such has, for several days, been the too cruel lot of your poor little daughter-in-law at *Lunnon*; the general lot indeed of all *Lunnon*, so far as I can observe. When the frost comes here, 'it comes,' as the woman said with the four eggs[1]; and it seems to be somehow more difficult to guard against it here than elsewhere; for all the world immediately takes to coughing and blowing its nose with a fury quite appalling. The noise thus created destroys the suffering remnant[2] of senses spared by the cold, and makes the writing of a letter, or any other employment in which thought is concerned, seem almost a tempting of Providence. Nevertheless, I am here to tell you that we are still in the land of the living, and thinking of you all, from yourself, the head of the nation, down to that very least and fattest child, who, I hope, will continue to grow fatter and fatter till I come to see it with my own eyes. I count this fatness a good omen for the whole family; it betokens good-nature, which is a quality too rare among us. Those 'long, sprawling, ill-put-together'[3] children give early promise of being 'gey ill to deal wi'.'[4]

[1] 'When I come, I come,' laying down her gift of four eggs.

[2] 'Suffering Remnant,' so the Cameronians called themselves in Claverhouse's time.

[3] 'A lang, sprawling, ill-put-together thing.' Such had been my mother's definition to her of me as a nurseling.

[4] 'Thou's gey' (pretty, pronounced *gyei*) 'ill to deal wi''—mother's allocution to me once, in some unreasonable moment of mine.

That one of them who is fallen to my share conducts himself pretty peaceably at present; writing only in the forenoons. He has finished a chapter much to my satisfaction; and the poor book begins to hold up its head again. Our situation is farther improved by the introduction of Anne Cook into the establishment, instead of the distracted Roman Catholics and distracted Protestants who preceded her. She seems an assiduous, kindly, honest, and thrifty creature; and will learn to do all I want with her quite easily. For the rest, she amuses me every hour of the day with her perfect incomprehension of everything like ceremony. I was helping her to wring a sheet one day, while she had the cut finger, and she told me flatly it was 'clean aboon my fit' (ability). 'I shall get at it by practice,' said I; 'far weaker people than I have wrung sheets.' 'May be sae,' returned she very coolly; 'but I ken-na where ye'll find ony weaker, for a weaklier-like cretur I never saw in a' my life.' Another time, when Carlyle had been off his sleep for a night or two, she came to me at bedtime to ask, 'If Mr. Carlyle bees ony uneasy through the nicht, and's ga'an staiverēn [1] aboot the hoose, will ye bid him gae us a cry [2] at five in the morning?'

We may infer, however, that she is getting more civilisation, from the entire change in her ideas respecting the handsome Italian Count [3]; for, instead

[1] Stumbling. [2] Awaken us. [3] Count Pepoli.

of calling him 'a fley (fright)-some body' any longer, she is of opinion that he is 'a real fine man, and nane that comes can ever be named in ae day with him.' Nay, I notice that she puts on a certain net cap with a most peculiar knot of ribbons every time she knows of his coming. The reward of which act is an 'I weesh you good day' when she lets him out. So much for poor Ann, who, I hope, will long continue to flourish in the land.

I am much better off this winter for society than I was last. Mrs. Sterling makes the greatest possible change for me. She is so good, so sincerely and unvaryingly kind, that I feel to her as to a third mother. Whenever I have blue devils, I need but put on my bonnet and run off to her, and the smile in her eyes restores me to instant good humour. Her husband would go through fire and water for me; and if there were a third worse element, would go through that also. The son is devoted to Carlyle, and makes him a real friend, which, among all his various intimate acquaintances and well-wishers, he cannot be said ever to have had before: this family, then, is a great blessing to us. And so has been my study of Italian, which has helped me through many dullish hours. I never feel anything like youth about me except when I am learning something; and when I am turning over the leaves of my Italian dictionary, I could fancy myself thirteen: whether there be any

good in fancying oneself thirteen after one is turned of thirty, I leave your charity to determine.

We sit in hourly, nay, in momentary, expectation of the meal, &c., which has not yet arrived, but will soon, I am sure; for I dreamt two nights since that I saw them fetching it out of the waggon: meanwhile, we sup on arrowroot and milk; the little bag being done.

Dear mother, excuse all this blash[1] in consideration that I really have a very bad cold, which I am resolved, however, to be rid of on Christmas Day (the day after to-morrow) on which I am engaged to dine at the Sterlings'. Ever since I killed the goose at Craigenputtock (with the determination to make a Christmas pie in spite of nature and fate), and immediately thereupon took a sore throat, my Christmas days have found me ill, or in some way unlucky. Last year I was lying horizontal with my burnt foot; this year, then, I am very desirous to break the spell, and Mrs. Sterling makes a ploy for the purpose.

God keep you all, and make your new year no worse, and, if may be, better, than all that have preceded it.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

[That 'sore foot' of Christmas last,' which has never otherwise been forgotten by me, now dates itself. She was

[1] Watery stuff.

in the kitchen one evening, upon some experiment or other; pouring or being poured to from a boiling kettle, got a splash on her poor little foot, instantly ran with it to the pump (following some recent precept in the newspapers), and then had it pumped upon till quite cold, which, indeed, 'cured' it for about four-and-twenty hours; and then it began anew, worse than ever. It seems to me to have lasted for weeks. Never did I see such patience under total lameness and imprisonment. Hurt was on the instep. No doctor's advice had been dreamt of; 'a little wound, don't hurt it, keep it clean; what more?'—and it would not heal. For weeks I carried her upstairs nightly to her bed—ever cheerful, hopeful one. At length, one Willis, a medical acquaintance, called; found that it needed only a bandage —bandaged it there and then; and in two days more it was as good as well, and never heard of again. Oh, my poor little woman!—become 'poor' for me!]—T. C.

LETTER 12.

Helen Welsh was the daughter of John Welsh, of Liverpool, Mrs. Carlyle's uncle on her mother's side. See an account of him in the 'Reminiscences,' vol. ii., p. 142—J.A.F.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Liverpool.

Chelsea: April 1, 1836.

My dear Cousinkin,—I am charmed to notice in you the rapid growth of a virtue, which for the most part only develops itself in mature age, after many and hard experiences; but which is, nevertheless, highly necessary at all ages, in this world of sin and misery. I mean the virtue of toleration. Rarely is one edified by the spectacle of so young a lady,

meekly acknowledging her own transgressions and shortcomings, when, with perfect justice, she might have adopted rather the tone of accusation. Continue, my sweet little cousin, to cultivate this engaging disposition; this beautiful sensibility to your own imperfections, and beautiful insensibility to the imperfections of your neighbour, and you will become (if indeed you are not such already) an ornament to your sex, and a credit to 'the name of Welsh' (which my mother talks about so proudly; I could never tell precisely why).

In truth you will have added a new lustre of virtue to that name, which I never hoped to see it brightened with; for, as my Penfillan grandfather's physiological observations on his stock had led him to the conclusion that it was capable of producing rascals and vagabonds enough, but not one solitary instance of a blockhead, so mine had hitherto tended to certify me that 'the name of Welsh' had something in it wholly and everlastingly antipathetical to patience and toleration, and was no more capable of coalescing with it than fire with water.

The box came safe, as did also the herrings and the brandy; shame to me that, I should be now for the first time acknowledging them all in the lump! But I trust that my mother reported my thanks, as she was charged to do; and that however much you may all have blamed my laziness, you have not sus-

pected me of the atrocious sin of ingratitude, 'alike hateful to gods and men:' at least it used to be so; but now that it is so common in the world, people are getting into the way of regarding it, I suppose, as they do other fashionable vices, 'with one eye shut and the other not open' (as an Irish author said to me the other day in describing his manner of reading a certain journal). Rogers, the poet, who professed to be a man of extensive beneficence, and to have befriended necessitous persons without number in the course of his long life, declares that he never met with gratitude but in three instances. I have a mind to ask him to do something for me, just that he may have the pleasure of swelling his beggarly list of grateful people to four. 'For the name of Welsh,' I flatter myself, cherishes the old Athenian notions about gratitude.

We are labouring under a visitation of rain here, which seems to portend the destruction of the world by deluge.

One feels soaked to the very heart; no warmth or pith remaining in one. As one fire is understood to drive out another, I thought one water might drive out another also; and so this morning I took a shower-bath, and have shivered ever since, 'Too much water hadst thou, poor Ophelia!'

O Helen! what a fearful recollection I have at this instant of your shower-bathing at Moffat! It

was indeed the sublime of shower-bathing, the human mind stands astonished before it, as before the Infinite. In fact, you have ever since figured in my imagination as a sort of Undine.

Barring the weather, everything goes on here in the usual way: people eat eight o'clock dinners together; talk politics, philosophy, folly together; attend what they call their business at 'the House,' or where else it may happen to be; and fill up the intervals with vapours, and something that goes by the name of 'checked perspiration;' but I can give you no idea of what that precisely means; it seems to comprehend every malady that flesh is heir to; and for my part, as the cockney said to Allan Cunningham of the lottery, 'I am deadly sure there is a do at the bottom on it!'

We expect John Carlyle in some ten days; for this time his lady will surely, for decency's sake, stick to her purpose, lady of quality though she be! I am afraid he is not a man for grappling in a cunning manner with 'checked perspiration;' and accordingly, that there is small hope of his getting into profitable employment here as a doctor. We do not know even yet if he will try; but time will settle that and much else that waits to be settled. In the meanwhile there were no sense in worrying over schemes for a future, which we may not live to see.

'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof'—at present more than sufficient.

Two of our dearest friends are dangerously ill; John Mill, whom you have often heard me speak of, and John Sterling, whose novel, 'Arthur Coningsby,' I think I lent you at Templand.

My husband is anything but well, nor likely to be better till he have finished his 'French Revolution,' of which there is still a volume to write: he works beyond his strength.

I myself have been abominably all winter, though not writing, so far as I know, for the press. And more evil still is lying even now while I write, at the bottom of my pocket, in shape of a letter from Annan, requiring me to send off, without delay, the servant whom Carlyle so bothered himself to fetch me: her mother being at the point of death, and 'will not,' says the letter-writer, 'leave the charge of the house to any other than her dear Anne'! What is to be the consequence if Anne do not obey this hurried summons, the letter-writer does not state. One is left to conjecture that the poor woman will either take the house along with her, or stay where she is till she can get it settled to her mind; in which last case it is better for all parties that my maid should stay where she is. I am excessively perplexed. Happy cousinkin, that hast, as yet, no household imbroglios to fetter thy glad movement

through life. My husband sends affectionate regards, to be distributed along with mine at your discretion. You may also add a few kisses on my account.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

[Soon after the date of the last letter Mrs. Carlyle became extremely ill. June brought hot weather, and she grew worse and worse. Carlyle was working at the 'French Revolution.' His 'nervous system' was 'in a flame.' At such times he could think of nothing but the matter which he had in hand, and a sick wife was a bad companion for him. She felt at last that unless 'she could get out of London she would surely die,' and she escaped to Scotland to her mother. She went by Liverpool, and thence for economy she intended to go on by steamer to Annan. At sea she suffered more than most people. Her Liverpool uncle paid her fare in the mail to Dumfries, gave her a warm handsome shawl as a birthday present (July 14), and sent her forward under better auspices. Mrs. Welsh was waiting to receive her at the Dumfries Coach Office—'such an embracing and such a crying,' she said, 'the very "boots" was affected with it and spoke in a plaintive voice all the morning after.' At Templand she met the warmest welcome. Mrs. Welsh gave her (for her birthday also) a purse of her own working, filled with sovereigns. She had all the care and nursing which affection could bestow, but sleeplessness, cough, and headache refused to leave hold of her. Her health scarcely mended, and after two months' trial 'desperate of everything here below,' she returned to Cheyne Row, in August. She came back, as she described herself, 'a sadder and a wiser woman,' to find recovered health at home. 'I ought not to regret my flight into Scotland,' she wrote to

Miss Hunter, since it has made me take with new relish to London. It is a strange praise to bestow on the Metropolis of the world, but I find it so delightfully still here! not so much as a cock crowing to startle nervous subjects out of their sleep; and during the day no inevitable Mrs. this or Miss that, brimful of all the gossip for twenty miles around, interrupting your serious pursuits (whatever they may be) with calls of a duration happily unknown in cities. The feeling of calm, of safety, of liberty which came over me on re-entering my own house was really the most blessed I had felt for a great while. Soon, through the medium of this feeling, the house itself and everything about it, even my Annandale maid, presented a sort of earnest classic appearance to my first regards, which is hardly yet worn off.'

It was the dead season; but there were a few persons still in London, who came occasionally to Cheyne Row, one of them a remarkable man of a remarkable family, who, for several years was very intimate there, and was then in exile for conspiracy against Louis Philippe. Mrs. Carlyle thus describes him:—

'We have another foreigner who beats all the rest to sticks, a French Republican of the right thorough-going sort, an "accusé d'Avril," who has had the glory of meriting to be imprisoned and nearly losing his head; a man with that sort of dark half-savage beauty with which one paints a fallen angel, who fears neither heaven nor earth, for aught one can see, who fights and writes with the same passionate intrepidity, who is ready to dare or suffer, to live or to die without disturbing himself much about the matter; who defies all men and honours, all women, and whose name is Cavaignac' (Godefroi, brother of the future President).—J. A. F.]

LETTER 13.

To Mrs. Welsh, Maryland Street, Liverpool.

Chelsea: Sept. 5, 1836.

My dear Aunt,—Now that I am fairly settled at home again, and can look back over my late travels with the coolness of a spectator, it seems to me that I must have tired out all men, women, and children that have had to do with me by the road. The proverb says 'there is much ado when cadgers ride.' I do not know precisely what 'cadger' means, but I imagine it to be a character like me, liable to headache, to sea-sickness, to all the infirmities 'that flesh is heir to,' and a few others besides; the friends and relations of cadgers should therefore use all soft persuasions to induce them to remain at home.

I got into that Mail the other night with as much repugnance and trepidation as if it had been a Phalaris' brazen bull, instead of a Christian vehicle, invented for purposes of mercy—not of cruelty. There were three besides myself when we started, but two dropped off at the end of the first stage, and the rest of the way I had, as usual, half of the coach to myself. My fellow-passenger had that highest of all terrestrial qualities, which for me a fellow-passenger can possess—he was silent. I think his name was Roscoe, and he read sundry long papers to himself, with the pondering air of a lawyer.

We breakfasted at Lichfield, at five in the morning, on muddy coffee and scorched toast, which made me once more lyrically recognise in my heart (not without a sigh of regret) the very different coffee and toast with which you helped me out of my headache. At two there was another stop of ten minutes, that might be employed in lunching or otherwise. Feeling myself more fevered than hungry, I determined on spending the time in combing my hair and washing my face and hands with vinegar. In the midst of this solacing operation I heard what seemed to be the Mail running its rapid course, and quick as lightning it flashed on me, 'There it goes! and my luggage is on the top of it, and my purse is in the pocket of it, and here am I stranded on an unknown beach, without so much as a sixpence in my pocket to pay for the vinegar I have already consumed!' Without my bonnet, my hair hanging down my back, my face half dried, and the towel, with which I was drying it, firm grasped in my hand, I dashed out—along, down, opening wrong doors, stumbling over steps, cursing the day I was born, still more the day on which I took a notion to travel, and arrived finally at the bar of the Inn, in a state of excitement bordering on lunacy. The barmaids looked at me 'with weender and amazement.' 'Is the coach gone?' I gasped out. 'The coach? Yes!' 'Oh! and you have let it away without me! Oh! stop it, cannot

you stop it?' and out I rushed into the street, with streaming hair and streaming towel, and almost brained myself against—the Mail! which was standing there in all stillness, without so much as horses in it! What I had heard was a heavy coach. And now, having descended like a maniac, I ascended again like a fool, and dried the other half of my face, and put on my bonnet, and came back 'a sadder and a wiser' woman.

I did not find my husband at the 'Swan with Two Necks;' for we were in a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. So I had my luggage put on the backs of two porters, and walked on to Cheapside, where I presently found a Chelsea omnibus. By and by, however, the omnibus stopped, and amid cries of 'No room, sir,' 'Can't get in,' Carlyle's face, beautifully set off by a broad-brimmed white hat, gazed in at the door, like the Peri, who, 'at the Gate of Heaven, stood disconsolate.' In hurrying along the Strand, pretty sure of being too late, amidst all the imaginable and unimaginable phenomena which the immense thoroughfare of a street presents, his eye (Heaven bless the mark!) had lighted on my trunk perched on the top of the omnibus, and had recognised it. This seems to me one of the most indubitable proofs of genius which he ever manifested. Happily, a passenger went out a little further on, and then he got in.

My brother-in-law had gone two days before, so my arrival was most well-timed. I found all at home right and tight; my maid seems to have conducted herself quite handsomely in my absence; my best room looked really inviting. A bust of Shelley (a present from Leigh Hunt), and a fine print of Albert Dürer, handsomely framed (also a present) had still further ornamented it during my absence. I also found (for I wish to tell you all my satisfaction) every grate in the house furnished with a supply of coloured clippings, and the holes in the stair-carpet all darned, so that it looks like new. They gave me tea and fried bacon, and staved off my headache as well as might be. They were very kind to me, but, on my life, everybody is kind to me, and to a degree that fills me with admiration. I feel so strong a wish to make you all convinced how very deeply I feel your kindness, and just the more I would say, the less able I am to say anything.

God bless you all. Love to all, from the head of the house down to Johnny.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 14.

This 'Fairy Tale' I have never yet seen; must have been destroyed by her afterwards. Next bit of MS. sent (Dialogue &c., much admired by Sterling) is still here, and shall be given at the due place.—T. C.

To John Sterling, Esq., Floriac, Bordeaux.

Feb. 1, 1837.

My ever dear John Sterling,—Here are thirty-three pages of writing for you, which would divide into ten letters of the usual size, so that you see I discharge my debt to you handsomely enough in the long run. But even if you should not be complaisant enough to accept a nonsense fairy-tale in lieu of all the sense-letters I ought to have sent you, still you must not be after saying or thinking that 'Mrs. Carlyle has cut your acquaintance.' John Sterling 'is a man of sense' (as Mrs. Buller, one day, in Carlyle's hearing, said patronisingly of the Apostle Paul), and must know that Mrs. Carlyle is a woman of sense by this token, that she perceived him, John Sterling, the very first time she ever set eyes on him, to be no humbug, after all that had been said and sung about him, but the very sort of man one desires to see, and hardly ever succeeds in seeing in this make-believe world! Now I put it to your candour, whether any woman of sense, in her right senses, having found a pearl of great price, would dream of dissolving it in a tumbler of water and swallowing it all at one gulp? For such, in highly figurative language, would be the foolish use I should have made of your friendship, provided it were true, as you wrote, that I had already cut your acquaintance!

Oh, no! you have only to take a just view of your own merits and mine, to feel as convinced as though I had sworn it before a magistrate that my long silence has proceeded from some 'crook in the lot,' and not in the mind.

The fact is, since I became so sick and dispirited I have contracted a horror of letter-writing, almost equal to the hydrophobia horror for cold water. I would write anything under heaven—fairy-tales, or advertisements for Warren's Blacking even—rather than a letter! A letter behoves to tell about oneself, and when oneself is disagreeable to oneself, one would rather tell about anything else; for, alas! one does not find the same gratification in dwelling upon one's own sin and misery, as in showing up the sin and misery of one's neighbour. But if ever I get agreeable to myself again, I swear to you I will then be exceedingly communicative, in preparation for which desirable end I must set about getting into better health, and that I may get into better health I must begin by growing wise, which puts me in mind of a boy of the 'English Opium-Eater's,' who told me once he would begin Greek presently; but his father wished him to learn it through the medium of Latin, and he was not entered in Latin yet because his father wished to teach him from a grammar of his own, which he had not yet begun to write!

For the present we are all in sad taking with

influenza. People speak about it more than they did about cholera; I do not know whether they die more from it. Miss Wilson, not having come to close quarters with it, has her mind sufficiently at leisure to make philosophical speculations about its gender! She primly promulgates her opinion that influenza is masculine. My husband, for the sake of argument I presume, for I see not what other interest he has in it, protests that influenza is feminine; for me, who have been laid up with it for two weeks and upwards, making lamentations of Jeremiah (not without reason), I am not prejudiced either way, but content myself with sincerely wishing it were neuter. One great comfort, however, under all afflictions, is that 'The French Revolution' is happily concluded; at least, it will be a comfort when one is delivered from the tag-raggery of printers' devils, that at present drive one from post to pillar. *Quelle vie!* let no woman who values peace of soul ever dream of marrying an author! That is to say, if he is an honest one, who makes a conscience of doing the thing he pretends to do. But this I observe to you in confidence; should I state such a sentiment openly, I might happen to get myself torn in pieces by the host of my husband's lady admirers, who already, I suspect, think me too happy in not knowing my happiness. You cannot fancy what way he is making with the fair intellects here! There is Harriet Mar-

tineau presents him with her ear-trumpet with a pretty blushing air of coquetry, which would almost convince me out of belief in her identity! And Mrs. Pierce Butler bolts in upon his studies, out of the atmosphere as it were, in riding-habit, cap and whip (but no shadow of a horse, only a carriage, the whip I suppose being to whip the cushions with, for the purpose of keeping her hand in practice)—my inexperienced Scotch domestic remaining entirely in a nonplus whether she had let in 'a leddy or a gentleman'! And then there is a young American beauty —such a beauty! 'snow and rose-bloom' throughout, not as to clothes merely, but complexion also; large and soft, and without one idea, you would say, to rub upon another! And this charming creature publicly declares herself his 'ardent admirer,' and I heard her with my own ears call out quite passionately at parting with him, 'Oh, Mr. Carlyle, I want to see you to talk a long long time about—"Sartor"'! 'Sartor,' of all things in this world! What could such a young lady have got to say about 'Sartor,' can you imagine? And Mrs. Marsh, the moving authoress of the 'Old Man's Tales,' reads 'Sartor' when she is ill in bed; from which one thing at least may be clearly inferred, that her illness is not of the head. In short, my dear friend, the singular author of 'Sartor' appears to me at this moment to be in a perilous position, inasmuch as (with the innocence of a suck-

ing dove to outward appearance) he is leading honourable women, not a few, entirely off their feet. And who can say that he will keep his own? After all, in sober earnest, is it not curious that my husband's writings should be only completely understood and adequately appreciated by women and mad people? I do not know very well what to infer from the fact.

Mr. Spedding is often to be heard of at Miss Wilson's (not that I fancy anything amiss in that quarter, only I mention him because he is your friend). Mr. Maurice we rarely see, nor do I greatly regret his absence; for, to tell you the truth, I am never in his company without being attacked with a sort of paroxysm of mental cramp! He keeps one always, with his wire-drawings and paradoxes, as if one were dancing on the points of one's toes (spiritually speaking). And then he will help with the kettle, and never fails to pour it all over the milk-pot and sugar-basin! Henry Taylor draws off into the upper regions of gigmanity. The rest, I think, are all as you left them.

Your mother was here last night, looking young and beautiful, with a new bonnet from Howel and James's. Your brother is a great favourite with Carlyle, and with me also, only one dare not fly into his arms as one does into yours. Will you give my affectionate regards to your wife, and a kiss for me to

each of the children? Ask your wife to write a post-script in your next letter; I deserve some such sign of recollection from her, in return for all the kind thoughts I cherish of her. I wish to heaven you were all back again. You make a terrible chasm in our world, which does not look as if it were ever going to get closed in. You will write to me? You will be good enough to write to me after all? There is nothing that I do not fancy you good enough for. So I shall confidently expect a letter. God bless you, and all that belongs to you.

I am, ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Carlyle has made every exertion to get you a printed copy of the 'Diamond Necklace,' but it is not to be got this day. He adds his brotherly regards.

LETTER 15.

Early in January 1837 it must have been when book on 'French Revolution' was finished. I wrote the last paragraph of it here (within a yard of where I now am) in her presence one evening after dinner. Damp tepid kind of evening, still by daylight, read it to her or left her to read it; probably with a 'Thank God, it is done, Jeannie!' and then walked out up the Gloucester Road towards Kensington way: don't remember coming back, or indeed anything quite distinct for three or four months after. My thoughts were by no means of an exultant character: pacifically gloomy rather, something of sullenly contemptuous in them,

of clear hope (except in the 'desperate' kind) not the smallest glimpse. I had said to her, perhaps that very day, 'I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do (as is likeliest), but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that came more direct and flamingly sincere from the heart of a living man; do with it what you like, you —— !' My poor little Jeannie and me, hasn't it nearly killed us both? This also I might have said, had I liked it, for it was true. My health was much spoiled; hers too by sympathy, by daily helping me to struggle with the intolerable load. I suppose by this time our money, too, was near done: busy friends, the Wilsons principally, Miss Martineau, and various honourable women, were clear that I ought now to lecture on 'German Literature,' a sure financial card, they all said; and set to shaping, organising, and multifariously consulting about the thing; which I unwillingly enough, but seeing clearly there was no other card in my hand at all, was obliged to let them do. The printing of 'French Revolution,' push as I might, did not end till far on in April—'Lectures,' six of them, of which I could form no image or conjecture beforehand, were to begin with May.—T. C.

To John Welsh, Esq., Liverpool.

5 Cheyne Row; March 4, 1837.

Dearest Uncle of me,—'Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind'! You and my aunt have had the influenza: I also have had the influenza: a stronger bond of sympathy need not be desired: and so the spirit moves me to write you a letter; and if you think there is no very 'wondrous kindness' in that,

I can only say you are mistaken, seeing that I have had so much indispensable writing to do of late days that, like a certain Duchess of Orleans I was reading about the other week, 'when night comes, I am often so tired with writing, that I can hardly put one foot before the other'!

But with respect to this influenza, úncle, what think you of it? above all how is it, and why is it? For my part, with all my cleverness, I cannot make it out. Sometimes I am half persuaded that there is (in Cockney dialect) 'a do at the bottom on it'; medical men all over the world having merely entered into a tacit agreement to call all sorts of maladies people are liable to, in cold weather, by one name; so that one sort of treatment may serve for all, and their practice be thereby greatly simplified. In more candid moments, however, I cannot help thinking that it has something to do with the 'diffusion of useful knowledge': if not a part of that knowledge, at least that it is meant as a counterpoise; so that our minds may be preserved in some equilibrium, between the consciousness of our enormous acquirements on the one hand, and on the other the generally diffused experience that all the acquirements in the world are not worth a rush to one, compared with the blessedness of having a head clear of snifters! However it be, I am thankful to Heaven that I was the chosen

victim in this house, instead of my husband. For, had he been laid up at present, there would have been the very devil to pay. He has two printers on his book, that it may, if possible, be got published in April; and it will hardly be well off his hands, when he is to deliver a course of Lectures on German Literature to 'Lords and Gentlemen,' and 'honourable women not a few.' You wonder how he is to get through such a thing? So do I, very sincerely. The more, as he proposes to speak these lectures extempore, Heaven bless the mark! having, indeed, no leisure to prepare them before the time at which they will be wanted.

One of his lady-admirers (by the way he is getting a vast number of lady-admirers) was saying the other day that the grand danger to be feared for him was that he should commence with 'Gentlemen and Ladies,' instead of 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' a transmutation which would ruin him at the very outset. He vows, however, that he will say neither the one thing nor the other, and I believe him very secure on that side. Indeed, I should as soon look to see gold pieces, or penny loaves drop out of his mouth, as to hear from it any such humdrum unrepublican-like commonplace. If he finds it necessary to address his audience by any particular designation, it will be thus—'Men and Women'! or perhaps, in my Penfillan grandfather's style, 'Fool-creatures

come here for diversion.' On the whole, if his hearers be reasonable, and are content that there be good sense in the things he says, without requiring that he should furnish them with brains to find it out, I have no doubt but his success will be eminent. The exhibition is to take place in Willis's Rooms; 'to begin at three, and end at four precisely'; and to be continued every Monday and Friday through the first three weeks of May. 'Begin precisely' it may, with proper precautions on my part to put all the clocks and watches in the house half-an-hour before the time; but, as to 'ending precisely'! that is all to be tried for! There are several things in this world, which, once set a-going, it is not easy to stop; and the Book is one of them. I have been thinking that perhaps the readiest way of bringing him to a *cetera desunt* (conclusion is out of the question) would be, just as the clock strikes four, to have a lighted cigar laid on the table before him—we shall see!

The 'French Revolution' done, and the lectures done, he is going somewhere (to Scotland most probably) to rest himself awhile; to lie about the roots of hedges, and speak to no man, woman, or child except in monosyllables! a reasonable project enough, considering the worry he has been kept in for almost three years back. For my part, having neither published nor lectured, I feel no call to refresh myself by

such temporary descent from my orbit under the waves; and in Shakespearean dialect, I had such a 'belly-full' of travelling last year as is likely to quell my appetite, in that way, for some time to come. If I had been consulted in the getting up of the Litany, there would have been particular mention made of steamboats, mail-coaches, and heavy coaches, among those things from which we pray to be delivered; and more emphatic mention made of 'such as travel by land or sea.'

My mother writes to me from Dabton, where she is nursing the Crichtons. In my humble opinion she is (as my mother-in-law would say) 'gey idle o' wark.' I have expended much beautiful rhetoric in trying to persuade her hitherward, and she prefers nursing these Crichtons! Well! there is no accounting for taste! She will come, however, she says, when you have been there, but not sooner; so I hope you will pay your visit as early in the season as you can, for it would be a pity if she landed as last time, after all the fine weather was gone, and the town emptied. Give my kindest love to my kind aunt, and kisses to all the children. I owe my cousin Helen a letter, and will certainly be just after having been generous. My husband sends his affectionate regards, and hopes you received the copies of two articles, which he sent.

Mr. Gibson has not been here for some weeks;

he begins to look stiffish, and a little round at the shoulders, otherwise as heretofore.

God bless you all, my dearest uncle.

Yours

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 16.

Monday, May 1, 1837, in Willis's Rooms is marked as date of my first lecture. It was a sad planless jumble, as all these six were, but full enough of new matter, and of a furious determination on the poor lecturer's part not to break down. Plenty of incondite stuff accordingly there was; new, and in a strangely new dialect and tone; the audience intelligent, partly fashionable, was very good to me, and seemed, in spite of the jumbled state of things, to feel it entertaining, even interesting. I pitied myself, so agitated, terrified, driven desperate and furious. But I found I had no remedy, necessity compelling; on the proceeds we were financially safe for another year, that was my one sanction in the sad enterprise.

Mrs. Welsh from Templand was certainly with us a second time at present. Returning to dinner from that first Monday's performance I gave to my darling and her, from some of the gold that had been handed me, a sovereign each 'to buy something with, as handsel of this novelty,' which little gift created such pleasure in these generous two as is now pathetic to me, and a kind of blessing to remember. When this second visit of our kind mother's began, or how long it lasted, I have no recollection. I left her here for company, in setting out for Annandale, whither I made all haste, impatient for shelter and silence as soon as the hurly-burly could be got to end. One wish I had—silence! silence!

In the latter half of June, I got thither. My health had suffered much by 'French Revolution' and its accompaniments, especially in the later months, when I used to ask myself, Shall I ever actually get this savagely cruel business flung off me, then, and be rid of it?—a hope which seemed almost incredible.

Mind and body were alike out of order with me, my nervous system must have been in a horrible state. I remember, in walking up from the Liverpool-Annan steamboat with brother Alick, Alick had to call for a moment in some cottage at Landhead, and I waited looking back towards Annan and the unrivalled prospect of sea and land which one commands there, leaning on a milestone which I knew so well from my school-days; and looking on Solway Sea to St. Bee's Head, and all the pretty Cumberland villages, towns, and swelling amphitheatre of fertile plains and airy mountains, to me the oldest in the world, and the loveliest. What a changed meaning in all that! Tartarus itself and the pale kingdoms of Dis could not have been more preternatural to me, and I felt that they could not have been more so. Most stern, gloomy, sad, grand, yet terrible, steeped in woe! This was my humour while in Annandale. Except riding down to Whinnyrigg for a plunge in the sea (seven miles and back) daily when tide would serve, I can recollect nothing that I did there. All speech (except, doubtless, with my mother), I did my utmost to avoid. Some books I probably had—'Pickwick' and 'Johannes Müller' (in strange combination, and 'Pickwick' the preferable to me!) I do partly remember, but the reading of them was as a mere opiate. In this foul torpor, like flax thrown into the steeping pool, I seem to have stayed above two months—stayed, in fact, till ashamed to stay longer. As for recovery, that had not yet considerably—in truth, it never fairly—came at all.

Of my darling's beautiful reception of me when I did return, all speech is inadequate, for now in my sad thoughts it is like a little glimpse of Heaven in this poor turbid earth. I am too unworthy of it; alas! how thrice unworthy! A day or two ago I discovered, crowded into my first letter from Chelsea, as her postscript, these bright words, touching and strange to me [T. C.]:—

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Sept. 22, 1837.

My dear Mother,—You know the saying, 'it is not lost which a friend gets,' and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him, only him in the whole wide world to love me and take care of me, poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me after their fashion far better than I deserve; but then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am. Thank you then for having, in the first place, been kind enough to produce him into this world, and for having, in the second place, made him scholar enough to recognise my various excellencies; and for having, in the last place sent him back to me again to stand by me in this cruel east wind. . . . God bless you all. I will write you a letter all to yourself before long, God willing.

J. W. C

LETTER 17.

'More Dialogue' is more of 'Watch and Canary-bird' ('Chico' his name). I had been in Scotland lately, or was still there. The admired little Dialogue I never could get sight of, while she had keeping of it!—T. C.

To the Rev. John Sterling, Blackheath.

Chelsea: Sept.–Oct., 1837.

My dear Friend,—Being a sending of more dialogue, it were downright extravagance to send a letter as well. So I shall merely say (your father being sitting impatiently beating with his stick) that you are on no account to understand that by either of these dialogians I mean to shadow forth my own personality. I think it is not superfluous to give you this warning, because I remember you talked of Chico's philosophy of life as my philosophy of life, which was a horrible calumny.

You can fancy how one must be hurried when your father is in the case.

God bless you.

Always yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

DIALOGUE I.

The Bird and the Watch.

Watch. 'Chirp, chirp, chirp;' what a weariness thou art with thy chirping! Does it never occur to thee, frivolous thing, that life is too short for being chirped away at this rate?

Bird. Never. I am no philosopher, but just a plain canary-bird.

Watch. At all events, thou art a creature of time that hast been hatched, and that wilt surely die. And, such being the case, methinks thou art imperatively called upon to think more and to chirp less.

Bird. I 'called upon to think'! How do you make that out? Will you be kind enough to specify how my condition would be improved by thought? Could thought procure me one grain of seed or one drop of water beyond what my mistress is pleased to give? Could it procure me one eighth of an inch, one hair's-breadth more room to move about in, or could it procure me to be hatched over again with better auspices, in fair green wood beneath the blue free sky? I imagine not. Certainly I never yet betook myself to thinking instead of singing, that I did not end in dashing wildly against the wires of my cage, with sure loss of feathers and at the peril of limb and life. No, no, Madam Gravity, in this very conditional world, depend upon it, he that thinks least will live the longest, and song is better than sense for carrying one handsomely along.

Watch. You confess, then, without a blush, that you have no other aim in existence than to kill time?

Bird. Just so. If I were not always a killing of time, time, I can tell you, would speedily kill me. Heigh ho! I wish you had not interrupted me in my singing.

Watch. Thou sighest, 'Chico;' there is a drop of bitterness at the bottom of this froth of levity. Confess the truth; thou art not without compunction as to thy course of life.

Bird. Indeed, but I am, though. It is for the Power that made me and placed me here to feel compunction, if any is to be felt. For me, I do but fulfil my destiny: in the appointing of it, I had no hand. It was with no consent of mine that I ever was hatched; for the blind instinct that led me to chip the shell, and so exchange my natural prison for one made with hands, can hardly be imputed to me as an act of volition; it was with no consent of mine that I was fated to live and move within the wires of a cage, where a fractured skull and broken wings are the result of all endeavour towards the blue infinite, nor yet was it with consent of mine that I was made to depend for subsistence, not on my own faculties and exertions, but on the bounty of a fickle mistress, who starves me at one time and surfeits me at another. Deeply from my inmost soul I have protested, and do and will protest against all this. If, then, the chirping with which I stave off sorrow and ennui be an offence to the would-be-wise, it is not I but Providence should bear the blame, having placed me in a condition where there is no alternative but to chirp or die, and at the same time made self-preservation the first instinct of all living things.

Watch. 'Unhappy Chico![1] not in thy circumstances, but in thyself lies the mean impediment over which thou canst not gain the mastery.'[2] The lot thou complainest of so petulantly is, with slight variation, the lot of all. Thou are not free? Tell me who is? Alas, my bird! Here sit prisoners; there also do prisoners sit. This world is all prison, the only difference for those who inhabit it being in the size and aspect of the cells; while some of these stand revealed in cold strong nakedness for what they really are, others are painted to look like sky overhead, and open country all around, but the bare and the painted walls are alike impassable, and fall away only at the coming of the Angel of Death.

Bird. With all due reverence for thy universal insight, picked up Heaven knows how, in spending thy days at the bottom of a dark fob, I must continue to think that the birds of the air, for example, are tolerably free; at least, they lead a stirring, pleasurable sort of life, which may well be called freedom in comparison with this of mine. Oh that, like them, I might skim the azure and hop among the boughs; that, like them, I might have a nest I could call my own, and a wife of my own choosing, that I might fly away from, the instant she wearied me! Would that the egg I was hatched from had been addled, or that I had perished while yet unfledged! I am weary of

[1] The name was of my giving. [2] Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister.*

my life, especially since thou hast constituted thyself my spiritual adviser. *Ay de mi!* But enough of this; it shall never be told that I died the death of Jenkin's hen.[1] 'Chico, *point de faiblesse.*'[2]

Watch. It were more like a Christian to say, 'Heaven be my strength.'

Bird. And pray what is a Christian? I have seen poets, philosophers, politicians, bluestockings, philanthropists, all sorts of notable people about my mistress; but no Christian, so far as I am aware.

Watch. Bird! thy spiritual darkness exceeds belief. What can I say to thee? I wish I could make thee wiser, better!

Bird. If wishes were saws, I should request you to saw me a passage through those wires; but wishes being simply wishes, I desire to be let alone of them.

Watch. Good counsel at least is not to be rejected, and I give the best, wouldst thou but lay it to heart. Look around thee, Chico—around and within. Ascertain, if thou canst, the main source of thy discontent, and towards the removal of that direct thy whole faculties and energies. Even should thy success prove incomplete, the very struggle will be productive of good. 'An evil,' says a great German thinker, 'ceases to be an evil from the moment in which we begin to combat it.' Is it what you call loss of liberty that flings the darkest shadow over your soul?

[1] Annandale comic proverb, originating I know not how.
[2] '*Danton, point de,*' &c.

If so, you have only to take a correct and philosophical view of the subject instead of a democratic sentimental one, and you will find, as other captives have done, that there is more real freedom within the walls of a prison than in the distracting tumult without. Ah, Chico, in pining for the pleasures and excitements which lie beyond these wires, take also into account the perils and hardships. Think what the bird of the air has to suffer from the weather, from boys and beasts, and even from other birds. Storms and snares and unknown woes beset it at every turn, from all which you have been mercifully delivered in being once for all cooped up here.

Bird. There is one known woe, however, from which I have not been delivered in being cooped up here, and that is your absolute wisdom and impertinent interference, from which same I pray Heaven to take me with all convenient speed. If ever I attain to freedom, trust me, the very first use I shall make of it will be to fly where your solemn prosy tick shall not reach me any more for ever. Evil befall the hour when my mistress and your master took it into their heads to 'swear eternal friendship,' and so occasion a juxtaposition betwixt us two which nature could never have meant.

Watch. My 'master'? Thou imbecile. I own no master; rather am I his mistress, of whom thou speakest. Nothing can he do without appealing to

me as to a second better conscience, and it is I who decide for him when he is incapable of deciding for himself. I say to him, It is time to go, and he goeth; or, There is time to stay, and he stayeth. Hardly is he awake of a morning when I tick authoritatively into his ear, '*Levez-vous, monsieur! Vous avez des grandes choses à faire;*'[1] and forthwith he gathers himself together to enjoy the light of a new day—if no better may be. And is not every triumph he ever gained over natural indolence to be attributed to my often-repeated remonstrance, 'Work, for the night cometh.' Ay, and when the night is come, and he lays himself down, I take my place at his bed-head, and, like the tenderest nurse, tick him to repose.

Bird. And suppose he neglected to wind thee up, or that thy main-spring chanced to snap? What would follow then? Would the world stand still in consequence? Would thy master—for such he is to all intents and purposes—lie for ever in bed expecting thy *Levez-vous?* Would there be nothing in the wide universe besides thee to tell him what o'clock it was? Impudent piece of mechanism! Thing of springs and wheels, in which flows no life-blood, beats no heart! Depend upon it, for all so much as thou thinkest of thyself, thou couldst be done without. *Il n'y a point de montre nécessaire!*[2] The artisan who

[1] St. Simon (he of 1825, n. b. !).

[2] '. . . *point d'homme,*' . . . Napoleon used to say.

made thee with files and pincers could make a thousand of thee to order. Cease, then, to deem thyself a fit critic and lawgiver for any living soul. Complete of thy kind, tick on, with infallible accuracy, sixty ticks to the minute, through all eternity if thou wilt and canst; but do not expect such as have hearts in their breasts to keep time with thee. A heart is a spontaneous, impulsive thing, which cannot, I would have thee know, be made to beat always at one measured rate for the good pleasure of any time-piece that ever was put together. And so good day to thee, for here comes one who, thank Heaven, will put thee into his fob, and so end our *tête-à-tête*.

Watch. (With a sigh.) 'The living on earth have much to bear!' J. W. C.

This is the piece mentioned in *Sterling's Life*, p. 304 (he had seen it; I never did till now, she refusing me, as usual; nor did I know for certain that it was in existence still). 'Chico' (*Tiny*, in Spanish) was our canary bird, brought from Craigenputtock hither on her knee. The 'Watch' had been her mother's; it is now (August, 1866) her mother's niece's (Maggie Welsh's, for two months back). A 'Remonstrance,' now placed here, is from the same 'Watch,' probably several years later. Or perhaps this is the 'farther sending' letter referred to in Letter No. 39 (1837) vaguely as in second bit of dialogue? No 'second' otherwise, of any kind, is now discoverable. (August 15, 1869, my last day at present on this sad and sacred task.)—T. C. *insomnis* (as to much).

Remonstrance of my Old Watch.

What have I done to you, that you should dream of 'tearing out my inside' and selling me away for an old song? Is your heart become hard as the nether millstone, that you overlook long familiarity and faithful service, to take up with the new-fangled gimcracks of the day? Did I ever play thee false? I have been driven with you, been galloped with you over the roughest roads; have been 'jolted' as never watch was; and all this without 'sticking up' a single time, or so much as lagging behind! Nay, once I remember (the devil surely possessed you at that moment) you pitched me out of your hand as though I had been a worthless pincushion; and even that unprecedented shock I sustained with unshaken nerves! Try any of your new favourites as you have tried me; send the little wretch you at present wear within your waistband smack against a deal floor, and if ever it stirred more in this world, I should think it little less than a miracle.

Bethink you then, misguided woman, while it is yet time! If not for my sake, for your own, do not complete your barbarous purpose. Let not a passing womanish fancy lead you from what has been the ruling principle of your life—a detestation of shams and humbug. For, believe me, these little watches are arrant shams, if ever there was one. They are

not watches so much as lockets with watch faces. The least rough handling puts them out of sorts; a jolt is fatal; they cost as much in repairs every year as their original price; and when they in their turn come to have their insides torn out, what have you left? Hardly gold enough to make a good-sized thimble.

But if you are deaf to all suggestions of common-sense, let sentiment plead for me in your breast. Remember how daintily you played with me in your childhood, deriving from my gold shine your first ideas of worldly splendour. Remember how, at a more advanced age, you longed for the possession of me and of a riding-habit and whip, as comprising all that was most desirable in life! And when at length your mother made me over to you, remember how feelingly (so feelingly that you shed tears) I brought home to your bosom the maxim of your favourite Goethe, 'The wished-for comes too late.' And oh! for the sake of all these touching remembrances, cast me not off, to be dealt with in that shocking manner; but if, through the caprice of fashion, I am deemed no longer fit to be seen, make me a little pouch inside your dress, and I am a much mistaken watch if you do not admit in the long run that my solid merit is far above that of any half-dozen of these lilliputian upstarts.

And so, betwixt hope and fear, I remain,

Your dreadfully agitated

WATCH.

I find so much reason as well as pathos and natural eloquence in the above that I shall proceed no further with the proposed exchange.

JANE.

LETTER 18.

From Phœbe Chorley to Thomas Carlyle, London (favoured by H. F. Chorley).

Thus to venture unbidden into thy presence may seem somewhat startling to thee in a woman, and a member of the quiet, unobtrusive Society of Friends; but thou must thank the originality, the first-rate talent, the taste, the poetry of thy three wonderful volumes on the French Revolution for drawing on thee the infliction, it may be, of mere commonplace sentences in my endeavour to express, however inadequately, the deep unspeakable interest with which I am perusing thy admirable narrative of the events which astonished and horrified the civilised world forty-five years ago.

The style, described to me before I saw the work, as 'peculiar and uninviting,' I deem of all others calculated to convey the fervour, the fierceness, and the atrocity alternately possessing the feelings of those the chief actors in that most sanguinary drama. So perfectly graphic, too, a painter need desire no better study to improve his art. I can distinctly see the

ancient Merovingian kings on their bullock-carts; and the chamber of the dying Louis Quinze with all its accompaniments; and the new Korff berlin, and its wretched, vacillating inmates—the poor queen issuing into the street and lost there. Oh! the breathless anxiety of that journey; how one longed to speed them forward, especially, I think, for her sake, whose curse it was, in a new era, when the light broke through the Cimmerian darkness of ages, to be united to a man of that mediocre sort, who is incapable of reading the fiery language of passing events, and yet not content to be wholly passive. Oh! how the very depths of my heart are stirred up responsive to the humiliations and sufferings of that high-minded, erring woman; she stands there before me in the window at Versailles, the untasted cup of coffee in her hand! A spell is completely cast over me by the waving of the enchanter's wand, given to thee to wield for the instruction of thy less-gifted fellow mortals.

Go on and prosper, saith my whole soul. Such abilities as thine were never designed to be folded in a napkin; use them worthily, and they will bless thyself and thousands. I am truly rejoiced a writer has at last sprung up to do justice to modern history —a greatly neglected species of literature—and to present it in colours so attractive that, as certainly as mind recognises mind, and speaks to it, and is comprehended by it, so certainly will 'The French Revo-

lution' of Thomas Carlyle be read and approved by all men, and all women too, endowed with any of that Promethean fire which he seems to fetch down from heaven at will, and finally win its way through all obstructions to form a part—an important part —of the standard of the English language.

Je le jure (I swear it), Chapter VI., Book i., vol. ii. : —The opening paragraph on Hope is exquisitely constructed. I cannot recall to memory a more felicitous arrangement of words than this paragraph displays. It has become incorporated with the very texture of my thoughts, 'a sacred Constantine's banner written on the eternal skies.'

Henry Chorley, the bearer of this, can tell thee how his own family and my brother and sister Crosfield, all of them people of mind, have been delighted with thy production. Accept my most cordial individual thanks for the rich intellectual banquet thou hast provided. All other books will appear so tame and flat in comparison with these, that I know not what to turn to when I shall have done with the third volume, which travels into the country to-morrow with

Thy sincere friend and admirer,

PHŒBE CHORLEY.

Copied in *her* hand for my mother, after which:

Chelsea: March-April, 1838.

There, dear mother! Pretty fairish for a prim Quakeress, don't you think? Just fancy her speaking all these transcendental flatteries from under a little starched cap and drab-coloured bonnet! I wonder how old she is; and if she is, or has been, or expects ever to be married? Don't you? Perhaps the spirit may move her to come hither next, and cultivate still more her 'favourable sentiments.' Well, let her! I could pardon her any absurdity almost, in consideration of that beautiful peculiarity she possessed, of admiring his very style, which has hitherto exceeded the capacity of admiration in all men, women, and children that have made the attempt.

An enthusiastic Quaker once gave Edward Irving a gig. I wonder if this enthusiastic Quakeress will give Carlyle one; it would be excessively useful here.

We have fine weather, and I am nearly rid of my cough again. Carlyle has fallen to no work yet; but is absolutely miserable nevertheless. Ellen is pretty strong again, and I hope will be able to 'carry on'—at least, 'till Lonsdale coom.'[1] Chico has got a new

[1] Old Cumberland woman, listening as the newspaper was read, full of battling, warring, and tumult all over the world, exclaimed at last: 'Aye, they'll karry on till Londsdale coom, and he'll soon settle them aw!' A female partner was provided for Chico; on first introducing this latter to me, with what an inimitable air my bright one, recounting her purchase, parodied that Covent Garden chaunt, 'The all-wise, great Creator saw that he . . . !' (See p. 266.)

cage from a gentleman, not a Quaker. So, you see, all goes tolerably here. Love to Jenny; remember me to Robert.

Your affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 19.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Liverpool.

Chelsea: May 27, 1838.

O Cousin, gracious and benign,—Beautiful is it to see thy tender years bearing such blossoms of tolerance; for tolerance is not in general the virtue of youth, but only of mature or even old age—experienced age, which after long and sore 'kicking against the pricks,' has learned for itself what it would not take on hearsay, that the world we live in is of necessity, and has been, and ever will be, an erring and conditional world; and that in short, all men, women, and children, beginning with ourselves, are shockingly imperfect. So that there is none justified in saying with self-complacency, 'black is the eye' of another. Indeed, I should have felt it hard to have been reproached by you for not writing; you, who have health and no cares, cannot at all estimate the effort I make, in doing anything that can be let alone without immediate detriment to the State or the individual.

I have had so much to bear, for a long, long time back, from the derangement of my interior, that when a day of betterness does arrive, I am tempted, instead of employing it in writing letters, or in doing duties of whatever sort, to make a sort of child's play-day of it; and then, when my head is aching, or my cough troublesome—Oh, Helen dear, may you never know by experience how difficult it is in such circumstances, to write a letter all about nothing, even to a sweet-faced, well-beloved cousin!

We were just then in the first ferment of our Lectures,[1] which are still going on, and keeping up an extra degree of tumult within and without us. However, he has been borne through the first eight 'with an honourable through-bearing,' and I dare say will not break down in the remaining four. The audience is fair in quantity (more than fair, considering that he is a lecturer on his own basis, unconnected with any 'Royal Institution,' or the like); and in quality it is unsurpassable; there are women so beautiful and intelligent, that they look like emanations from the moon; and men whose faces are histories, in which one may read with ever new interest. On the whole, if he could get sleep at nights, while the lecturing goes forward, and if I might look on without being perpetually reminded by the pain in my head, or some devilry or other,

[1] Second course, delivered in the spring of 1838.

that I am a mere woman, as the Annan Bailie reminded the people who drank his health at a Corporation dinner that he was a mere man—('O gentlemen! remember that I am but a man of like passions with yourselves')—we should find this new trade rather agreeable. In the meanwhile, with all its drawbacks, it answers the end. '*O gloire*,' says a French poet, '*donnez-moi du pain!*' And glory too often turns a deaf ear to this reasonable request; but she is kind enough to grant it to us in the present instance; so, *allons*, let us 'eat fire,' as Carlyle calls it, since people are disposed to give their money for such exhibition, over and above their applause.

My husband wishes and needs a change; and a climate where I should not need to be confined for months together to the house (I may say to two rooms) were a manifest improvement in my lot. It was dreary work last winter, though by incredible precautions I kept myself perpendicular; and the winter before is horrible to think of, even at this date. A single woman (by your leave be it said) may be laid up with comparative ease of mind; but in a country where a man is allowed only one wife, and needs that one for other purposes than mere show, it is a singular hardship for all parties, when she misgives anyhow, so as to be rendered wholly ineffectual.

I had a box from mother the other day, which came, I believe, through you.

> **Everything rich, everything rare,**
> **Save young Nourmahal, was blowing there.**

By the way, Carlyle breakfasted with Thomas Moore the other morning, and fancied him.

I hope very sincerely that my aunt is quite well again, and should like to be assured of it by some of you. Give her and uncle, and the whole generation, my warmest affection. Carlyle joins me in good wishes for you all; and behold! I remain your faithfully attached, in-spite-of-appearances, cousin,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 20.

This autumn, after lectures, printing of 'Sartor,' &c., I steamered to Kirkcaldy; was in Scotland five or six weeks —to Edinburgh twice or thrice; to Minto Manse (Dr. Aitken's, now married to 'Bess Stoddart,' heiress of old Bradfute, and very rich); thence, after dull short sojourn, through Hawick, Langholm to Scotsbrig (mother absent in Manchester); to Chelsea again, early in October. Vivid at this hour are all these movements to me; but not worth noting: only the Kirkcaldy part, with the good Ferguses, and, after twenty years of absence, was *melodiously* interesting to me, more or less. *Ay de mi*, all gone, now, all!— T. C.

To T. Carlyle, at Kirkcaldy.

Chelsea: Aug. 30, 1838.

Dear Husband of me,—I was most thankful to hear an articulate cheep (chirp) from you once more, for the little notekin 'did neither ill nor gude.' But this is a clear and comprehensive view of the matter, which may satisfy the female mind, for a time, and deserves a most ample threepenny in return.[1] I would have sat down instantly on receiving it, and made a clean breast of all my thinkings and doings, in the first fervour of enthusiasm, which such a good letter naturally inspired; but the letter came at one, and at two the carriage was ordered to convey me to pass the day with Mrs. C——; so it was plain, you could not get the 'first rush o' the tea,' without being stinted in quantity. But this morning, I have said it, that nothing short of an earthquake shall hinder me from filling this sheet.

First of all, then, dear Ill,[2] I am, and have been, in perfectly good case so far as the body is concerned. 'Association of Ideas' was like to have played the devil with me at first. The first night after your departure, I slept three hours; the second, forty minutes; and the third, none at all. If I had a cow,

[1] Our name for a post-letter in those days. 'Send him a threepenny, then.'

[2] Converse of Goody.

I should have bade it 'consider;'[1] having none it was necessary to 'consider' myself. So I applied to Dr. Marshall[2] for any sort of sleeping-draught, which had no opium in it, to break, if possible, this spell at the outset. He gave me something, consisting of red-lavender and other stimulants, which 'took an effect on me.'[3] Not that I swallowed it! I merely set it by my bedside; and the feeling of lying down under new circumstances, of having a resource in short, put me to sleep! One night, indeed, the imagination was not enough; and I did take the thing into my inside, where it made all 'cosy';[4] and since then I have slept as well as usual; nor did these bad

[1] There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nocht to give her;
He took his pipes, and played a spring,
And bade the cow consider.
The cow considered wi' hersel'
That mirth [sportful music] wad ne'er fill her:
'Gie me a pickle pease-strae,
And sell your wind for siller.'

Old Scotch rhyme, reckoned 'pawky,' clever and symbolical, in this house. *Gloire! donnez-moi du pain!*

[2] Next-door neighbour this Dr. M., faithful but headlong and fanatical. His wife was from Edinburgh, a kind of 'Haddington Wilkie' withal; died not long after. Dr. M., unsuccessful otherwise, then volunteered upon some Philo-Nigger Expedition—scandalously sanctioned by a Government in need of votes, though he considered it absurd—and did die, like the others, a few days after reaching the poisonous, swampy river they were sent to navigate.

[3] Rigorous navy lieutenant: 'Why, Richard, you're drunk!' 'I've 'ad my allowance, sir, and it's took an effect on me,' answered Richard (Richard Keevil, a wandering, innocent creature from the Gloucester cloth countries latterly, who came to my father's in a starving state, and managed gently to stay five or six months—a favourite, and study, with us younger ones).

[4] 'Mamma, wine makes cosy,' *Reminiscences*, vol. ii., p. 99.

nights do me any visible harm. Helen[1] asks me every morning 'if I have no headache yet?' And when I answer, none, she declares it to be quite 'mysterious!' In fact, I believe Mrs. Elliot's cab is of very material service in keeping me well. And I hope you will become a great *Paid*, and then we shall sometimes have a 'bit clatch.'[2] I have driven out most days, from two till four, quite regularly. I also take care to have some dinner quite regularly. And I contrive to sup on Cape Madeira, which seems to be as good for me as porridge, after all. For the rest, my chief study is to keep myself tranquil and cheerful; convinced that I can do nothing so useful, either for myself or others. Accordingly, I read French novels, or anything that diverts me, without compunction; and sew no more, at curtains or anything else, than I feel to be pleasant.

For company, I have had enough to satisfy all my social wants. One visitor per day would content me; and I have often had more. Two tea-shines[3] went off with *éclat*, the more so that the people came, for most part, at their own peril. The first consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Crawfurd, George Rennie and his wife, Mrs. Sterling, Il Conte, Darwin, and Robert Barker,[4]

[1] Helen was a new maid, of whom more hereafter.

[2] Brother James's name for a humble gig, or the like. To 'clatch' is to drag lumberingly.

[3] Scotch peasant's term for such phenomena.

[4] Amiable Nithsdale gentleman, a lieutenant of foot, who had seen service, nearly killed at New Orleans, &c.

who was up from Northampton on leave of absence. Do you shriek at the idea of all this? You need not. We all talked through other[1] (except Barker, who, by preserving uninterrupted silence, passed for some very wise man); and we were all happy in the consciousness of doing each our part to 'stave off' *ennui*, though it were by nothing better than nonsense. The next was a more rational piece of work; but more 'insipid':[2] Mrs. Rich,[3] and her two sisters, the Marshalls, Mrs. Sterling, and the always to be got Darwin. We talked about the condition of the poor, &c., &c., one at a time; and I am sure the saints think that, all this while, my light has been hid under a bushel—that, in fact, they have 'discovered me.' They kissed me all over, when they went away, and would have me out to Plumstead Common. Then I had Mr. C—— one night, to whom I prated so cleverly about domestic service, and all that, that his eyes twinkled the purest admiration, through his spectacles; and, two days after, he returned with Mrs. C——! to hear me again on the same topics. But catch me flinging my pearls before swine! But, oh, dear me, dearest, how the paper is getting covered over with absolute nothings; and I have really something to tell.

[1] German, *durch einander.* [2] Servant Helen's term.

[3] Daughter of Sir James Mackintosh; among other elderly religious ladies, was a chief admirer of Rev. A. Scott, now nestled silently at Plumstead (died recently professor in Owens College, Manchester).

I have to tell you one very wonderful thing indeed, which brought a sort of tears into my eyes. The first money from F. R.[1] is come to hand, in the shape of a bill of exchange for fifty pounds, inclosed in a short business letter from Emerson. He says: 'An account has been rendered to me, which, though its present balance is in our favour, is less than I expected; yet, as far as I understand, it agrees well with all that has been promised. At least, the balance in our favour, when the edition is sold, which the booksellers assure me will undoubtedly be done within a year from the publication, must be 760 dollars, and whatever more Heaven and the subscribers may grant.' You are to know, dear, fifty pounds is exactly $224.22, the rate of exchange being 9 per cent. He says nothing more, except that he will send a duplicate of the bill by next packet; and that 'the Miscellanies is published in two volumes, a copy of which goes to you immediately; 250 copies are already sold.' So you see, dear, here is Fortune actually smiling on you over the seas, with her lap full of dollars. Pray you, don't you be bashful; but smile on her in return. Another bit of good luck lies in the shape of a little hamper, full of Madeira, the Calvert wine—I have not unpacked it yet; but I guess it holds a dozen. I too am to have some wine given me. John Sterling

[1] *French Revolution.*

has desired his wine merchant, on receiving a certain basketful of Malmsey from Madeira for him, to send some fraction of it to me.

He himself, John Sterling, you will be surprised to hear, is off this day for good. He spends a week in settling his family at Hastings, and then proceeds to Italy. Such is the order of Sir James Clark, and his own whim! He breakfasted with me this morning, to take leave; apparently in perfect health, and almost too good spirits, I think. I told him, he seemed to me a man who had a diamond given him to keep, which he was in danger of breaking all down into sparks, that everyone might have a breast-pin of it. He looked as Edward Irving used to do. I do not think that, morally, he is at all in a good way—too much of virtue 'and all that' on the lips. Woe to him if he fall into the net of any beautiful Italian! People who are so dreadfully 'devoted' to their wives are so apt, from mere habit, to get devoted to other people's wives as well!

Except Emerson's, there have been no letters for you; and of threepennies, only one of apology from Wilson, along with that *Globe*; and one from your namesake,[1] wanting letters to 'Germany, with which he wants to acquaint himself'—or rather, in the language of truth, where he is going as a mis-

[1] Angel, at Albury, editor of the *Globe* newspaper.

sionary (so Dr. Marshall tells me). I answered it politely.

I must not conclude without telling you a most surprising purpose I have in my head, which, if you have heard of O'Connell's late visit to a La Trappean Monastery, you will not be quite incredulous of. I am actually meditating to spend a week with—Miss Wilson at Ramsgate!! To do penance for all the nonsense I speak, by dooming myself, for one whole week, to speak nothing but real sense, and no mistake! She wrote me the most cordial invitation, and not to me only, but to Helen, whom she knew I did not like to leave; for three weeks I was to come. I answered in a long letter, which you would have liked amazingly, if you had had the good luck to hear it, that when I heard from John,[1] if there was time before his arrival, I would absolutely accept. I have had another letter from her since, gracious beyond expression; and am really meaning to lock up, and go with Helen for a week, if John does not come all the sooner. Address to me always here, however; as Dr. Marshall will send on my letters *instanter*. They are touchingly kind to me, these good Marshalls;—got up a dinnerchen, &c., &c. Everybody is kind to me. Only I have put the Stimabile in a great fuff—purposely, that I might not have him dangling here in your absence. Thus it is impossible

[1] John Carlyle, then expected in London.

for me to get a frank. But you will not grudge postage, even for this worthless letter, since it is mine.

I have not heard from my mother, nor written to her yet, so I know not where she is. I have forgot a thousand things. Madame Marcet has not been yet;—is to come,[1]—a friend from Paris has deprived her of the pleasure, &c. Cavaignac was here last Friday. Edgeworth has been; wanted me out to Windsor. The blockhead Hume[2] came to tea one night! No Americans! No strangers! Darwin is going off to the Wedgewoods with Mrs. Rich. Thank you for the particulars to Helen. Yes, try and see her mother. She is very kind to me. Get very very well; and come back so good! and so pooty.

Say all that is kind and grateful from me to the good Ferguses. And tell Elizabeth I will write her a long letter one of these days—to be also in no sorrow about Pepoli. He is merely lackadaisical. God bless you, dearest. Do not, I beseech you, soil your mind with a thought of postage; but write again quick. Be sure you go to Minto.[3]

J. W. C.

[1] Never did, I think. [2] Ambitious thickhead.

[3] To the manse there (reverend couple being old acquaintances of both of us).

LETTER 21.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Sunday, Sept. 10, 1838.

Thou precious cheap!—I am rejoiced to find you working out your plan so strenuously and steadily. That is really one kind of virtue which does seem to me always its own reward. To have done the thing one meant to do, let it turn out as it may, 'is a good joy.'[1] You will come home to me 'more than plumb,' with conscious manhood, after having reaped such a harvest of 'realised ideals.'

For me, I am purposely living without purpose, from hand to mouth, as it were, taking the good the gods provide me, and, as much as possible, shirking the evil—a manner of existence which seems to suit my constitution very well, for I have not had a single headache these three weeks, nor any bodily ailment, except occasional touches of that preternatural intensity of sensation, which, if one did not know it to be the consequence of sleeplessness, would pass for perfection of health rather than ailment; and which I study to keep down with such dullifying appliances as offer themselves, in dearth of 'a considerable bulk of porridge.' The people are very attentive to me—almost too attentive; for they make me talk more than is for the good of my soul, and go through

[1] One of Leigh Hunt's children, on the sight of flowers.

a power of my tea and bread and butter! Nay, Cavaignac was found sitting yesterday when I came home from my drive, and said, with all the cold-bloodedness imaginable, '*Voulez-vous me donner à dîner, madame?*'—an astounding question to a woman whose whole earthly prospects in the way of dinner were bounded there and then to one fried sole and two *pommes de terre!* And when this sumptuous repast was placed on the table, with the addition of a spoonful of improvised hash, he sat down to it exclaiming, *à plusieurs reprises:* '*Mon Dieu, comme j'ai faim, moi!*' However, as Helen remarked, 'It's nae matter what ye gie him; for he can aye mak the bread flee!'

Our first two volumes of the 'Miscellanies' are published. I have sent you a copy. The edition consists of 1,000 copies; of these 500 are bound, 500 remain in sheets. The title-pages, of course, are all printed alike; but the publishers assure me that new title-pages can be struck off at a trifling expense, with the imprint of Saunders and Otley. The cost of a copy in sheets or 'folded' is 89 cents, and bound is $1.15 cents. The retail price is $2.50 cents a copy, and the author's profit is $1.00, and the bookseller's 35 cents per copy, according to my understanding of the written contract. (All of which I have written off with faith and hope, but with infinite *ennui*, not understanding any more of cents

than of hieroglyphics.) I think there is no doubt but the book will sell very well there; but if, for the reasons you suggest, you wish any part of it, you can have it as soon as ships can bring your will. We have printed half the matter. I should presently begin to print the remainder, inclusive of the article on Scott in two more volumes; but now I think I shall wait until I hear from you. Of those books we will print a larger edition, say 1,250 or 1,500, if you want a part of it in London; for I feel confident now that our public is a thousand strong. Write me, therefore, by the steam-packet your wishes. So you can 'consider,' cheap![1] and be prepared to answer the letter when I send it in a day or two in the lump.

For my part, I think I should vote for letting these good Americans keep their own wares; they seem to have an art, unknown in our island, of getting them disposed of. I can say nothing of how 'Sartor,'[2] poor beast! is going on, only that people tell me, with provoking vagueness, from time to time, that they have read or heard honourable mention of it; but where, or when, or to what possible purport, they seem bound over by oath to be quite silent upon. Mrs. Buller, for example, the other day when I called at her house, said that she was glad to find it succeeding. 'Was it succeeding?' I asked, for I really was quite ignorant. Oh, she had heard and

[1] Converse of 'dear.' [2] Lately republished from *Fraser's Magazine*.

seen the most honourable notice of it. The individual most agog about it seems to be the young Catholic, whose name, I now inform and beg you to remember, is Mr. T. Chisholm Anstey. He sat with me one forenoon, last week, for a whole hour and a half, rhapsodising about you all the while; a most judicious young Catholic, as I ever saw or dreamt of. He had been 'in retreat,' as they call it, for three weeks—that is to say, in some Jesuit *La Trappe* establishment in the north of England—absolutely silent, which he was sure you would be glad to hear; and he is going back at Christmas to hold his peace for three weeks more! He has written an article on you for the 'Dublin Review,' which is to be sent to me as soon as published, and the Jesuits, he says, are enchanted with all they find in you. Your 'opinions about sacrifice, &c., &c., are entirely conformable to theirs!' 'After all,' said Darwin the other day, 'what the deuce is Carlyle's religion, or has he any?' I shook my head, and assured him I knew no more than himself. I told Mr. Chisholm Anstey I could not give him the lecture-book, as I was copying it. 'You copying it!' he exclaimed in enthusiasm; 'indeed you shall not have that toil; I will copy it for you; it will be a pleasure to me to write them all a second time'! So you may give him the ten shillings; for he actually took away the book, and what I had done of it, *par*

vive force! I wish some other of your admirers would carry off the bed-curtains by *vive force*, and finish them also; for, though I have had a sempstress helping me for three days, they are still in hand. Perhaps a Swedenborgian will do that?

Baron von Alsdorf came here the other night, seeking your address, to write to you for a testimonial. 'Such is the lot of celebrity i' the world.'[1] Oh! my 'Revolution' and 'Sartor' are come home, such loves of books! quite beautiful; but such a price! seven shillings per volume! for half-binding! 'Was there ever anything in the least like it?'[2] The Fraserian functionary seemed almost frightened to tell me; but seeing I could make nothing of debating about it, I contented myself with saying: 'Well, "French Revolutions" are not written every day, and the outside should be something worthy of the in.' The man, apparently struck with admiration of my sincerity and contempt of money, bowed involuntarily, and said, 'It is indeed a book that cannot have too much expense put upon it.' 'Why the deuce, then,' I was tempted to answer, 'don't you give us something for it?' The 'German Romance' is to be done in calf at 3*s.* 6*d.* a volume. Do not trouble your head about my investing so much capital in the binding of these books. With such a prospect of cents, it were sheer parsimony not to give them a

[1] Parodied from Schiller. [2] Common phrase of her mother's.

good dress. I have unpacked your wine, and even tasted it; and lo! it proves to be two dozen pint bottles of exquisite port! which disagrees with you. Did you not understand it was to have been Madeira? My Malmsey is not come yet. How I laughed, and how Cavaignac shouted at your encounter with Mrs. 'Ickson.[1] Indeed, your whole letter was most entertaining and satisfactory. Do not be long in sending me another; they are very refreshing, especially when they praise me![2] This is not so good 'a return' as I could wish to make you; but in a single sheet one is obliged to *manger* all superfluous details, though these are more interesting to the absent than more important matter. Robertson called on me the other day, wondering if you were writing anything for him. He has had a splutter with Leigh Hunt—always spluttering. He talked much of Harriet's 'tail of hundreds' at Newcastle[3] till I could not help fancying her as one of those sheep Herodotus tells about. I wonder how many things I have forgotten? Kind regards to them all, and to yourself what you can say of most affectionate. I drive almost every day. Elizabeth's letter is not come yet; but I will write forthwith whether or no.

Your unfortunate

GOODY.

[1] Hickson, suddenly in Princes Street, Edinburgh, poor woman!

[2] *Vide* Cicero.

[3] Scientific meeting.

LETTER 22.

A postscript at almost half a year's distance. These are the lecture years, 1837–40; this year's lectures (for it is 'April 12') would be within three weeks.

'First rush o' ye tea,' intelligible now only to myself, was at that time full of mirth, ingenuity, and humour in the quarter it was going to! My mother, many years before, on the eve of an Ecclefechan Fair, happened in the gloaming to pass one Martha Calvert's door, a queer old cripple creature who used to lodge vagrants, beggars, ballad-singers, snap-women, &c., such as were wont, copiously enough, (chiefly from the 'Brig-end of Dumfries'), to visit us on these occasions. Two beggar-women were pleasantly chatting, or taking sweet counsel, outside in the quiet summer dusk, when a third started out, eagerly friendly, 'Come awa', haste; t' ye first rush o' ye tea!' (general tea inside, just beginning, first rush of it far superior to third or fourth!)

'God's Providence.' Peg Ir'rin (Irving, a memorable old bread-and-ale woman, extensively prepared to vend these articles at Middlebie Sacrament, could not by entreaty or logic (her husband had fought at Bunker's Hill) extort from the parish official (ruling elder) liberty to use the vacant school-house for that purpose, whereupon Peg, with a toss of her foolish high head (a loud, absurd, empty woman, though an empty especially of any mischief), 'Ah well; thou canna cut me out of God's Providence.'—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

April 12, 1839.

My dear Mother,—It were much pleasanter to write to you if, besides white paper, he would leave me something to say. But away he goes, skimming

over everything, whipping off the cream of everything, and leaves me nothing but the blue milk to make you a feast of. The much best plan for me were to take the start of him, and have the 'first rush o' ye tea' to myself; as I positively design to do in lecture-time, when there will be something worth while to tell.

We see Jeffrey often since he came to London, and he is very friendly still, 'though he could not cut us out of God's Providence.' We had a Roman Catholic Frenchman[1] flying about us, at a prodigious rate, last week, but he has left London for the present. He told us all about how he went to confession, &c., &c., and how he had been demoralised at one period, and was recovered by the spectacle of a holy procession. He seems a very excellent man in his own way, but one cannot quite enter into his ecstasies about white shirts and wax tapers, and all that sort of thing. I hope you are all well, and thinking of me, as heretofore, with kindness; this is cruel weather for Isabella and you and me.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

[1] A M. Rio, once very current in London society; vanished now many years ago.

LETTER 23.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

Chelsea: May 6, 1839.

My dear Mother,—Our second lecture 'transpired' yesterday, and with surprising success—literally surprising—for he was imputing the profound attention with which the audience listened, to an awful sympathising expectation on their part of a momentary break-down, when all at once they broke into loud plaudits, and he thought they must all have gone clean out of their wits! But, as does not happen always, the majority were in this instance in the right, and it was he that was out of his wits to fancy himself making a stupid lecture, when the fact is he really cannot be stupid if it were to save his life. The short and long of it was, he had neglected to take a pill the day before, had neglected to get himself a ride, and was out of spirits at the beginning: even I, who consider myself an unprejudiced judge, did not think he was talking his best, or anything like his best; the 'splendids,' 'devilish fines,' 'most trues,' and all that, which I heard heartily ejaculated on all sides, showed that it was a sort of mercy in him to come with bowels in a state of derangement, since, if his faculties had had full play, the people must have been all sent home in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. The most practical good feature in the business was a considerable increase of hearers—

even since last day; the audience seems to me much larger than last year, and even more distinguished. The whole street was blocked up with 'fine yellow' (and all other imaginable coloured) 'deliveries;'[1] and this is more than merely a dangerous flattery to one's vanity, the fashionable people here being (unlike our Scotch gigmen and gigwomen), the most open to light (above all to his light) of any sorts of people one has to do with. Even John Knox, though they must have been very angry at him for demolishing so much beautiful architecture, which is quite a passion with the English, they were quite willing to let good be said of, so that it were indisputably true. Nay, it was in reference to Knox that they first applauded yesterday. Perhaps his being a countryman of their favourite lecturer's might have something to do with it! But we will hope better things, though we thus speak.[2]

You will find nothing about us in the *Examiner* of this week; Leigh Hunt, who writes the notices there, did not arrive at the first lecture in time to make any report of it, having come in an omnibus which took it in its head to run a race with another omnibus, after a rather novel fashion, that is to say, each trying which should be hindmost. We go to

[1] 'Fine yallow *d*eliveries and a'!' exclaimed a goosey maid-servant at Mainhill, seeing a carriage pass in the distance once (in little Craw Jean's hearing).

[2] Common preachers' phrase in Scotland.

lecture this year very commodiously in what is called a fly (a little chaise with one horse), furnished us from a livery-stable hard by, at a very moderate rate. Yesterday the woman who keeps these stables sent us a flunkey more than bargain, in consideration that I was 'such a very nice lady'—showing therein a spirit above slavery and even above livery. Indeed, as a foolish old woman at Dumfries used to say, 'everybody is kind to me;' and I take their kindness and am grateful for it, without inquiring too closely into their motives. Perhaps I am a genius too, as well as my husband? Indeed, I really begin to think so—especially since yesterday that I wrote down a parrot! which was driving us quite desperate with its screeching. Some new neighbours, that came a month or two ago, brought with them an accumulation of all the things to be guarded against in a London neighbourhood, viz., a pianoforte, a lap-dog, and a parrot. The two first can be borne with, as they carry on the glory within doors; but the parrot, since the fine weather, has been holding forth in the garden under our open windows. Yesterday it was more than usually obstreperous—so that Carlyle at last fairly sprang to his feet, declaring he could 'neither think nor live.' Now it was absolutely necessary that he should do both. So forthwith, on the inspiration of conjugal sympathy, I wrote a note to the parrot's mistress (name unknown), and in five minutes after

Pretty Polly was carried within, and is now screeching from some subterranean depth whence she is hardly audible. Now if you will please recollect that, at Comely Bank, I also wrote down an old maid's house-dog, and an only son's pet bantam-cock,[1] you will admit, I think, that my writings have not been in vain.

We have been very comfortable in our household this long while. My little Fifeshire maid grows always the longer the better; and never seems to have a thought of leaving us, any more than we have of parting with her. My kindest love to all the 'great nation' into which you are grown.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 24.

Lectures finished, with again a hint of notice. This was not my last course of lectures; but I infinitely disliked the operation—'a mixture of prophecy and play-acting,' in which I could not adjust myself at all, and deeply longed to see the end of.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

Chelsea: May 20, 1839.

My dear Mother,—The last lecture was indeed the most splendid he ever delivered, and the people were all in a heart-fever over it; on all sides of me people

[1] True instances both; the first of many hundreds, which lasted till the very end.

who did not know me, and might therefore be believed, were expressing their raptures audibly. One man (a person of originally large fortune, which he got through in an uncommon way, namely, in acts of benevolence) was saying, 'He's a glorious fellow; I love the fellow's very faults,' &c., &c.; while another answered, 'Aye, faith, is he; a fine, wild, chaotic, noble chap,' and so on over the whole room. In short we left the concern in a sort of whirlwind of 'glory' not without 'bread'; one of the dashing facts of the day being a Queen's carriage at the door, which had come with some of the household. Another thing I noticed, of a counter tendency to one's vanity, was poor Mrs. Edward Irving sitting opposite me, in her weeds, with sorrowful heart enough, I dare say. And when I thought of her lot and all the things that must be passing through her heart, to see her husband's old friend there, carrying on the glory in his turn, while hers—What was it all come to! She seemed to me set there expressly to keep me in mind 'that I was but a woman;'[1] like the skeleton which the old Egyptians placed at table, in their feasts, to be a memorial of their latter end.

My love to them all—and surely I will write a

[1] The Corporate Weavers at Dumfries elected a deacon, or chief of weavers, who was excessively flattered by the honour. In the course of the installation dinner, at some high point of the hep-hep hurrahing, he exclaimed, with sweet pain, 'Oh, gentlemen, remember I am but a man!' —T. C. Mrs. Carlyle tells the story of a Bailie at Annan, see p. 94.— J. A. F.

long letter to Jane before long; who is very foolish to imagine I ever had, or could have, any reason for silence towards her, other than my natural dislike to letter-writing.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

'After lectures,' Carlyle writes, 'and considerable reading for "Cromwell," talking about scheme of London library, struggling and concocting towards what proved "Chartism," and more of the like, we set out together for Scotland by Liverpool about July 2 or 3, for Scotsbrig both of us in the first place, then she to Templand as headquarters, and, after leaving here, then to return to Scotsbrig, all which took effect, my remembrance of it now very indistinct.'

While absent from him, Mrs. Carlyle paid a visit to Ayr. As she was returning in the coach, Carlyle says in a note: 'a fellow-passenger got talking—"So you are from London, ma'am, and know literary people? Leigh Hunt? ah, so," &c., "and do you know anything of Thomas Carlyle?" "Him; right well—I am his wife," which had evidently pleased her little heart.'

The winter which followed, she had a violent chronic cold, sad accompaniment of many winters thenceforth, fiercely torturing nervous headache, continuous sometimes for three days and nights. 'Never,' says her husband, 'did I see such suffering from ill-health borne so patiently as by this most sensitive of delicate creatures all her life long.'

She had an extraordinary power of attaching to her everyone with whom she came in contact. In a letter to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aitken, written in the midst of her illness, she says: 'My maid[1] is very kind when I am laid up; she

[1] Kirkcaldy Helen, one of the notabilities, and also blessings, of our existence here.—T. C.

has no suggestions or voluntary help in her, but she does my bidding quietly and accurately, and when I am very bad she bends over me in my bed as if I were a little child, and rubs her cheek on mine—once I found it wet with tears—one might think one's maid's tears could do little for a tearing headache, but they do comfort a little.'

During this suffering time she wrote little and briefly. Carlyle was preparing his last course of lectures, the six on Heroes and Hero Worship, which were delivered in the coming season. He had a horse now, which had been presented to him by Mr. Marshall, of Leeds. The riding improved his spirits, but his nerves were always in a state of irritation when he was writing. 'Why do women marry?' she says in a little note to John Forster; 'God knows, unless it be that, like the great Wallenstein, they do not find scope enough for their genius and qualities in an easy life.

Night it must be, ere Friedland's star shall burn!'

In the summer matters were made worse by what to him was a most serious trial, described in the letter which follows. He asked Charles Buller if there were no means by which he could be extricated. Buller said he knew of but one. 'He could register himself as a Dissenting preacher.'—J. A. F.

LETTER 25.

This 'trial by jury' was a Manchester case of patents: patent first, for an improvement on cotton-wool carding machines; patent second, an imitation of that, query theft of it or not? Trial fell in two terms (same unfortunate jury), and lasted three or four days in each. Madder thing I never saw;—clear to myself in the first half-hour ('essential theft'), no advocate doing the least good to it farther, doing harm rather;—and trial costing in money, they said, 1,000*l.*

a day. Recalcitant juryman (one of the 'Tales' sort), stupidest-looking fellow I ever saw—it was I that coaxed him round and saved a new trial at 1,000*l.* a day. Intolerable suffering, rage, almost despair (and resolution to quit London), were, on my part, the consequence of these jury-summonses, which, after this, happened to abate or almost cease. On hers, corresponding pity, and at length no end of amusement over my adventure with that stupidest of jurymen, &c., which she used to narrate in an incomparable manner. Ah me! Ah me!

'Poor fellow, after all!' was very often finish of my brother in summing up his censures of men—so often that we had grown to expect it, and banter it.—T. C.

To the Reverend John Sterling, Clifton.

Chelsea: Oct. 5, 1840.

My dear John 'after all,'—In God's name, be 'a hurdy-gurdy,' or whatever else you like! You are a good man, anyhow, and there needs not your 'dying' to make me know this at the bottom of my heart, and love you accordingly. No, my excellent Sir, you are a blessing which one knows the value of even before one has lost it. And it is just because I love you better than most people that I persecute you as I do; that I flare up when you touch a hair of my head (I mean my moral head). So now we are friends again, are we not? If, indeed, through all our mutual impertinences, we have ever been anything else!

You see, I am very lamb-like to-day; indeed, I could neither 'quiz,' nor be 'polite' to you to-day

for the whole world. The fact is, I also have had a fit of illness, which has softened my mood, even as yours has been softened by the same cause. These fits of illness are not without their good uses, for us people of too poetic temperaments. For my part, I find them what the touching of their mother earth was for the giants of old. I arise from them with new heart in me for the battle of existence; and you know, or ought to know, what a woman means by new heart—not new brute force, as you men understand by it, but new power of loving and enduring.

We have been in really a rather deplorable plight here for a good while back, ever since a certain trial about a patent, so strangely are things linked together in this remarkable world! My poor man of genius had to sit on a jury two days, to the ruin of his whole being, physical, moral, and intellectual. And ever since, he has been reacting against the administration of British justice, to a degree that has finally mounted into influenza. While I, *poverina*, have been reacting against his reaction, till that malady called by the cockneys 'mental worry' fairly took me by the throat, and threw me on my bed for a good many days. And now I am but recovering, as white as the paper I write upon, and carrying my head as one who had been making a failed attempt at suicide; for, in the ardour of my medical practice, I flayed the whole neck of me with a blister. So you see it is a good

proof of affection that I here give you, in writing thus speedily, and so long a note.

God bless you, dear John, and all belonging to you. With all my imperfections, believe me ever faithfully and affectionately,

Yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

No lectures to be this spring, or evermore, God willing.

LETTER 26.

Impossible to date with accuracy; the poor incident I recollect well in all its details, but not the point of time. 'Helen' Mitchell, from Kirkcaldy (originally from Edinburgh), must have come about the end of 1837; she stayed with us (thanks to the boundless skill and patience of her mistress) about eleven years; and was, in a sense, the only servant we ever got to belong to us, and be one of our household, in this place. She had been in Rotterdam before, and found Cheyne Walk to resemble the *Boompjes* there (which it does). Arrived here, by cab, in a wet blustery night, which I remember; seemed to have cared no more about the roar and tumult of huge London all the way from St. Katherine's Docks hither, than a clucking hen would have done, sitting safe in its hand-basket, and looking unconcerned to right and left. A very curious little being; mixture of shrewdness, accurate observancy, flashes of an insight almost genial, with utter simplicity and even folly. A singular humble loyalty and genuine attachment to her mistress never failed in poor Helen as the chief redeeming virtues. Endless was her mistress's amusement (among other feelings) with the talk and ways of this poor Helen; which as reported to me, in their native dialect and

manner, with that perfect skill, sportfulness, and loving grace of imitation, were to me also among the most amusing things I ever heard. *E.g.* her criticism of Arthur Helps's book (for Helen was a great reader, when she could snatch a bit of time); criticism of Miss Martineau's (highly didactic) 'Maid of All Work'—and 'a rail insipid trick in Darwin to tell Miss Martno!' &c., &c. Poor Helen, well does she deserve this bit of record from me. Her end was sad, and like a thing of fate; as perhaps will be noticed farther on.

This letter I vaguely incline to date about autumn 1840, though sure evidence is quite wanting.

'Toam tuik ta hint.' Our little Craw Jean had a long, inane, comically solemn dialogue to report of an excellent simple old Mrs. Clough (brother Alick's mother-in-law); of which this about 'Toam' (her own Tom) was a kind of cardinal point or (solemnly inane) corner-stone.

'Stream of time' &c., 'Oh Lord, we're a' sailing down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity: for Christ's sake: Amen,' was the Grace before meat (according to myth) of some extempore Christian suddenly called on, and at a loss for words.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Autumn, 1840.

Dear Mother,—I make no excuse for being so long in complying with your often-repeated hint that I should write to you; it is for the like of 'Tom' to 'take the hint;' but for me, your highly original daughter-in-law, I am far beyond hints, or even direct commands in the matter of letter-writing. I have now, in fact, no character to lose, and make myself quite comfortable in the reflection that, far

from feeling any indignant surprise at my silence, my friends will henceforth receive any communication I may vouchsafe them in the course of years as an unexpected favour for which they cannot be too thankful. What do I do with my time, you wonder? With such 'a right easy seat of it,' one might fancy, I should be glad to write a letter now and then, just to keep the devil from my elbow. But Alick's Jenny and all of you were never more mistaken than when you imagine a woman needs half-a-dozen children to keep her uneasy in a hundred ways without that. For my part, I am always as busy as possible; on that side at least I hold out no encouragement to the devil; and yet, suppose you were to look through a microscope, you might be puzzled to discover a trace of what I do. Nevertheless, depend upon it, my doings are not lost; but, invisible to human eyes, they 'sail down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity,' and who knows but I may find them after many days?

At present, I have got a rather heavy burden on my shoulders, the guarding of a human being from the perdition of strong liquors. My poor little Helen has been gradually getting more and more into the habit of tippling, until, some fortnight ago, she rushed down into a fit of the most decided drunkenness that I ever happened to witness. Figure the head of the mystic school, and a delicate female

like myself, up till after three in the morning, trying to get the maddened creature to bed; not daring to leave her at large for fear she should set fire to the house or cut her own throat. Finally we got her bolted into the back kitchen, in a corner of which she had established herself all coiled up and fuffing like a young tiger about to spring, or like the Bride of Lammermoor (if you ever heard of that profane book). Next day she looked black with shame and despair; and the next following, overcome by her tears and promises and self-upbraidings, I forgave her again, very much to my own surprise. About half an hour after this forgiveness had been accorded, I called her to make me some batter; it was long of coming, and I rang the bell; no answer. I went down to the kitchen, to see the meaning of all this delay, and the meaning was very clear, my penitent was lying on the floor, dead-drunk, spread out like the three legs of Man,[1] with a chair upset beside her, and in the midst of a perfect chaos of dirty dishes and fragments of broken crockery; the whole scene was a lively epitome of a place that shall be nameless. And this happened at ten in the morning! All that day she remained lying on the floor insensible, or occasionally sitting up like a little bundle of dirt, executing a sort of whinner; we could not imagine how she came to be so long in sobering; but

[1] See any Manx halfpenny, common similitude on those coasts.

it turned out she had a whole bottle of whisky hidden within reach, to which she crawled till it was finished throughout the day.

After this, of course, I was determined that she should leave. My friends here set to work with all zeal to find me a servant; and a very promising young woman came to stay with me till a permanent character should turn up. This last scene 'transpired' on the Wednesday; on the Monday she was to sail for Kirkcaldy. All the intervening days, I held out against her pale face, her tears, her despair; but I suffered terribly, for I am really much attached to the poor wretch, who has no fault under heaven but this one. On the Sunday night I called her up to pay her her wages, and to inquire into her future prospects. Her future prospects! it was enough to break anybody's heart to hear how she talked of them. It was all over for her on this earth, plainly, if I drove her away from me who alone have any influence with her. Beside me, she would struggle; away from me, she saw no possibility of resisting what she had come to regard as her fate. You may guess the sequel: I forgave her a third time, and a last time. I could not deny her this one more chance. The creature is so good otherwise. Since then she has abstained from drink, I believe in every shape, finding abstinence, like old Samuel Johnson, easier than temperance; but how long she may be

strong enough to persevere in this rigid course, in which lies her only hope, God knows. I am not very sanguine; meanwhile I feel as if I had adopted a child, I find it necessary to take such an incessant charge of her, bodily and mentally; and my own body and soul generally keep me in work enough, without any such additional responsibility.

Carlyle is reading voraciously, great folios, preparatory to writing a new book. For the rest, he growls away much in the old style; but one gets to feel a certain indifference to his growling; if one did not, it would be the worse for one. I think he committed a great error in sending away his horse; it distinctly did him good; and would have done him much more good if he could have 'damned the expense.' Even in an economical point of view, he would have gained more in the long run by increased ability to work than he spent in making himself healthier; but a wilful man will have his way.

My kind love to Isabella, and all of them; I hope she is stronger now—it was all she seemed to want, to be a first-rate wife. I never forgot her kindness to me last year; though I do not write to her any more than to others.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 27.

To Mrs. Stirling,[1] *Cottage, Dundee.*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Jan. 8, 1841.

My dear Susan,—I always thought you a woman of admirable good sense; and I rejoice to see that marriage has not spoiled you. This speaks well for your husband too; for I defy any woman, unless she be no better than a stone, to hinder herself from taking something of the colour of the man she lives beside all days of the year. We women are naturally so impressible, so imitative! the more shame to men if we have all the failings they charge us with! Our very self-will, I believe, which they make such a fuss about, is, after all, only a reflex of their own! I find in your letter no less than three several proofs of this admirable good sense; first, you love me the same as ever—that is highly sensible in you; secondly, you improve in admiration of my husband's writings—that also is highly sensible; thirdly, you understand that my silence means nothing but—that I am silent, and that (to use my mother's favourite phrase) is sensible to 'a degree.' Indeed, if my silence is indicative of anything at all, dear Susan, it indicates more trust in your steady sentiments of kindness towards me than I have in the generality of people who profess to love me best. If I thought that you imagined me forgetful, when I am only not making

[1] Susan Hunter, now married.

periodical affirmations of my remembrance of you, and that you were to cast me out of your remembrance in consequence, I would write certainly—would conquer my growing repugnance to letter-writing, rather than risk the loss of your affection; but I should not feel so grateful to you as now, with the assurance I have, that I may give way to my indolence, and keep your affection nevertheless.

In fact, in my character of Lion's Wife here, I have writing enough to do, by constraint, for disgusting even a Duchess of Orleans—applications from young ladies for autographs; passionate invitations to dine; announcements of inexpressible longings to drink tea with me;—all that sort of thing, which, as a provincial girl, I should have regarded perhaps as high promotion, but which at this time of day I regard as very silly and tiresome work; fritters away my time in fractionary writing, against the grain, and leaves me neither sense nor spirit for writing the letters which would suggest themselves in course of nature. Dear Susan, I am sorry to say this world looks always the more absurd to me the longer I live in it! But, thank Heaven, I am not the shepherd set over them; so let them go their way: while we, who are a little higher than the sheep, go ours! Now don't be fancying that I am growing into a 'proud Pharisee,' which were even a degree worse than a sheep! Not at all! I have a bad nervous system,

keeping me in a state of greater or less physical suffering all days of my life, and that is the most infallible specific against the sin of spiritual pride that I happen to know of.

I am better this winter, however, than I have been for the last four winters. Only the confinement (I never get across the threshold in frost) is rather irksome, and increases my liability to headache; but it is a great improvement to have no cough and to be able to keep in the perpendicular.

For my husband, he is as usual; never healthy, never absolutely ill; protesting against 'things in general' with the old emphasis; with an increased vehemence just at present, being in the agonies of getting under way with another book. He has had it in his head for a good while to write a 'Life of Cromwell,' and has been sitting for months back in a mess of great dingy folios, the very look of which is like to give me locked-jaw.

I never see Mrs. Empson; she lives at a distance from me, in another sphere of things. Her being here, however, is an advantage to me, in bringing her father oftener to London; and he does what he can to seem constant. I shall always love him, and feel grateful to him; all my agreeable recollections of Edinburgh I owe to him directly or indirectly; the delightful evenings at 'Mr. John's,' and so much else.

By the way, Susan, I can never understand what

you mean by talking of gratitude to me. The gratitude, it seems to me, should be all on my side. But when people love one another, there is no need of debating such points.

I see Mr. C—— once a week or so; he did seem to get a great good of me (perhaps I should say of us; but it is more sincere as I have written it) for a year or two; but latterly I think he has got some new light, or darkness, or I know not what, which makes him seek my company more from habit than from any pleasure he finds in it—'the *waur*[1] for himsel','[2]—as they say in Annandale. In London, above all places on earth, '*il n'y a point d'homme nécessaire;*' if one gives over liking you, another begins—that is to say if you be likeable, which I may, without outrage to modesty and probability, infer that I am, since so many have liked me, first and last. There is you, away at Dundee, have gone on liking me without the slightest encouragement, for so many mortal years now! And even 'Mr. John,'[3] could not help liking me, though he met me with prepossession that 'I had been a dreadful flirt;' so at least he told his brother, I remember, who in right brotherly fashion reported it to me the first opportunity. If I had only been still unmarried, and had not been obliged to look sharper to my reputation,

[1] *Waur*, worse. [2] *Sel'*, self. [3] Jeffrey.

I would have made your quiet Mr. John pay for that speech!

What a likeable man, by the way, your brother in Edinburgh is;[1] so intelligent and so unpretentious—a combination not often to be found in Edinburgh; so quietly clever and quietly kind. I love quiet things; and quiet good things will carry me to enthusiasm; though, for the rest, my quality of enthusiasm is pretty well got under.

God bless you, dear. Kind regards to your husband and sister. Carlyle joins me in all good wishes.

Your affectionate

J. Carlyle.

LETTER 28.

This of the 'bit of lace' I can throw no light on. Some kindly gift of Sterling's, thrust in by an unexpected crevice (in which he had great expertness and still greater alacrity)? The black colour too suggestive in the place it went to?—T. C.

To the Rev. John Sterling, Penzance.

Chelsea: April 29, 1841.

My dear John,—I do not know whether for you, as for old Burton, 'a woman in tears be as indifferent a spectacle as a goose going barefoot!' If so, I

[1] John Hunter, a worthy and prosperous law official in Edinburgh, residence Craigcrook (Jeffrey's fine villa), fell weak of nerves and died several years ago (note of 1873).

make you my compliments, and you need not read any further. But if you have still enough of human feeling (or, as my husband would call it, '"Minerva Press" tendency') about you, to feel yourself commoved by such phenomena, it may interest you to know that, on opening your letter the other day, and beholding the little 'feminine contrivance' inside, I suddenly and unaccountably fell a-crying, as if I had gained a loss. I do not know what of tender and sad and 'unspeakable' there lay for my imagination in that lace article, folded up, unskilfully enough, by man's fingers—your fingers; and wrapped round with kind written words. But so it was, I wept; and, if this was not receiving your remembrance in the properest way, I beg of you to read me no lecture on the subject; for your lectures are hateful to me beyond expression, and their only practical result is to strengthen me in my own course.

My husband is not returned yet, is now at his mother's in Scotland.[1] He will come, I suppose, the beginning of next week. These three weeks of solitude have passed very strangely with me. I had been worn out by what the cockneys call 'mental worry.' His jury-trials, his influenza, &c., all things had been against me. For the first time in my life, I could sympathise with Byron's Giaour;

[1] To Milnes's, at Fryston, in 1841, afterwards to Scotland.

and, so soon as I had the house all to myself, I flung myself on the sofa, with the feeling,

> I would not, if I might, be blest.
> I want no Paradise—but rest!

And accordingly the scope of my being ever since has been to approximate, as nearly as possible, to nonentity. And I flatter myself that my efforts have been tolerably successful. Day after day has found me stretched out on my sofa with a circulating library book in my hand, which I have read, if at all, in Darley's fashion—'one eye shut, and the other not open.' Evening after evening, I have dreamt away in looking into the fire, and wondering to see myself here, in this great big absurdity of a world! In short my existence since I was left alone has been an apathy, tempered by emanations of the 'Minerva Press.' Promising! Well, I shall have to return to my post again presently. One has to die at one's post, has one not? The wonderful thing for me is always the prodigiously long while one takes to die. But

> That is the mystery of this wonderful history
> And you wish that you could tell!

There is a copy of 'Emerson's Essays' come for you here. I wish you good of them. God bless you!

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 29.

This letter, which I did not know of before, must have produced the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' article, 'Characteristics of German Genius,' which occupies pp. 382–422 in vol. i. of Hare's Book. A letter which tells its own story; solely, in regard to 'Forster' it should be known that he was yet but a new untried acquaintance, and that our tone towards or concerning him, both as 'critic' and as ever-obliging friend, greatly improved itself, on the ample trial there was.

That of 'worst critic in England but one' was John Mill's laughing deliverance, one evening, as I still remember, imitated from Chamfort's *Dites l'avant-dernier, car il y a presse.*—T. C.

To John Sterling, Esq., Falmouth.

Chelsea: Jan. 19, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I find myself engaged to write you a sort of business letter, a thing which lies, one would say, rather out of my sphere. But as I have not troubled you with many letters of late, you need not quarrel with the present, though on a subject as uncongenial to my tastes and habits as it can possibly be to yours, Mr. 'Hurdy-Gurdy.'

There is alive at present in God's universe, and likely to live, a man, Forster by name, a barrister, without practice, residing at number fifty-eight Lincoln's-Inn Fields, not unknown to fame as 'the second worst critic of the age,' who has gained himself a tolerable footing in our house and hearts,

by, I cannot precisely say, what merits. Latterly, Carlyle has not thought him 'so very bad a critic;' for he finds him here and there taking up a notion of his own, 'as if he understood it.' For my part, I have always thought rather well of his judgment; for, from the first, he has displayed a most remarkable clear-sightedness, with respect to myself; thinking me little short of being as great a genius as my husband. And you, by you also his character as a critic has deserved to be redeemed from contempt; for he it was who wrote the article in the 'Examiner' in praise of 'The Election.'[1] Well! all this preamble was not essential to the understanding of what is to follow; but at least it will not help to darken it, which is as much as could be expected of a female writer.

This man, then, has been taking counsel with me—me of all people that could have been pitched upon—how to give new life to a dying Review, 'The Foreign,' namely.[2] It has passed into the hands of new publishers, Chapman and Hall, active and moneyed men, who are intent on raising a corps of new worthy contributors, who are somehow (I do not understand that part of it) to kill and devour the old editor, a Dr. Worthington, who has been for a long time 'sitting on it as an incubus.' What they are to do next, that they will arrange, I suppose, among themselves. Meanwhile,

[1] Sterling's poem, so named. [2] *Foreign Quarterly*, that is.

of course, they are to be handsomely paid for their pains.

Now, in casting our eyes about for men of genius, fit to infuse new life into dead matter, there naturally slid over my lips your name, 'John Sterling, if the "Review" could be helped by a fifty-page article in rhyme!' 'Why not in prose?' said Forster. 'Ah! that is another question; to persuade him to write prose would not be so easy.' 'At all events,' said Forster, with a burst of enthusiasm, 'he can, and shall, and must be applied to.' And, accordingly, he took your address for that purpose. Having consulted with the publishers, for whom he is acting gratuitously as Prime Minister, for the mere love of humanity and his own inward glory, he finds that it were the most promising way of setting about the thing, to apply to you through some personal friend, and he does me the honour of taking me for such, in which I hope he is not mistaken.

To-day I have a letter from him, from which I extract the most important paragraph (most important for the business in hand that is, for it contains an invitation to dinner, with bright schemes for going to the play):—'Will you propose the article on Dante to Mazzini, and I want you to write and ask John Sterling (indication of celebrity) to write an article for the next "Foreign Quarterly," placing no restraint on his opinions in any way. If he will but consent

to do anything, he may be as radical as he was in his last contribution to Conservatism; you have, if your kindness will take it, full authority from me. This Dr. Worthington, it seems, is to be got rid of, and as speedily as possible. If these two articles are supplied, it is supposed that they will go far towards knocking him on the head—a matter of much desirability. That done, Carlyle must help these active and excellent publishers to a good man.

'Thackeray proposes' (remember all this is strictly private, you who accuse me of blabbing) 'offering to keep a hot kitchen (the grand editorial requisite) on a thousand a year. To that there are one or two objections. But he is going to write an article on France and Louis Philippe, which, if he chooses to take pains, none could do better, &c., &c.'

So there you have my story. Can you do anything with it? Even if it were only for my private consolation, I should like to see some prose from you once more in this world. Think and answer. There is written on the margin of the letter I have quoted, 'The articles as soon as possible!' To which I answered, 'If John Sterling does the thing at all, to be sure he will do it fast.' Carlyle bids me say that he is purposing to write to you in two days.

Remember me in all kindness to your wife, and believe me,

Ever affectionately yours 'til deth,'

JANE CARLYLE.

I have your little Florentine Villa framed and hung up, and I look at it very often for its own beauty and your sake.[1]

LETTER 30.

The inclosed notes, I suppose, are from Forster. Mrs. Taylor, who used to be well known to us, became afterwards John Mill's wife.—T. C.

To John Sterling, Esq., Falmouth.

Chelsea: Thursday, Jan.–Feb., 1842.

My dear Friend,—The inclosed notes, one to yourself and another to myself, will settle, I hope, the question of the article in a satisfactory manner, without my playing at editors any further, or even dawning further on your astonished sense as the Armida of the 'Foreign Quarterly' (Cavaignac used to call Mrs. Taylor 'the Armida of the "London and Westminster"'). I was clearly born for the ornamental rather than the useful, and I have no faith in anything being done by going into the teeth of one's nature.

You ask me how I like your last sendings? In answer I must begin a good way off. When you took it into your head to make a quarrel with me about 'The Election,'[2] actually to complain of me to my husband! (complaining of me to myself would not

[1] It is still here, in my dressing-closet (April 1869).

[2] Sterling's poem, some secret about which Sterling supposed Mrs. Carlyle to have revealed.

have been half so provoking); when you thus exposed me to you knew not what matrimonial thunders, which, however, did not on that occasion so much as begin to rumble, my husband knowing me to be innocent in the transaction as a sucking dove; I was angry, naturally. *Et tu Brute!* Had I loved you little, I should not have minded; but loving you much, I regarded myself as a *femme incomprise*, and, what was still worse, maltreated. And so, there and then, 'I registered' (like O'Connell) 'a vow in heaven, never to meddle or make with manuscript of yours any more, unless at your own particular bidding. Accordingly, these manuscripts, sent to Carlyle, I have not had once in my hands. The best passages that he found in them he read aloud to me; that was his pleasure, and so I felt myself at liberty to hear and admire. But from hearing only the best passages, one can form no true judgment as to the whole, so I am not prepared to offer any. Now that you have asked me my opinion, I should have fallen with all my heart to reading 'Strafford,' which was still here; but Carlyle, I knew, did not like it as a whole, whereas I liked extremely those passages he had read to me, and I liked better to part with it in the admiring mood than the disparaging one; and who could say, if I read it all, but I should turn to his way of thinking about it? So there you have my confession! Only this I need to tell you—I would

not give your last letter to C. for the best drama of Shakespeare! and I care little what comes of John Sterling the poet, so long as John Sterling the man is all that my heart wishes him to be.

God bless you, and remember me always as

Your true friend,

JANE CARLYLE.

Shortly after this letter there came ill news from Templand—ill news, or which to her vigilant affection had an ill sound in them, and which indeed was soon followed by a doleful and irreparable calamity there. Something in a letter of her mother's, touching lightly enough on some disorder of health she was under, and treating the case as common and of no significance, at once excited my poor Jeannie's suspicion, and I had to write to Dr. Russell,[1] asking confidentially, and as if for myself only, what the real state of matters was! The Doctor answered cautiously, yet on the whole hopefully, though not without some ambiguity, which was far enough from quieting our suspicions here; and accordingly, almost by next letter (February 23 or 21 I find it must have been), came tidings of 'a stroke,' apoplectic, paralytic; immediate danger now over, but future danger fatally evident!

My poor little woman instantly got ready. That same night (wild, blustering, rainy night, darkness without us and within), I escorted her to Euston Square for the evening train to Liverpool. She was deaf, or all but deaf, to any words of hope I could urge. Never shall I forget her look as she sat in the railway carriage, seat next the window, still close by me, but totally silent; her beautiful eyes full of sorrowful affection, gloomy pain, and expectation, gazing

[1] Of Thornhill, near Templand.

steadily forward, as if questioning the huge darkness, while the train rolled away. Alas, at Liverpool, her cousins (Maggie still remembers it here, after twenty-seven years) had to answer, 'All is over at Templand, cousin, gone, gone!' and with difficulty, and with all the ingenuity of love and pity, got her conveyed to bed. February 26, 1842, her mother had departed; that 'first stroke' mercifully the final one. 'Uncle John,' &c., from Liverpool, had found now no sister to welcome him; blithe Templand all fallen dark and silent now; Sister Jeannie, Father Walter, Sister Grizzie also no more there.

I followed to Liverpool two days after (funeral already not to be reached by me), found my poor Jeannie still in bed, sick of body, still more of mind and heart, miserable as I had never seen her. The same night I went by mail-coach (no railway farther for me) to Carlisle, thence through Annan, &c., and was at Templand next morning for a late breakfast. Journey in all parts of it still strangely memorable to me. Weather hard, hoar-frosty, windy; wrapt in an old dressing-gown with mackintosh buttoned round it, I effectually kept out the cold, and had a strange night of it, on the solitary coach-roof, under the waste-blowing skies, through the mountains, to Carlisle. It must have been Saturday, I now find, Carlisle market-day. Other side of that city we met groups of market-people; at length groups of Scotch farmers or dealers solidly jogging thither, in some of which I recognised old schoolfellows! A certain 'Jock Beattie,' perhaps twelve years my senior, a big good-humoured fellow finishing his arithmetics, &c., who used to be rather good to me, him I distinctly noticed after five-and-twenty years, grown to a grizzled, blue-visaged sturdy giant, sunk in comforters and woollen wrappages, plod-plodding there, at a stout pace, and still good-humouredly, to Carlisle market (as a big bacon-dealer, &c., it afterwards appeared),

and had various thoughts about him, far as he was from thought of me! Jock's father, a prosperous enough country-carpenter, near by the kirk and school of Hoddam, was thrice-great as a ruling-elder (indeed, a very long-headed, strictly orthodox man), well known to my father, though I think silently not so well approved of in all points. 'Wull Beattie,' was my father's name for him. Jock's eldest brother, 'Sandy Beattie,' a Probationer (Licentiate of the Burgher Church), stepping into our school one day, my age then between seven and eight, had reported to my father that I must go into Latin, that I was wasting my time otherwise, which brought me a Ruddiman's 'Rudiments,' something of an event in the distance of the past. At Annan, in the rimy-hazy morning, I sat gazing on the old well-known houses, on the simmering populations now all new to me—very strange, these old unaltered stone-and-mortar edifices, with their inmates changed and gone!—meanwhile there stalked past, in some kind of rusty garniture against the cold, a dull, gloomy, hulk of a figure, whom I clearly recognised for 'Dr. Waugh,'[1] luckless big goose (with something better in him too, which all went to failure and futility), who is to me so tragically memorable! Him I saw in this unseen manner: him and no other known to me there—him also for the last time. Six miles farther, I passed my sister Mary Austin's farmstead in Cummertrees. Poor kind Mary! little did she dream of me so near! At Dumfries, my Sister Jean, who had got some inkling, was in waiting where the coach stopped; she half by force hurried me over to her house, which was near, gave me a hot cup of tea, &c., and had me back again in plenty of time. Soon after 10 A.M. I was silently set down by the wayside, beckoned a hedger working not far off to carry my portmanteau the bit of furlong necessary, and, with thoughts enough articulate

[1] See *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 93.

and inarticulate, entered the old Templand now become so new and ghastly.

For two months and more I had to continue there, sad but not unhappy. Good John Welsh with his eldest daughter Helen and a lady cousin of his, good active people, were there to welcome me, and had the house all in order. In about a week these all went, but left an excellent old servant; and for the rest of the time I was as if in perfect solitude—my converse with the mute universe mainly. Much there was to settle, and I had to speak and negotiate with various people, Duke's farm-agents; but that was only at intervals and for brief times; and, indeed, all that could have been finished soon, had the agent people (factor, sub-factors, &c., &c.) been definite and alert with me, which they by no means were. Nay, ere long, I myself grew secretly to like the entire seclusion, the dumb company of earth and sky, and did not push as I might have done. Once or twice I drove across the hills to Annandale; had one of my brothers, Jamie or Alick, on this or the other 'errand,' over to me for a day; had my dear old mother for perhaps a week at one time; I had also friendly calls to make (resolutely refusing all dinners); but on the whole felt that silence was the wholesome, strengthening, and welcome element. I walked a great deal, my thoughts sad and solemn, seldom or never meanly painful—sometimes in the great joyless stoicism (great as life itself), sometimes of victorious or high. The figure of the actual terrestrial 'spring' (the first I had seen for years, the last I ever saw) was beautiful, symbolic to me, full of wild grandeur and meanings. By day, now bright sunshine and a tinge of hopeful green, then suddenly the storm-cloud seen gathering itself far up in the centre of the hills, and anon rushing down in mad fury, by its several valleys (Nith, &c., &c., which I could count); a canopy of circular storm, split into

spokes, and whitening everything with snow! I did not read much—nothing that I now recollect: 'Cromwell' books, which were then my serious reading, were, of course, all in Chelsea. By some accident, now forgotten, I had slid into something of correspondence with Lockhart more than I ever had before or after; three or four altogether friendly, serious, and pleasant notes from him I remember there, which I doubt are not now in existence. A hard, proud, but thoroughly honest, singularly intelligent, and also affectionate man, whom in the distance I esteemed more than perhaps he ever knew. Seldom did I speak to him; but hardly ever without learning and gaining something. From 'Satan Montgomery,' too, I was surprised by a letter or two, invoking me (absurdly enough) to 'review' some new book of his (rhymed rigmarole on 'Luther,' I believe), 'Oh, review it, you who *can*; you who,' &c., &c.! Windy soul, flung aloft by popular delusion, he soon after died with all his vanities and glories!

My plan of business had at first been, 'Let us keep this house and garden as they are, and sublet the land; no prettier place of refuge for us could be in the world!' But my poor darling shrank utterly from that, could not hear of it in her broken heart; which, alas, was natural too; so I had to get the lease valued, cancelled; sell off everything, annihilate all vestige of our past time there, a thing I now again almost regret; and certainly, for the moment, it was in itself a very sad operation. The day of the household sale, which was horrible to me, I fled away to Crawford Churchyard (20 miles off, through the pass of Dalveen, &c.), leaving my brothers in charge of everything; spent the day there by my mother-in-law's grave and in driving thither and back; the day was of bright weather, the road silent and solitary. I was not very miserable; it was rather like a day of religious worship, till in the evening, within short

way of Templand again, I met people carrying furniture (Oh heaven); found Templand a ruin, as if sown with salt; and had, from various causes, an altogether sorry night in Thornhill. Tedious pedantic 'factor' still lingering and loitering, I had still to wait at Scotsbrig, with occasional rides across to him, and messages and urgencies, before he would conclude; 'paltry little strutting creature,' thought I sometimes (wrongfully, I have been told; at any rate, the poor little soul is now dead, *requiescat, requiescat!*). It was not till the beginning of May that I got actually back to Chelsea, where my poor sorrow-stricken darling with Jeannie, her Liverpool cousin, had been all this while; and of course, though making little noise about it, was longing to have me back.

Her letters during those two months of absence seem to be all lost. I remember their tone of mournful tenderness; the business part, no doubt, related to the bits of memorials and household relics I was to bring with me, which, accordingly, were all carefully packed and conveyed, and remain here in pious preservation to this day: a poor praying child, some helpless enough rustic carving in funeral jet, commemorative of 'John Welsh'; these and other such things, which had pleased her mother, though in secret not *her*, she now accepted with repentant fondness, and kept as precious. She had great care about matters of that kind; had a real, though unbelieving, notion about omens, luck, 'first foot' on New Year's morning, &c.; in fact, with the clearest and steadiest discerning head, a tremulously loving heart! I found her looking pale, thin, weak; she did not complain of health, but was evidently suffering that way too: what she did feel was of the mind, of the heart sunk in heaviness; and of this also she said little, even to me not much. Words could not avail: a mother and mother's love were gone, irrevocable; the sunny fields of the past had all become sunless,

fateful, sorrowful, and would smile no more! A mother dead: it is an epoch for us all; and to each one of us it comes with a pungency as if peculiar, a look as of originality and singularity! Once or oftener she spoke to me in emphatic self-reproach, in vehement repentance about her mother: though seldom had any daughter intrinsically less ground for such a feeling. But, alas, we all have ground for it! could we but think of it sooner; inexpressible the sadness to think of it too late. That little fact of the 'two candles' mentioned above,[1] reserved in sad penitence to be her own death-lights after seven and twenty years—what a voice is in that, piercing to one's very soul! All her mother's 'poor people,' poor old half-crazy 'Mary Mills,' and several others (for Mrs. Welsh was ever beneficent and soft of heart), she took the strictest inheritance of, and punctually transmitted from her own small pin-money their respective doles at the due day, till the last of them died and needed no gift more. I well remember, now with emotion enough, the small bank cheques I used to write for her on those occasions, always accurately paid me on the spot, from her own small, small fund of pin-money (I do believe, the smallest any actual London lady, and she was ever emphatically such, then had). How beautiful is noble poverty! richer, perhaps, than the noblest wealth! For the rest, I too have my self-reproaches; my sympathy for her, though sincere and honest, was not always perfect; no, not as hers for me in the like case had been. Once, and once only, she even said to me (I forget altogether for what) some thrice-sad words, 'It is the first time you show impatience with my grief, dear'—words which pain my heart at this moment. Ah me! 'too late'; I also too late!

The summer could not but pass heavily in this manner; but it did grow quieter and quieter. Little cousin Jeannie

[1] *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 302.

was very affectionate and good; my own return had brought something of light into the household; various kind friends we had, who came about us diligently. Time itself, the grand soother and physician, was silently assuaging—never fails to do so, unless one is oneself too near the *finis*! Towards autumn Mrs. Buller, who had at the first meeting, years ago, recognised my Jeannie, and always, I think, liked her better and better, persuaded her to a visit of some three weeks out to Troston in Suffolk, where Mrs. Buller herself and husband were rusticating with the Rev. Reginald, their youngest son, who was parson there. This visit took effect, and even prospered beyond hope; agreeable in every essential way; entertaining to the parties; and lasted beyond bargain. It was the first reawakening to the sight of life for my poor heavy-laden one; a salutary turning aside, what we call diversion, of those sad currents and sad stagnancies of thought into fruitfuller course; and, I think, did her a great deal of good. Lucid account is given of it in the six following letters which we have now arrived at, which I still recollect right well.—T. C.

[Before these letters, I introduce two of many written in the interval by Mrs. Carlyle to other friends after her mother's death. The first is to the wife of the physician who attended Mrs. Welsh in her last illness.—J. A. F.]

LETTER 31.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, April 1842.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—I sit down to write to you at last! But how to put into written words what lies for you in my heart! If I were beside you, I feel as if I should throw myself on your neck, and

cry myself to rest like a sick child. At this distance, to ask in cold writing all the heart-breaking things I would know of you, and to say all the kind things I would say for her and myself, is indeed quite impossible for me. You will come and see me, will you not, before very long? I can never go there again; but you will come to me? travelling is made so easy now! And I should feel such gratification in receiving into my own house one who was ever so dearly welcome in hers, and who, of all who loved her, was, by one sad chance and another, the only one whose love was any help to her when she most needed our love! She blessed you for the comfort you gave her, and you shall be blessed for it here and hereafter. The dying blessing of such a pure fervent heart as hers cannot have been pronounced on you in vain; and take my blessing also, 'kind sweet' woman! a less holy one, but not less sincerely given!

Will you wear the little thing I inclose in remembrance of me, and of this time? You will also receive, through my cousin in Liverpool, a little box, and scarf, of hers, which I am sure you will like to have; and along with these will be sent to your care a shawl for Margaret Hiddlestone, who is another that I shall think of with grateful affection, as long as I live, for the comfort which she bestowed on her during the last weeks. I think Dr. Russell has some of her books; I desired that he should have them. He has

given me an inestimable gift in that letter ; for which I deeply thank him, and for so much else. Remember me to your father. I sent him the poor old *Tablet* last week ; I know he used to get it from her. Will you write two or three lines to my aunt Ann—you sometimes write to her, I believe—and say to her that, although returned to London, and a good deal better in health, I am still incapable of much exertion of any sort, and have not yet set about answering my letters ? She sent me a long sermon, to which she has, no doubt, looked for some reply ; it was well meant, and I would not offend her, but I am not up to correspondences of that sort just now.

All good be with you all. Think of me, and pray for me ; I have much need of more help than lies in myself, to bear up against the stroke that has fallen on me.

Ever affectionately yours

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 32.

To Miss Margaret Welsh,[1] *Liverpool.*

Chelsea : Friday, July 15, 1842.

My dear Maggie,—It was a good thought in you to send me the little purse, and I feel very grateful to you for it. This last birthday was very sad for me, as you may easily suppose, very unlike what it

[1] Daughter of John Welsh, sister of Helen.

was last year, and all former years ; and I needed all the heartening kind souls could give me. But, by your kindness and that of others, the day was got over with less of a forsaken feeling than could have been anticipated. Only think of my husband, too, having given me a little present ! he who never attends to such nonsenses as birthdays, and who dislikes nothing in the world so much as going into a shop to buy anything, even his own trowsers and coats ; so that, to the consternation of cockney tailors, I am obliged to go about them. Well, he actually risked himself in a jeweller's shop, and bought me a very nice smelling-bottle ![1] I cannot tell you how *wae* his little gift made me, as well as glad ; it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave to me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate ; but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to anyone ; his up-bringing, and the severe turn of mind he has from nature, had alike indisposed him towards them. And now the desire to replace to me the irreplaceable, makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great.

Helen's box arrived this morning ; so like a Templand box ! Alas, alas ! those preserves ! I had thought about making some all this time, and

[1] Carlyle never forgot her birthday afterwards. Regularly, as July came round, I find traces of some remembrance—some special letter with some inclosed present.—J. A. F.

never could bring myself to set about it. It was not only to make them, but to learn to make them, for me; and I had finally settled it with myself that I must be stronger before I did such out-of-the-way things. So that in every way Helen's present is welcome; most of all welcome for the kind consideration it shows for my helplessness, and the quantity of really disagreeable labour she has imposed on herself for my sake. Give her my kindest love, and say I will write in a day or two to herself. I have been meaning to write to her every day this week back, but the pigs have always run through the good intention.

Jeannie expresses surprise at the fancy of 'sending coffee to Chelsea'; but, for my share, I find the 'fancy' extremely reasonable, considering that when I was in Liverpool I brought coffee from there to Chelsea, and a very good speculation it turned out.

Thank my uncle for his golden kiss. I am thinking seriously what to do with it, as I never eat snaps; and besides would rather invest such an amount of capital in something of a permanent character, that might remind me of him more agreeably than by an indigestion; but, for my life, I cannot fix upon anything that I need, and to buy something that I feel to be superfluous is so little in my way! I think I shall let it be in the purse for good luck till winter,

and then buy something particularly cosy to put about my throat.

As to 'Miss Jeannie's' return, I can only tell you that neither I nor anybody else hereabouts show any symptoms of 'tiring of her;' the first person to tire, I imagine, will be herself. Her picture is come home from the frame-maker, and looks very fine indeed in its gilt ornamentality. I think it perfectly like, and a beautiful little picture withal, wherein, however, I differ from many persons, who say it 'is not flattered enough'; as if a picture must needs be flattered to be what it ought to be.

We went down the water last night to take tea with the Chaplain of Guy's Hospital; found him and his wife in the country, and had to return tea-less, rather belated, and extremely cold; the consequence of which *bêtise* is, that to-day I am hoarse, with a soreish head and soreish throat; so you will excuse my horrible writing. God bless you all.

Ever your affectionate Cousin,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 33.

The Buller family consisted of three sons: Charles, M.P. &c., a man of distinguished faculties and qualities, who was now at length rising into recognition, influence, and distinction; and might have risen far, had his temper of mind been more stubbornly earnest; perhaps I may say, had his bodily constitution been more robust! For he was of weak health, lamed of a leg in childhood; had an airy winged turn of thought,

flowing out in lambencies of beautiful spontaneous wit and fancy, which were much admired in society, and too much attracted him thither; so that, with all his integrity, cleverness, and constant veracity of intellect and of character, he did not, nor ever could, as a 'reformer,' so much express his inborn detestation of the base and false by practically working to undo it, as by showering witty scorn upon it; in which, indeed, I never saw his rival, had that been the way to do good upon it. Poor Charles, only five years afterwards he died, amid universal regret, which did not last long, nor amount to anything! He had procured for his younger brother Arthur, who was my other pupil, some law appointment in Ceylon, which proved sufficient; and for his youngest brother Reginald (who used to dine with me in Edinburgh in the tutor times, an airy, pen-drawing, skipping clever enough little creature then) a richish country living; where, as utterly stupid somnolent 'Reverend Incumbent,' he placidly vegetated thenceforth, and still vegetates. Thackeray the novelist had been a college companion of his own; that perhaps is now his chief distinction.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buller, senior, who now led a somewhat nomadic life, in the manner of ex-Indians of distinction, were superior people both; persons of sound judgment, of considerable culture and experience, of thoroughly polite manners (Madam considerably in the Indian style, as ex-'queen of Calcutta,' which she was, with a great deal of sheet-lightning in her ways). Charles, senior, was considerably deaf, a real sorrow to one so fond of listening to people of sense; for the rest, like his wife, a person of perfect probity, politeness, truthfulness, and of a more solid type than she; he read (idly, when he must), rode for exercise, was, above all, fond of chess, in which game he rarely found his superior. Intrinsically these excellent people had from the first, and all along, been very good to me; never boggled at my rustic

outside or melancholic dyspeptic ways, but took, with ardent welcome, whatever of best they could discern within—over-estimating all, not under-estimating—especially not 'the benefit,' &c. Charles, junior, was getting of me. Indeed, talent of all real kinds was dear to them (to the lady especially); and at bottom the measure of human worth to both. Nobody in London, accordingly, read sooner what my rural Jeannie intrinsically was; discerned better what graces and social resources might lie under that modest veiling; or took more eagerly to profiting by these capabilities whenever possible. Mrs. Buller was, by maiden name, Kirkpatrick, a scion of the Closeburn (Dumfriesshire) people, which, in its sort, formed another little tie.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston, near St. Edmundsbury, Suffolk: Friday, Aug. 11, 1842.

Here I am then, dearest, established at Troston Rectory, my clothes all in the drawers; one night over; and for the rest, the body and soul of me 'as well as can be expected.' The journey was less fatiguing than we had supposed; the coach got into Bury at three instead of five; and Mr. Buller and the carriage revealed themselves immediately to my searching eyes. Except my parasol, I committed no further stupidity. At eleven o'clock I ate a small Ghent loaf, or the greater part of it (and a very good little loaf it proved to be), a small biscuit, and a bit of Jeannie's barley-sugar; and at two I ate the Ghent . . . . proved to be grey rye with currants in it. I had also, through the politeness of the gentleman in

the grey jacket, a glass of water, slightly favoured with onions. We did not sit in coach on the railway; they put us into a railway carriage, only leaving the luggage in the coach. The country, most part of the way, reminded me of East Lothian; hereabouts it is richer, and better wooded. The harvest was going on briskly—this to show you that I did not sit 'with my eyes on the apron of the gig.'

My reception here was most cordial: Mrs. Buller met me with open arms (literally), and called me 'dear, *dear* Mrs. Carlyle'; which, from a woman so little expansive, was highly flattering. She looks dreadfully ill; as if she were only kept alive by the force of her own volition; and is more out of spirits than I ever saw her. No wonder! for little Theresa is gone away, and they feel her loss as much as if she had been their real child. Theresa's mother has fallen ill—of consumption, the doctors say—and is ordered to the South of France, as the only means of prolonging her life for a year or so. She wished to have her child go with her, and Mrs. Buller could not resist her wishes, under the circumstances; so the little thing was sent off to her, attended by a governess, three days ago. The mother is a most amiable and unfortunate woman, Mrs. Buller says; and she seems to have been on the most intimate terms with her. But Mrs. Buller reads George Sand, like me.

This rectory is a delightful place to be in, in warm weather; but in winter, it must be the reverse of comfortable; all the room-windows opening as doors into the garden, vines hanging over them, &c., &c. It is a sort of compromise between a country parsonage, and an aristocratic cottage; and compromises never are found to answer, I think, in the long run. It stands in the midst of green fields and fine tall trees; with the church (if such an old dilapidated building can be called a church) within a bowshot of it. Around the church is a little quiet-looking church-yard, which, with the sun shining on it, does not look at all sad. A foot-path about half-a-yard wide, and overgrown with green, and strewn with fallen apples, cuts across the bit of green field between the church and the rectory, and being the only road to the church, one may infer from it several things!

I went into the church last night with Reginald, while Mrs. Buller was having her drive; and when I looked at *him* and *it*, and thought of the four hundred and fifty living souls who were to be saved through such means, I could almost have burst into tears. Anything so like the burial-place of revealed religion you have never seen, nor a rector more fit to read its burial-service! The church-bell rings, night and morning, with a plaintive clang. I asked, 'Was it for prayers?' 'No, it was to warn the gleaners that it

was their time to go out and to come in.' '*Monsieur, cela vous fera un*,' &c.[1]

Let no mortal hope to escape night-noises so long as he is above ground! *Here*, one might have thought that all things, except perhaps the small birds rejoicing, would have let one alone, and the fact is that, with one devilry after another, I have had hardly any sleep, for all so dead-weary as I lay down. Just as I was dropping asleep, between eleven and twelve, the most infernal serenade commenced, in comparison of which the shrieking of Mazeppa[2] is soothing melody. It was an ass, or several asses, braying as if the devil were in them, just under my open window! It ceased after a few minutes, and I actually got to sleep, when it commenced again, and I sprang up with a confused notion that all the Edinburgh watchmen were yelling round the house, and so on all night! An explosion of ass-brays every quarter of an hour! Then, about four, commenced never so many cocks, challenging each other all over the parish, with a prodigious accompaniment of rooks cawing; ever and anon enlivened by the hooing and squealing of a child, which my remembrance of East Lothian instructed me was some vermin of a creature hired to keep off the crows from the grain. Of course, to-day I have a headache, and if succeeding

[1] *Grand plaisir*, perhaps.

[2] A wild horse, which we sometimes hear stamping, &c., here.

nights are not quieter, or if I do not use to the noise, my stay will not be very long. I am now writing in my own room (which is very pleasant to sit in), taking time by the forelock, in case my head should get worse instead of better, and then, if you were cut out of your letter, 'you would be vaixed.'[1] The post leaves Ixworth in the evening, but it is two miles to Ixworth, and the letters get there as they can; Mrs. Buller generally takes her afternoon drive in that direction. Letters come in the morning, and this morning I found the French newspaper on the table for me.

I breakfast with Mr. Buller and Reginald at nine, preferring that to having it brought to my own room as Mrs. Buller recommended.

I will not write any more to-day, but take care of my head, which needs it. So you must give my love to Jeannie, and a kiss, and bid her do the best she can on that short common till I am rested. God bless you, my dear husband. I hope you are rested, and going to Lady Harriet;[2] and I hope you will think of me a great deal, and be as good to me when I return as you were when I came away—I do not desire any more of you.

Your own

J. C.

[1] A foolish, innocent old Scotch lady's phrase, usually historical or prophetic, and not a little unimportant.

[2] Lady Harriet Baring, afterwards Lady Ashburton.

LETTER 34.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Sunday morning, Aug. 14, 1842.

My Dearest,—There were two notes from you this morning, one on each side of my plate; the first, having the address of Bury, only came along with the third; so be sure you keep by Ixworth in future. As for 'Keeting,' it turned out on investigation to be neither more nor less than Mrs. Buller's way of writing Rectory.

It is much better with me now, and I find myself quite hefted to my new position. But I shall not soon forget the horrors of the first day; feeling myself growing every moment worse; away from you all, and desperated by the notion of confessing myself ill, and going to bed, and causing a fuss among strangers!

After having written to you, I tried sauntering among the trees; tried lying on the sofa in my own room; tried eating dinner (which is rationally served up here at three o'clock), and finally tried a drive in the carriage with Mrs. Buller, all the while saying nothing. But instead of admiring the beauties of Livermere Park, which they took me to see, I was wondering whether I should be able to 'stave off' fainting till I got back. On 'descending from the carriage,'[1] I had

[1] '*Scende da carrossa*,' &c., said the Signora degli Antoni, describing the erratic town life of a brilliant acquaintance here.

finally to tell Mrs. Buller I was ill and would go to bed. She came upstairs after me, and offered me sal volatile, &c.; but seeing that I would have nothing, and wanted only to be let alone, she, with her usual good-breeding, pinned the bell-rope to my pillow, and went away. A while after, feeling myself turning all cold and strange, I considered would I ring the bell; I did not, and what came of me I cannot tell—whether I fainted, or suddenly fell dead-asleep; but when I opened my eyes, as it seemed, a minute or two after, it was quite dark, and a maid was lighting a night lamp at the table! I asked what o'clock it was? 'Half-past eleven! Would I have tea?' No. 'Did I want anything?' No. She was no sooner gone than I fell naturally asleep; and when the cocks awoke me after daylight, I was quite free of pain, only desperately wearied.

The asses did not return the second night, nor last night, and I manage better or worse to weave the dogs, cocks, and rooks into my dreams. My condition has undergone a further amelioration, from having the mattress laid above the down-bed; it was like to choke me, besides that I lately read somewhere horrible things about the 'miasma' contracted by down-beds from all their various occupants through successive generations! and my imagination got disagreeably excited in consequence.

For the rest, nothing can be better suited to my

wants than the life one has here; so that I feel already quite at home, and almost wishing that you were Rector of Troston—what a blessed exchange would it be for those poor people, whom I hear this moment singing feckless psalms! I could almost find in my heart to run over to the old tower, and give them a word of admonition myself. Reginald does not preach in the morning, he reads service merely, and preaches in the afternoon; I shall go then to see 'how the cretur gets through with it.' I have not made out yet whether there is a downright want in him, or whether his faculties are sunk in shameful indolence. He is grown very much into the figure of Mr. Ogilvie in miniature; when he speaks I dare not look at his mother, and feel it a mercy for his father that he is so deaf. The old people do not mean to remain here, —the climate does not suit Mrs. Buller in winter; but they have not made up their minds whether to remove altogether or to hire some place during the cold weather. Oh dear me! 'They[1] have trouble

[1] In pious Scotland 'the worl',' or 'worl's gear,' signifies riches. Margaret (Smith) Aitken, an Annandale farmer's wife, of small possessions, though of large and faithful soul, had (perhaps a hundred years ago), by strenuous industry and thrift, saved for herself twenty complete shillings—an actual £1 note, wholly her own, to do what she liked with!—and was much concerned to lay it up in some place of absolute safety against a rainy day. She tried anxiously all her 'hussives,' boxes, drawers, a cunning hole in the wall, various places, but found none satisfactory, and was heard ejaculating, to the amusement of her young daughters, who never forgot it, 'They have trouble that hae the worl', and trouble that haena't!' There is a Spanish proverb to the same purpose: 'Cuidados acarrea el oro, y cuidados la falta de él.'

This Margaret Smith, a native of Annan, and, by all accounts, a kins-

that have the worl' and trouble that want it.' I do not know whether it be worst to be without the power of indulging one's reasonable wishes or to have the power of indulging one's whims. So many people we know seem to have no comfort with their money, just because it enables them to execute all their foolish schemes.

Jeannie writes to me that when you discovered my parasol[1] you 'crossed your hands in despair' as if you had seen 'the sun's perpendicular heat' already striking down on me. I thought you would be vexing yourself about it; but I have not missed it in the least; the drive here the first day was cold; and since then I have had a parasol of Mrs. Buller's,

woman to be proud of (or, silently, to be thankful to heaven for), was my mother's mother. It was my mother (Margaret Aitken Carlyle) who told us this story about her, with a tone of gentle humour, pathos, and heart's love, which we were used to on such a subject I doubt whether I ever saw this good grandmother. A vivid momentary image of some stranger, or, rather, of a formidable glowing chintz gown belonging to some stranger, who might have been she, still rises perfectly certain to me, from my second or third year; but more probably it was her sister, my grand-aunt Barbara, of Annan, with whom I afterwards boarded when at school there (1806–1808), and whom I almost daily heard muttering and weeping about her 'dear Margaret,' and their parting 'at the dyke-end' (near Cargenbridge, Dumfries neighbourhood, I suppose, perhaps six years before), 'sae little thinking it was for the last time!' It is inconceivable (till you have seen the documents) what the pecuniary poverty of Scotland was a hundred years ago; and, again (of which also I, for one, still more indubitably 'have the documents'), its spiritual opulence—opulence fast ending in these years, think some? Californian nuggets *versus* jewels of Heaven itself, that is a ruining barter! I know rather clearly, and have much considered, the history of my kindred for the third and second generations back, and lament always that it is not in my power to speak of it at all to the flunkey populations now coming and come.

[1] Left behind.

who rejoices in two. And now goodbye, dearest, I have two nice long letters from Jeannie to return some acknowledgment for.

Your own

JANE C.

LETTER 35.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: Monday, Aug. 15, 1842.

Dearest,—It was the stupidest-looking breakfast this morning without any letters!—the absence of the loaf or coffee-pot would have been less sensibly felt! However, there is no redress against these London Sundays.

I went to church yesterday afternoon, according to programme, and saw and heard 'strange things, upon my honour.'[1]

The congregation consisted of some thirty or forty poor people—chiefly adults; who all looked at me with a degree of curiosity rather 'strong' for the place. Reginald ascended the pulpit in his white vestment, and, in a loud sonorous, perfectly Church-of-England-like tone, gave out the Psalm, whereupon there arose, at the far end of the mouldering church, a shrill clear sound, something between a squeal of agony and the highest tone of a bag-pipe! I looked in astonishment, but could discover nothing; the congregation joined in with the invisible thing, which

[1] Phrase of Mazzini's, frequently occurring.

continued to assert its predominance, and it was not till the end of the service that Hesketh [1] informed me that the strange instrument was 'a clarionet'! Necessity is the mother of invention.

The service went off quite respectably; it is wonderful how little faculty is needed for saying prayers perfectly well! But when we came to the sermon!—greater nonsense I have often enough listened to—for, in fact, the sermon (Mrs. Buller, with her usual sincerity, informed me before I went) 'was none of his; he had scraped together as many written by other people as would serve him for years, 'which was much better for the congregation;' but he delivered it exactly as daft Mr. Hamilton [2] used to read the newspaper, with a noble disdain of everything in the nature of a stop; pausing just when he needed breath, at the end of a sentence, or in the middle of a word, as it happened! In the midst of this extraordinary exhortation an infant screamed out, 'Away, mammy! Let's away!' and another bigger child went off in whooping cough! For my part, I was all the while in a state between laughing and crying; nay, doing both alternately. There were two white marble tablets before me, containing one the virtues of a wife and the sorrow of a husband (Capel Loft), the other a beautiful character of a young girl dead of consumption; and both concluded with the

[1] Mr. Buller's butler. [2] Old Haddington phenomenon.

'hopes of an immortality through Jesus Christ.' And there was an old sword and sword-belt hung on the tomb of another, killed in Spain at the age of twenty-eight; he also was to be raised up through Jesus Christ; and this was the Gospel of Jesus Christ I was hearing —made into something worse than the cawing of rooks. I was glad to get out, for my thoughts rose into my throat at last, as if they would choke me; and I privately vowed never to go there when worship was going on again!

We drove as usual in the evening, and also as usual played the game at chess—'decidedly improper,' but I could not well refuse. I sat in my own room reading for two hours after I went upstairs; slept indifferently, the heat being extreme, and the cocks indefatigable; and now Mrs. Buller has sent me her revised 'Play,' begging I will read it, and speak again my candid opinion as to its being fit to be acted. So goodbye, dearest, I shall have a letter to-morrow. Love to Babbie.[1] I wish she had seen the Queen.

Affectionately yours

JANE CARLYLE.

[1] Cousin Jeannie.

LETTER 36.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1842.

Dearest,—There will be no news from me at Chelsea this day: it is to be hoped there will not be any great dismay in consequence. The fact is, you must not expect a daily letter; it occasions more trouble in the house than I was at first aware of; nobody goes from here regularly to the Post-office, which is a good two miles off; only, when there are letters to be sent, Mr. and Mrs. Buller take Ixworth in their evening drive and leave them at the post-office themselves. Now, twice over, I have found on getting to Ixworth that, but for my letters, there would have been no occasion to go that road, which is an ugly one, while there are beautiful drives in other directions; besides that, they like, as I observe, to show me the county to the best advantage. They write, themselves, hardly any letters; those that come are left by somebody who passes this way from Ixworth early in the morning. Yesterday after breakfast, Mr. Buller said we should go to Ampton in the evening—a beautiful deserted place belonging to Lord Calthorpe—'unless,' he added, raising his eyebrows, 'you have letters to take to Ixworth.' Of course I said my writing was not so urgent that it could not be let alone for a day. And to Ampton we went, where Reginald and I clambered over a high gate, with spikes on the top

of it, and enjoyed a stolen march through gardens unsurpassed since the original Eden, and sat in a pavilion with the most Arabian-tale-looking prospect; 'the Kingdom of the Prince of the Black Islands' it might have been!—and peeped in at the open windows of the old empty house—empty of people, that is—for there seemed in it everything mortal could desire for ease with dignity: such quantities of fine bound books in glass bookcases, and easy-chairs, &c., &c.! And this lovely place Lord Calthorpe has taken some disgust to; and has never set foot in it again! Suppose you write and ask him to give it to us! He is nearly mad with Evangelical religion, they say; strange that he does not see the sense of letting somebody have the good of what he cannot enjoy of God's providence himself! 'Look at this delicious and deserted place, on the one side, and the two thousand people[1] standing all night before the Provost's door, on the other! And yet you believe,' says Mrs. Buller, 'that it is a good spirit who rules this world.'

You never heard such strange discourse as we go on with, during the hour or so we are alone before dinner! How she contrives, with such opinions or no opinions, to keep herself so serene and cheerful, I am perplexed to conceive: is it the old story of the 'cork going safely over the falls of Niagara, where everything weightier would sink?' I do not think she

[1] Paupers, probably, but I have forgotten the incident.

is so light as she gives herself out for—at all events, she is very clever, and very good to me.

On our return from Ampton, we found Mr. Loft waiting to tea with us—the elder brother of the Aids-to-Self-Development Loft—an affectionate, intelligent-looking man, but 'terribly off for a language.'[1] Though he has been in India, and is up in years, he looks as frightened as a hare. There were also here yesterday the grandees of the district, Mr. and the Lady Agnes Byng—one of the Pagets 'whom we all know'—an advent which produced no inconsiderable emotion in our Radical household! For my part, I made myself scarce; and thereby 'missed,' Reginald told me, 'such an immensity of petty talk—the Queen, the Queen, at every word with Lady A.'

LETTER 37.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: Saturday, Aug. 20, 1842.

Oh dear me! how deceitful are appearances! Who would not say, to look at this place, that it was

[1] Rev. Dr. Waugh, principal Scotch preacher in London, was noted, among other things, for his kindness to poor incidental Scotchmen, who, in great numbers, applied to him for guidance, for encouragement, or whatever help he could give, in their various bits of intricacies and affairs here. One of these incidental clients, a solid old pedlar ('up on business,' second-hand, most probably) had come one day, and was talking with 'the mistress,' who said, at one point of the dialogue: 'Well, Saunders, how do you like the people here?' 'Oh, very weel, m'em; a nice weel-conditioned people, good-natured, honest, very clever, too, in business things; an excellent people—but terribly aff for a lang-aitch, m'em!' (This story was current in Edinburgh in my young time; Dr. Waugh much the theme in certain circles there.)

one of the likeliest places 'here down on which to be 'poured out of a jug'?[1] and the fact is, that sleep is just the one thing that is not to be had in sufficiency for love or money! Every night brings forth some new variety of assassin to murder sleep! The animals here seem to be continually finding themselves in a new position! And the protests and appeals to posterity[2] that ensue, in shape of braying, lowing, crowing, cackling, barking, howling, &c., are something the like of which I have not found in Israel! Last night it was hardly possible for me to close my eyes a minute together, with the passionate wailing of what seemed to be a most ill-used dog, not only (I fancied) excluded from its proper home, but also robbed of its young; another or two other such nights will send me home 'with my finger in my mouth to two people both alike gleg!'[3] For I feel that no country air, or country diet, or country drives, or country anything, can make up for such

[1] Driving up Piccadilly once, on a hot summer day, I had pointed out to her a rough human figure, lying prostrate in the Green Park, under the shade of a tree, and very visibly asleep at a furlong's distance. 'Look at the Irishman yonder; in what a depth of sleep, as if you had poured him out of a jug!' I still remember her bright little laugh.

[2] '*Vous êtes des injustes,*' said a drunken man, whom boys were annoying; '*je m'en appelle à la postérité!*' (One of Cavaignac's stories.)

[3] Wull Maxwell, Alick's ploughman at Craigenputtock, one of the stupidest fellows I ever saw, had been sent on some message down the glen, for behoof of Alick, and 'That'll no duih for an answer,' Wull had said to the be-messaged party; 'what'll a duih wi' that for an answer, and twae men, baith alike gleg' (acute, alert; German, *klug*), 'sitting waiting for me yonder?'

deprivation of my natural rest. It was horrible really!—an everlasting wail as of 'infants in the porch'[1] mixed up with howls of fury and denunciation, from eleven at night till six in the morning, when I trust in Heaven the poor brute fell down dead. And no whisper of it has since reached my ears; but,

> Once give the fish a frying,
> What helps it that the river run?[2]

All is quiet now externally; but my heart is jumping about in me like Mrs. Grove's frog after the first drop of tea! In the few moments that I slept, I dreamt that my mother came to me, and said that she knew of 'a beautiful place where it was so quiet!'—and she and I would go there by ourselves, for some weeks. But somehow we got into different railway trains; and when I could not find her any more, I

[1] Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo:
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 426–430.

[2] COMFORTERS.

'Oh, cease this well-a-daying;
Think of the faithful saying,
"New joy when grief is done!"'

JOB.

'To mock me are you trying?
Once give the fish a frying,
What helps him that the river run?'

GOETHE.

screamed out, and awoke,[1] and the dog was giving a long howl.

They are very anxious you would come, 'and bring Miss Jeannie along with you. Regy would be delighted to have a young lady'—more delighted, I imagine, than the young lady would be to have Regy! although he does improve on acquaintance. Laziness, and what his mother calls 'muddling habits,' are the worst things one can charge him with—one of the people who, with the best intentions, are always unfortunate ;[2] but he is very sweet-tempered and kindly ; deserves really the only epithet that remained to him—seeing that there was already 'the clever Buller' and 'the handsome Buller'—viz. : 'the good Buller.' If he were not so completely the victim of snuff, I should think an attractive Babbie might be beneficial to him ; but I would as soon undertake the reformation of a drunkard as of anybody that snuffs as he does.

If it were not for the sleeping part of the business, I would back Mrs. Buller's exhortations to you to come, with my own. But when one of us prospers so badly in that matter, I see not what would become of two ! Write a line to Mrs. Buller herself, anyhow, that she may not think her kind invitations quite overlooked.

I shall return, I think, the week after next ; if this

[1] Ah, me, what a dream ! [2] Phrase of brother John's.

dog goes on, sooner. They do not seem to be at all wearying of me; but it were too long if I waited to see symptoms of that. So far, I am confident I have not been in their way, but quite the reverse; the chess is a great resource for Mr. Buller in the first loneliness occasioned by the loss of little Theresa; and Mrs. Buller seems to get some good of talking with me: as for Reginald, now that he has conquered, or rather that I have conquered, his first terror, he does not seem to have anything to object to me very particularly.

[Last leaf wanting.]

LETTER 38.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1842.

My dear Husband,—The pen was in my hand to write yesterday; but nothing would have come out of me yesterday except 'literature of desperation;'[1] and, aware of this, I thought it better to hold my peace for the next twenty-four hours, till a new night had either habilitated me for remaining awhile longer, or brought me to the desperate resolution of flying home for my life. Last night, Heaven be thanked, went off peaceably; and to day I am in a state to record my last trial, without danger of becoming too tragical, or alarming you with the pro-

[1] *Litteratur der Verzweiflung* was Goethe's definition of Victor Hugo and Co.'s new gospel.

spect of my making an unseemly termination of my visit. (Oh, what pens!)

To begin where I left off. On Sunday, after writing to you, I attended the afternoon service! Regy looked so *wae* when I answered his question 'whether I was going?' in the negative, that a weak pity induced me to revise my determination. 'It is a nice pew, that of ours,' said old Mr. Buller; 'it suits me remarkably well, for, being so deep, I am not overlooked; and in virtue of that, I read most part of the *Femme de Qualité* this morning!' 'But don't,' he added, 'tell Mr. Regy this! Had Theresa been there, I would not have done it, for I like to set a good example!' I also turned the depth of the pew to good account; when the sermon began, I made myself, at the bottom of it, a sort of Persian couch out of the praying-cushions; laid off my bonnet, and stretched myself out very much at my ease. I seemed to have been thus just one drowsy minute when a slight rustling and the words 'Now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' warned me to put on my bonnet, and made me for the first time aware that I had been asleep! For the rest, the music that day ought to have satisfied me; for it seemed to have remodelled itself expressly to suit my taste—Scotch tunes, produced with the nasal discordant emphasis of a Scotch country-congregation, and no clarionet. I noticed in a little square gallery-seat, the only one

in the church, a portly character, who acts as blacksmith, sitting with a wand, some five feet long, in his hand, which he swayed about majestically as if it had been a sceptre! On inquiring of our man-servant what this could possibly mean or symbolise, he informed me it was 'to beat the bad children.' And are the children here so bad that they need such a functionary?' 'Ah, they will always, them little 'uns, be doing mischief in the church: it's a-wearisome for the poor things, and the rod keeps them in fear!'

In the evening, the drive, as always, with this only difference, that on Sunday evenings Mr. Buller only walks the horse, from principle! After this conscientious exercising, the game at chess! My head had ached more or less all day, and I was glad to get to bed, where I was fortunate enough to get to sleep without any violent disturbance. The next day, however, my head was rather worse than better; so that I would fain have 'declined from'[1] calling on Lady Agnes; but Mrs. Buller was bent on going to Livermere, and so, as I did not feel up to walking, it was my only chance of getting any fresh air and exercise that day. To Livermere we went, then, before dinner, the dinner being deferred till five o'clock to suit the more fashionable hours of our visitees. 'The Pagets' seem to be extremely like

[1] The phrase of a rustic cousin of ours, kind of solemn pedant in his way.

other mortals, neither better nor bonnier nor wiser. To do them justice, however, they might, as we found them, have been sitting for a picture of high life doing the amiable and the rural in the country. They had placed a table under the shadow of a beech-tree; and at this sat Mr. Byng studying the 'Examiner;' Lady Agnes reading—'Oh, nothing at all, only some nonsense that Lord Londonderry has been printing; I cannot think what has tempted him;' and a boy and girl marking for a cricket-party, consisting of all the men-servants, and two older little sons, who were playing for the entertainment of their master and mistress and their own; the younger branches ever and anon clapping their hands, and calling out 'What fun!' I may mention for your consolation that Mr. Byng (a tall, gentlemanly, *blasé*-looking man) was dressed from head to foot in unbleached linen; while Babbie may take a slight satisfaction to her curiosity *de femme* from knowing how a Paget attires herself of a morning, to sit under a beech-tree—a white-flowered muslin pelisse, over pale blue satin; a black lace scarf fastened against her heart with a little gold horse-shoe; her white neck tolerably revealed, and set off with a brooch of diamonds; immense gold bracelets, an immense gold chain; a little white silk bonnet with a profusion of blond and flowers; thus had she prepared herself for being rural! But, with all this finery, she looked a good-hearted, rattling,

clever *haveral*[1] sort of a woman. Her account of Lord Londonderry's sentimental dedication to his wife was perfect—'from a goose to a goose!'—and she defended herself with her pocket handkerchief against the wasps, with an energy. When we had sat sufficiently long under the tree, Mrs. Buller asked her to take me through the gardens, which she did very politely, and gave me some carnations and verbenas; and then through the stables, which were, indeed, the finer sight of the two.

All this sight-seeing, however, did not help my head; at night I let the chess go as it liked; took some medicine, and went early to bed, determined to be well on the morrow. About twelve, I fell into a sound sleep, out of which I was startled by the tolling of the church-bell. The church, you remember, is only a stone-cast from the house; so that, when the bell tolls, one seems to be exactly under its tongue. I sprang up—it was half after three by my watch—hardly light; the bell went on to toll two loud dismal strokes at regular intervals of a minute. What could it be? I fancied fire—fancied insurrection. I ran out into the passage and listened at Regy's door, all was still; then I listened at Mrs. Buller's, I heard her cough; surely, I thought, since she is awake, she would ring her bell if there were anything alarming

[1] Good-humoured, foolish person. I should not wonder if it came from Avril (which in old Scotch is corrupted into Averil, and even Haver Hill), and had originally meant 'April fool.'

for her in this tolling, it must be some other noise of the many they 'have grown used to.' So I went to bed again, but, of course, could not get another wink of sleep all night; for the bell only ceased tolling at my ear about six in the morning, and then I was too nervous to avail myself of the silence. 'What on earth was that bell?' I asked Regy the first thing in the morning. 'Oh, it was only the passing bell! It was ordered to be rung during the night for an old lady who died the night before.' This time, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Buller as angry as myself; for she also had been much alarmed.

Of course, yesterday I was quite ill, with the medicine, the sleeplessness, and the fright; and I thought I really would not stay any longer in a place where one is liable to such alarms. But now, as usual, one quiet night has given me hopes of more; and it would be a pity to return worse than I went away. I do not seem to myself to be nearly done; but Mr. Buller is sitting at my elbow with the chess-board, saying, 'When you are ready I am ready.' I am ready. Love to Babbie; I have your and her letter; but *must* stop.

Ends so, without signature, on inverted top-margin of first leaf: day of the week is Tuesday, date August 23.

LETTER 39.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: Thursday, Aug. 25, 1842.

Dear,—I hardly expected my letter from you this morning, so that I was all the gladder to find it beside my plate as usual. Along with it was one from Elizabeth Pepoli; the chief merit of which, besides the kindness of writing at all, is that 'it expects no answer.'

I hope you have the same refreshing rain in London which is reviving our drooping spirits here; for it is easy to see, although you try to put the best face on everything for me at a distance, that you are suffering horribly from the heat. My only consolation in thinking of your being in the town and I in the country in such weather is, that if you might have felt a less degree of suffocation, sitting out of doors here during the day, certainly the improvement would have been counterbalanced by the superior suffocation of our nights. Even with door and window wide open, it is hardly possible to realise a breath of air; the cottage roof collects and retains the heat so very much more than any other sort of roof I ever lived under. After the first few days, I was obliged to give up remaining during the mornings in my own room; my head got into a swimming condition, as when I poisoned myself with the charcoal.[1]

[1] Dangerous silent accident at Craigenputtock, in 1828, from stooping

Mrs. Buller, I find, goes out of her room into some back apartment; but even there I am sure the closeness is very hurtful to her. The drawing-room is the coolest place, and is left to myself till Mrs. Buller comes down; except for occasional inroads of Mr. Buller and Regy to seek some volume of a French novel, repeated cargoes of which are sent for from Rolandi's. 'A very bad stock, this last,' I observed last night. 'Yes,' says Mr. Buller, raising his eyebrows; 'when French novels are decorous, they are monstrous stupid!'

What do I think of Clifton?[1] What do you think? 'Plunges in the sea'—I am afraid it is not very conveniently situated for that; but if you were there, it would be the easiest thing to run over for a few days to your admiring Welshman,[2] who is really one of the sensiblest admirers you have; a man who expresses his enthusiasm in legs of mutton and peaches, &c &c. I imagine he would make a better host than you think. Mrs. Buller says it is an excellent scheme, being so very easy to execute; 'nothing would be easier, except staying over September and November here, where I am already, and having you to join me!' With such an extravagant invitation

to the floor in a room upstairs, where a chauffer was burning against damp.

[1] Invitation from a friend.

[2] Charles H. Redwood, Esq., Llanblethian, Glamorganshire, called the 'Honest Lawyer' in those parts; a man whom I much esteemed and still regret.

as this, I need not hesitate about staying another week from any apprehension of exhausting their hospitality. She says that she can quite sympathise with your nervous dislike to making up your mind; and what you have to do in such a mood is just to come off without making up your mind at all; the first cool morning to put yourself in the coach, without any previous engagement or determination. The only objection to this is that, without being warned, Mrs. Buller could not meet you at Bury; but there is another coach from London which passes through Ixworth (from which you could walk, being only two miles), 'and a coach,' she says, 'just made for you, being called the Phenomenon!' I deliver all this long message, without the expectation that you will lay it duly to heart. I am thankful to hear that the leg is in reality mending, for it has been a great detriment to my repose of conscience while here; I should never have dreamt of leaving my post if I had foreseen that there was to be such a long puddlement before it healed. I cannot understand how it had gone back, for really it was almost closed when I left.

You may tell Babbie that my ardour for night-cap muslin, that morning, was the most superfluous in nature; for except twice, to mend a hole in my black silk stockings, I have not had a needle in my hand since I left London, nor 'wished to.' Neither

have I so much as wound the skein of silk for my purse. I do little in the way of reading, and of writing as you know, and a great deal of nothing at all. I never weary, and yet there is no company comes, and, except the evening drive and the chess, we have no amusements. The chess, however, is getting into the sphere of a passion. Mr. Buller 'does not remember when he had such good playing as this;' and so, to make hay while the sun shines, he must have a game before dinner as well as the one after tea. Sometimes a game will last two hours, and then there are generally three hours consumed in the drive; so that there remains no more time on my hands than I can find ways and means to get rid of without calling in the aid of needlework. Last night we drove to a place called New House; which is in fact a very old house, bearing the date 1612. The wainscoat and floors were polished to such a pitch with wax and turpentine, that I am certain I could have skated on them! The Lady, a married sister of Mr. Loft's, showed me an original portrait of 'Fergusson, the self-taught Philosopher, who had been her mother's preceptor': I was ashamed to ask, 'What does't doe?'[1] I never heard of him in my life. There were various pictures besides—Queen Elizabeth, Charles II., and honourable women not a few. To-

[1] Anne Cook's question, when 'Lord Jeffrey,' having called, she reported him 'Lurcherfield' (to general amazement!), and, getting rebuked: 'But what *is* a "Looard" then? What diz't *duih*?'

night we are to go, if it fairs, to take tea at a show place called The Priory, belonging to 'Squire Cartwright.' Mrs. Buller is infinitely kind in her exertions to find me amusement.

Bless thee,

Your own JANE.

[One other letter followed from Troston. In a day or two more I went thither myself; walked about, nothing loth (as far as Thetford one day), sometimes with escort, oftener with none. Made at last (mainly by Mrs. Buller's contrivance, and delicate furtherance), 'till Charles should come,' a riding tour into Cromwell's Country; which did me much benefit in the future Book, and was abundantly impressive at the time, as indeed in memory it still is, strangely vivid in all its details at this day. Saw Hinchinbrook for the first time, St. Ives, Godmanchester (Ely, Soham, &c.); from Godmanchester to Cambridge trotted before a thunder cloud, always visible behind, which came down in deluges half a minute after I got into the Hoop Hotel, &c. &c. Can have lasted only about four days (three nights). Can it be possible? I seem as if almost a denizen of that region, which I never saw before or since.—T. C.]

LETTER 40.

Follows Troston, seemingly at short distance. Good old Mr. Dobie's visit (Rev. Emeritus, Mrs. Dr. Russell's father) I remember well, and that it was in her absence. He never 'came back.' Letter is infinitely mournful to me, and beautiful in a like degree.

The 'Margaret' is Margaret Hiddlestone, whom she wanted for a servant, but could not get.—T. C.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sept. 1842.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—I meant to have written to you yesterday, along with my letter to Margaret; —but how to write to you without mentioning the purport of my writing to her, and how very much I had it at heart that she should come! And then if it so happened that she applied to you for advice, as is likely enough, and that your real opinion was she had better remain with her children? Between the two you were thus, it seemed to me, going to find yourself in a constraint, in which it was hardly fair to place you. But now this morning comes another consideration (I have such a way of tormenting myself with all sorts of out-of-the-way considerations!), viz. that you might think it unkind of me to send a letter to your care without a word, and unkindness towards you is what I could not bear to lie under the smallest suspicion of even for a moment. Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Russell, though I should never see you more, nor hear from you more, I shall think of you, and love you, and be grateful to you as long as I live. But for the knowledge of what you did for her,[1] and how thankfully she felt it, I know not how I should ever have brought myself to think of her last weeks with any degree of composure. As it was, God knows there still remains enough to feel eternal regrets about;—but without a friend like you, to make her

[1] She means her mother.

feel that she was not quite alone with her sickness and her vexations, it would have been unspeakably worse for her then, and for me now.

How grieved I was that I happened to be absent during your father's stay in London! I felt somehow as if he had come from her—had brought me kind messages from her, and I had missed him! I would have returned immediately on purpose to see him; but they knew that I would, and so did not tell me until it was too late. But he will come again, having found how easy it is, will he not, and bring you with him? Oh, I should like so well to have you here!

I am always very weakly in health, though better than when I last wrote to you. At present my brother-in-law has put me on a course of blue-pill for pain in my side. But, until I turn what health and strength I have to better account, I have no business to regret that I have not more.

I wish you would write to me some day, and tell me about old Mary and all the people. Thornhill and Templand and everything about there is often as distinct before my eyes as the house and street I am actually living in—but as it was; as it must be now, I can never bring myself to figure it.

Give my kindest regards to your father and husband. I felt your father's letter very kind.

God bless you, dear Mrs. Russell.

Ever your affectionate

Jane W. Carlyle.

LETTER 41.

Fragment (very mournful), first small half of it lost.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Chelsea: (Early Summer) 1843.

What you say of my coming to Scotland is very kind; Isabella, too, has sent me the heartiest invitations, and I should like so well to see you all again. But when I try to fancy myself on the road, to fancy myself there, everything the same for me there as it used to be—and beyond, nothing of all that used to be—I feel so sick at heart, and so afraid of encountering the pain that seeing all those places again, and going about like a ghost in them, would cause me, that I can do no otherwise but say I will not go. It looks very cowardly to you, this?—perhaps, too, unkind and ungrateful towards the living. But fancy yourself in my place, looking out on the hills, at the back of which there had so lately lain a little loving home for you, where your mother had run to meet you with such joy; and now nothing for you there but the silence of death. If you do not feel that you would be just as weak, at least you will understand how I might be so without unkindness. If I were going beside your mother and all of you, I should think myself bound to be cheerful, and to look as if I were happy among you; and until I know myself up to that, is it not right to stay

away? At present it seems to me I could do nothing at Scotsbrig or Dumfries but cry from morning till night. All this is excessively weak; I am quite aware of that, and if anybody will show me a way of being stronger, I will follow it to my best ability: but merely telling me or telling myself to be stronger is of no use. Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 42.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Liverpool.

Chelsea: March 1843.

My dearest Helen,—After (in *Dumfries and Galloway-Courier* phraseology) 'taking a bird's-eye view' of all modern literature, I am arrived at the conclusion that, to find a book exactly suited to my uncle's taste, I must write it myself! and, alas, that cannot be done before to-morrow morning!

'La Motte Fouqué's "Magic Ring,"' suggests Geraldine[1] (Jewsbury). 'Too mystical! My uncle detests confusion of ideas.' 'Paul de Kock? *he* is very witty.' 'Yes, but also very indecent; and my uncle would not relish indecencies read aloud to him by his daughters.' 'Oh! ah! well! Miss Austin?' 'Too washy; water-gruel for mind and body at the same time were too bad.' Timidly, and after a pause, 'Do you think he could stand Victor Hugo's

[1] Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, with whom Mrs. Carlyle had just become acquainted, remained her most intimate friend to the end of her life.—J. A. F.

"Notre Dame"?' The idea of my uncle listening to the sentimental monstrosities of Victor Hugo! A smile of scorn was this time all my reply. But in my own suggestions I have been hardly more fortunate. All the books that pretend to amuse in our day come, in fact, either under that category, which you except against, 'the extravagant, clown-jesting sort,' or still worse, under that of what I should call the galvanised-death's-head-grinning sort. There seems to be no longer any genuine, heartfelt mirth in writers of books; they sing and dance still *vigoureusement*, but one sees always too plainly that it is not voluntarily, but only for halfpence; and for halfpence they will crack their windpipes, and cut capers on the crown of their heads, poor men that they are!

I bethink me of one book, however, which we have lately read here, bearing a rather questionable name as a book for my uncle, but, nevertheless, I think he would like it. It is called 'Passages from the Life of a Radical,' by Samuel Bamford, a silk-weaver of Middleton. He was one of those who got into trouble during the Peterloo time; and the details of what he then saw and suffered are given with a simplicity, an intelligence, and absence of everything like party violence, which it does one good to fall in with, especially in these inflated times.

There is another book that might be tried, though

I am not sure that it has not a little too much affinity with water-gruel, 'The Neighbours,' a domestic novel translated from the Swedish by Mary Howitt. There is a 'Little Wife' in it, with a husband, whom she calls 'Bear,' that one never wearies of, although they never say or do anything in the least degree extraordinary.

Geraldine strongly recommends Stephen's 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, and Petrea,' as 'very interesting and very short.' Also Waterton's 'Wanderings in South America.' There are two novels of Paul de Kock translated into English, which might be tried at least without harm done, for they are unexceptionable in the usual sense of that term, the 'Barber of Paris,' and 'Sister Anne.'

I have read the last, not the first, and I dare say it would be very amusing for anyone who likes 'Gil Blas,' and that sort of books; for *my* taste it does not get on fast enough.

There! enough of books for one day. Thank you for your letter, dear. If I had not wee angels to write me consolatory missives at present, I should really be terribly ill off. My maid continues highly inefficient, myself ditto; the weather complicates everything; for days together not a soul comes, and then if the sun glimmers forth a whole rush of people breaks in, to the very taking away of one's breath!

Yesterday, between the hours of three and five,

we had old Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. von Glëhen, Mr. and Mrs. Macready, John Carlyle, and William Cunningham. Geraldine professed to be mightily taken with Mrs. Macready, not so much so with 'William.' Poor dear William! I never thought him more interesting, however. To see a man, who is exhibiting himself every night on a stage, blushing like a young girl in a private room is a beautiful phenomenon for me. His wife whispered into my ear, as we sat on the sofa together, 'Do you know poor William is in a perfect agony to-day at having been brought here in that great-coat? It is a stage great-coat, but was only worn by him twice; the piece it was made for did not succeed, but it was such an expensive coat, I would not let him give it away; and doesn't he look well in it?' I wish Jeannie had seen him in the coat—magnificent fur neck and sleeves, and such frogs on the front. He did look well, but so heartily ashamed of himself.

Oh, I must tell you, for my uncle's benefit, a domestic catastrophe that occurred last week! One day, after dinner, I heard Helen lighting the fire, which had gone out, in the room above, with a perfectly unexampled vengeance; every stroke of the poker seemed an individual effort of concentrated rage. What ails the creature now? I said to myself. Who has incurred her sudden displeasure? or is it the red herring she had for dinner which has disagreed

with her stomach? for in the morning, you must know, when I was ordering the dinner, she had asked, might *she* have a red herring? her heart had been set upon it this a good while back: and, of course, so modest a petition received an unhesitating affirmative.) On her return to the subterranean, the same hubbub will arose from below, which had just been trying my nerves from above: and when she brought up the tea-tray, she clanked it on the lobby-table as if she were minded to demolish the whole concern at one fell stroke. I looked into her face inquiringly as she entered the room, and seeing it black as midnight (*morally*, that is), I said very coolly, 'A little less noise, if you please: you are getting rather loud upon us.' She cast up her eyes with the look of a martyr at the stake, as much as to say, 'Well, if I must be quiet, I must; but you little know my wrongs.' By-and-by Geraldine went to the kitchen for some reason: she is oftener in the kitchen in one day than I am in a month, but that is irrelevant. 'Where is the cat?' said she to Helen: 'I have not seen her all night.' She takes a wonderful, most superfluous charge of the cat, as of everything else in this establishment. 'The cat!' said Helen grimly, 'I have all but killed her.' 'How?' said Geraldine. 'With the besom,' replied the other. 'Why? for goodness' sake.' 'Why!' repeated Helen, bursting out into new rage: 'why indeed? Because she ate my red herring! I set it all

ready on the end of the dresser, and she ran away with it, and ate it every morsel to the tail—such an unheard of thing for the brute to do. Oh, if I could have got hold of her, she should not have got off with her life!' 'And have you had no dinner?' asked Geraldine. 'Oh, yes, I had mutton enough, but I had just set my heart on a red herring.' Which was the most deserving of having a besom taken to her, the cat or the woman?

My love to Babbie; her letter to-day is most comfortable. Blessings on you all.

Your affectionate cousin,

J. Welsh.

LETTER 43.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Liverpool.

Chelsea: March 1843.

Now do you deserve that I should send you any letter, any autograph, anything, thou graceless, 'graceful Miss Welsh'? I think not; but 'if everyone had his deserts, which of us should escape whipping?' And besides I see not what virtues remain possible for me, unless it be the passive ones of patience and forgiveness; for which, thank Heaven, there is always open course enough in this otherwise tangled world!

Three of the autographs, which I send you to-day, are first-rate. A Yankee would almost give a dollar apiece for them. Entire characteristic letters from Pickwick, Lytton Bulwer, and Alfred Tennyson; the

last the greatest genius of the three, though the vulgar public have not as yet recognised him for such. Get his poems if you can, and read the 'Ulysses,' 'Dora,' the 'Vision of Sin,' and you will find that we do not overrate him. Besides he is a very handsome man, and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gipsy in his appearance, which, for me, is perfectly charming. Babbie never saw him, unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, for she must have fallen in love with him on the spot, unless she be made absolutely of ice; and then men of genius have never anything to keep wives upon!

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 44.

To John Sterling, Esq., Falmouth.

Chelsea: June (?) 1843.

My dear John,—Thank you passionately for giving me *Vittoria Accoramboni*; and thank you even more for knowing beforehand that I should like her. Your presentiment that this was 'a woman exactly after my own heart' so pleases my own heart! proves that I am not universally 'a woman misunderstood.' But you said nothing of the man after my own heart, so that Bracciano took me by surprise, and has nearly turned my head! My very *beau-idéal* of manhood is that Paul Giordano; could I hear of the like of him existing anywhere in these degenerate times, I would, even at this late stage of the business—send him—my

picture! and an offer of my heart and hand for the next world, since they are already disposed of in this. Ah! what a man that must be, who can strangle his young, beautiful wife with his own hands, and, bating one moment of conventional horror, inspire not the slightest feeling of aversion or distrust! When a man strangles his wife nowadays he does it brutally, in drink, or in passion, or in revenge; to transact such a work coolly, nobly, on the loftiest principles, to strangle with dignity because the woman 'was unworthy of him,' that indeed is a triumph of character which places this Bracciano above all the heroes of ancient or modern times; which makes me almost weep that I was not born two centuries earlier, that I might have been—his mistress—not his wife!

But what think you befel? In the simplicity of my heart I lent the book to a friend, a man of course, whose hitherto version of me has borne a considerable resemblance to the *Santa Maria*; lent it too with all my marginal marks (as Carlyle would say) 'significant of much'! And when the man [1] brought it back he could neither look at me nor speak to me; but blushed and stammered, as if he were in the presence of a new goddess of reason. Disliking all that sort of thing, I asked him plain out, what ailed him? 'The truth is,' said he, 'Mrs. Carlyle, that book' (looking at it askance) 'has confused me! May I ask who

[1] Can't guess what 'man.'

recommended to you that book?' 'A clergyman,' said I; for the first and probably the last time in my life recognising your sacred vocation; 'John Sterling gave it to me.' 'The son?' 'Yes, to be sure, the son,' and then I laughed outright, and the man looked at me with a mingled expression of pity and alarm, and changed the subject.

JANE CARLYLE.

Fragments of letters to T. Carlyle, July 1843.

The house in Cheyne Row requiring paint and other re-adjustments, Carlyle had gone on a visit to Wales, leaving his wife to endure the confusion and superintend the workmen, alone with her maid.—J. A. F.

July 4, 1843.—The first night is over, and we are neither robbed nor murdered. I must confess, however, that I observed last night for the first time with what tremendous facility a thief with the average thief agility might swing himself, by laying hold of the spout, off the garden wall into my dressing closet, leaving me no time to spring my rattle, or even unsheath my dagger. 'You must excuse us the day;' I am in a complete mess, and my pen refuses to mark. I shall be in a complete mess for a time, times and a half. I will perhaps go for a few days to the Isle of Wight, for breathing, in the midst of it; but I shall not be done with my work this month to come. You

see you do so hate commotion that this house gets no periodic cleanings like other people's, and one must make the most of your absence.

July 11.—It has been such a morning as you cannot figure: a painter filling the house with terrific smells, the whitewashers still whitewashing, Pearson and men tearing out the closet, and the boy always grinding with pumice stone. Having been taught politeness to one's neighbours by living next door to Mr. Chalmers, I wrote a note to Mr. Lambert, No. 6, regretting that his and his family's slumbers were probably curtailed by my operations, and promising that the nuisance would have only a brief term. This brought Mr. Lambert upon me (virtue ever its own reward), who stayed for an hour, talking, you know how. Then I. . . . And you do not like my beautiful 'Vittoria'! oh, what want of taste!

July 12.—If you had seen me last night asleep you would have seen a pretty sight. The paint was smelling, of course—one can't make a household revolution, any more than a State one, with rose water; and so this house did not smell of rose water, I can assure you. Old Sterling had said so much about its costing me my life, and the absolute necessity of my at least sleeping at his house, that I did begin to think it might cause me a headache! So I took all wise precautions against it, kept my door carefully shut all

day, and slept with both my windows open, so that I really suffered very little inconvenience from the smell. But just when I was going to bed, it occurred to me that in this open state of things, with several ladders lying quite handy underneath the window, 'heavy bodies might,' as Helen phrased it, 'drop in,' and be at my pillow before I heard them; so, feeling it my duty to neglect no proper precaution, I laid my dagger and the great policeman's rattle on the spare pillow and went to sleep quite pleasantly, without any more thought about thieves.

I have got such a pretty writing establishment—a sort of gipsy's tent, which I have mounted in the garden 'with my own hands,' constructed out of the clothes ropes and posts and the crumb cloth of the library! I sit under its 'dark brown shade—wh"[1] —the Macready of Nature—an arm-chair, and the little round table, with my writing materials, and my watch to keep me in mind that I am in a time world, a piece of carpet under foot, and a foot-stool. Behold

[1] 'Dark brown shade' was to both of us infinitely ridiculous in this place, though the spirit of it is now fled irrevocably. Dr. Ritchie, divinity professor in Edinburgh, was a worthy, earnest, but somewhat too pompous and consciously eloquent, old gentleman. He had no teeth, a great deal of white hair, spoke in a sonorous, mumbling voice, with much proud, almost minatory, wagging of the head, and to a rhythm all his own, which loved to end always with an emphatic syllable, with victorious grave accent, and a kind of 'wh,' or 'h,' superadded. For confutation of Gibbon, his principal argument—the only one that I can recollect—was that Gibbon in his later years, grown rich, famous, &c., &c., confessed that the end of life to him was involved in a 'dark brown shade—wh.'

all that is necessary for my little garden house! Woman wants but little here below—an old crumb cloth mainly, you perceive. But one has no credit in being jolly in such a pretty bower. By-and-by I shall have to return indoors, 'to come out strong.'

July 17.—*Tout va bien.* The work goes well, and myself goes well. The early rising and the shower-bathing and the having something to look after agrees with me wonderfully. The degree of heat also is exactly suited to my needs. This and the other person drops in and asks me if I do not feel very lonely? It is odd what notions men seem to have of the scantiness of a woman's resources. They do not find it anything out of nature that they should be able to exist by themselves; but a woman must always be borne about on somebody's shoulders, and dandled and chirped to, or it is supposed she will fall into the blackest melancholy. When I answered that question from Arthur Helps yesterday, 'Why should I feel lonely? I have plenty to do, and can see human beings whenever I look out at the window,' he looked at me as if I had uttered some magnanimity worthy to have place in a 'Legitimate Drama,' and said, 'Well, really you are a model of a wife.'

LETTER 45.

To John Welsh, Esq., The Baths, Helensburgh.

Chelsea: July 18, 1843.

Dearest, dear only Uncle of me,—I would give a crown that you could see me at this moment through a powerful telescope! You would laugh for the next twelve hours. I am doing the rural after a fashion so entirely my own! To escape from the abominable paint-smell, and the infernal noise within doors, I have erected, with my own hands, a gipsy-tent in the garden, constructed with clothes lines, long poles, and an old brown floor cloth! under which remarkable shade I sit in an arm-chair at a small round table, with a hearth rug for carpet under my feet, writing-materials, sewing-materials, and a mind superior to Fate!

The only drawback to this retreat is its being exposed to 'the envy of surrounding nations'; so many heads peer out on me from all the windows of the Row, eager to penetrate my meaning! If I had a speaking trumpet I would address them once for all:—'Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am not here to enter my individual protest against the progress of civilisation! nor yet to mock you with an Arcadian felicity, which you have neither the taste nor the ingenuity to make your own! but simply to enjoy Nature according to ability, and to get out of the

smell of new paint! So, pray you, leave me to pursue my innocent avocations in the modest seclusion which I covet!'

Not to represent my contrivance as too perfect, I must also tell you that a strong puff of wind is apt to blow down the poles, and then the whole tent falls down on my head! This has happened once already since I began to write, but an instant puts it all to rights again. Indeed, without counteracting the indoors influences by all lawful means, I could not stay here at present without injury to my health, which is at no time of the strongest. Our house has for a fortnight back been a house possessed by seven devils! a painter, two carpenters, a paper-hanger, two non descript apprentice-lads, and 'a spy;' all playing the devil to the utmost of their powers hurrying and scurrying 'upstairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber!' affording the liveliest image of a sacked city!

When they rush in at six of the morning, and spread themselves over the premises, I instantly jump out of bed, and 'in wera desperation' take a shower bath. Then such a long day to be virtuous in! I make chair and sofa covers; write letters to my friends; scold the work-people, and suggest improved methods of doing things. And when I go to bed at night I have to leave both windows of my room wide open (and plenty of ladders lying quite handy under-

neath), that I may not, as old Sterling predicted, 'awake dead' of the paint.

The first night that I lay down in this open state of things, I recollected Jeannie's house-breaker adventure last year, and, not wishing that all the thieves who might walk in at my open windows should take me quite unprepared, I laid my policeman's rattle and my dagger on the spare pillow, and then I went to sleep quite secure. But it is to be confidently expected that, in a week or more, things will begin to subside into their normal state; and meanwhile it were absurd to expect that any sort of revolution can be accomplished. There! the tent has been down on the top of me again, but it has only upset the ink.

Jeannie appears to be earthquaking with like energy in Maryland Street, but finds time to write me nice long letters nevertheless, and even to make the loveliest pincushion for my birthday; and my birthday was celebrated also with the arrival of a hamper, into which I have not yet penetrated. Accept kisses *ad infinitum* for your kind thought of me, dearest uncle. I hope to drink your health many times in the Madeira[1] when I have Carlyle with me again to give an air of respectability to the act. Nay, on that evening when it came to hand, I was feeling so sad and dreary over the contrast between this Fourteenth of July—alone,

[1] Present sent from Liverpool.

in a house like a sacked city, and other Fourteenths that I can never forget, that I hesitated whether or no to get myself out a bottle of the Madeira there and then, and try for once in my life the hitherto unknown comfort of being dead drunk. But my sense of the respectable overcame the temptation.

My husband has now left his Welshman, and is gone for a little while to visit the Bishop of St. David's. Then he purposes crossing over somehow to Liverpool, and, after a brief benediction to Jeannie, passing into Annandale. He has suffered unutterable things in Wales from the want of any adequate supply of tea! For the rest, his visit appears to have been pretty successful; plenty of sea-bathing; plenty of riding on horseback, and of lying under trees! I wonder it never enters his head to lie under the walnut-tree here at home. It is a tree! leaves as green as any leaves can be, even in South Wales! but it were too easy to repose under that: if one had to travel a long journey by railway to it, then indeed it might be worth while!

But I have no more time for scribbling just now; besides, my pen is positively declining to act. So, God bless you, dear, and all of them.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 46.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Llandough, Cowbridge.

Chelsea: July 18, 1843.

Dearest,—I take time by the pigtail, and write at night after post-hours. During the day there is such an infernal noise of pumice-stone, diversified by snatches of 'wild strains;' the youth who is scraping the walls (as if it were a hundred knife-grinders melted into one) consoling himself under the hideous task by striking up every two minutes 'The Red Cross Knight,' or 'Evelyn's Bower,' or some such plaintive melody, which, after a brief attempt to render itself 'predominant,' dies away into unintelligible whinner.'[1] Yesterday forenoon Mrs. Chadwick came; and had just seated herself on the sofa beside me, and was beginning to set forth amiabilities; when bang, bang, crash, screech, came the pumice-stone over the room-door, to the tune

> Oh rest thee, my darling,
> Thy sire is a knight; &c., &c.,

making us both start to our feet with a little scream and then fall back again in fits of laughter. Then the stairs are all flowing with whitewash; and 'altogether' when I fancy you here 'in the midst of it,' I do not know whether to laugh, or to cry, or to shriek.

[1] My father's account of a precentor who lost his tune, desperately tried several others, and then 'died away into an,' &c.

But it will be a clean pretty house for you to come home to; and should you find that I have exceeded by a few pounds your modest allowance for painting and papering, you will find that I have not been thoughtless nevertheless, when I show you a document from Mr. Morgan,[1] promising to 'indemnify us for the same in the undisturbed possession of our house for five years!' A piece of paper equivalent to a lease of the house for five years, 'with the reciprocity all on one side,' binding him and leaving us free. 'Such a thing,' old Sterling said, who attended me to Pope's Head Alley, 'as no woman but myself would have had the impudence to ask, nor any lawyer in his senses the folly to grant.' I do not see but we might get a lease of the house after all for as long as we pleased, if *I* went about it, instead of the voluptchious Perry.[2] This was one of those remarkable instances of fascination which I exercise over gentlemen of a 'certain age;' before I had spoken six words to him it was plain to the meanest capacity that he had fallen over head and ears in love with me; and if he put off time in writing me the promise I required, it was plainly only because he could not bear the idea of my going away again! No wonder! probably no such beatific vision as that of a real live woman, in a silk bonnet and muslin gown, ever

[1] Lawyer in the city; virtual proprietor here.

[2] Pedant carpenter and house agent here; characterised the unthrift of the poor by that adjective.

irradiated that dingy, dusty law-chamber of his, and sat there on a three-feet-high stool, since he had held a pen behind his ear; and certainly never before had either man or woman, in that place, addressed him as a human being, not as a lawyer, or he would not have looked at me so struck dumb with admiration when I did so. For respectability's sake, I said, in taking leave, that 'my husband was out of town, or he would have come himself.' 'Better as it is,' said the old gentleman, 'do you think I would have written to your husband's dictation as I have done to yours?' He asked me if your name were John or William—plainly he had lodged an angel unawares.

By the way, that other angel[1] is becoming a bore. Charles Barton, with whom I dined at Sterling's in returning from Pope's Head Alley, told me that he had been making quite a sensation in Berlin, and been invited to a great many places, on the strength of the 'French Revolution.' He (Charles B.) was asked to meet him—that is, 'Thomas Carlyle, author of "The French Revolution,"' at the Earl of Westmorland's. 'Is *he* here?' said Charles; 'I shall be delighted to see him, I know him quite well;' and accordingly, on the appointed day, he 'almost ran into the arms of the announced Thomas Carlyle, and then retreated with consternation.' It was so far good that he had an opportunity to disabuse these people at

[1] 'T. Carlyle,' of the Irvingite Church, long a double-ganger of mine.

least by declaring 'that was not Thomas Carlyle at all!' But is it not a shame in the creature to encourage the delusion, and let himself be fêted as a man of genius when he is only a 'crackbrained enthusiastic'?[1]

I have awoke at four every morning since you went away; and the night before last I slept just half an hour in all; it is always the effect of finding one's self in a new position. When the workpeople come at six, I get up, which makes a prodigiously long day; but I do not weary, having so many mechanical things to do. This morning I took, or rather failed to take, a shower bath; I pulled with concentrated courage, and nothing would come; determined not to be quite baffled, however, I made Helen pour a pitcherful of water on me instead.

Mazzini came this forenoon, for the first time; very pale and weak, but his face pretty well mended. He was horribly out of spirits; and no wonder. They have brought out the 'British and Foreign Review' without his article!! a most untimely *contretemps* for him, in an economical point of view; and besides very mortifying to him morally, as he is sure it is 'merely because of his being a foreigner that he is so ill-used.' I was strongly advising him to—run away, to hide himself from all people, friends and creditors and disciples, in Switzerland or some cheap, quiet place; and I should not wonder if he did

[1] My father's epithet for Mrs. Carruthers, long ago.

some such thing in the end—a man cannot live 'in a state of crisis' (as he calls it) for ever.

I do not see how I am to get to the Isle of Wight. I cannot leave the house with workpeople coming and going; and Helen declares, naturally, that without me she could not stay a night in the house for the whole world.' But I daresay I am quite as content here, studious of household good, as I should be, dragged about to look at picturesque views, at the Isle of Wight, or anywhere else that 'fool[1] creturs go for diversion;' but London, be it e'er so hot, is ne'er too hot for me![2] To-day we have had the beautifullest soft rain, to make all fresh again; and on the whole, the weather is charming; and I never go into the dusty streets on foot. Good night.

Saturday.—Well! you cannot come back here just now at all rates, that is flat. What think you of going to this ——? Here indeed you would not 'come out strong' under the existing circumstances. It is only I who can be 'jolly' in such a mess of noise, dirt, and wild dismay! I said to the lad in the lobby this morning, who was filling the whole house with 'Love's young dream:' 'How happy you must feel, that can sing through that horrible noise you are making!' 'Yes, thank you, ma'm,' says he, 'I am happy enough

[1] Definition of poetry, 'Pack o' lies, that fuil craitures write for,' &c.

[2] Mrs. Siddons, replying to her host, apologetic for his salt fish: 'Fish, be it ne'er so salt,' &c.

so far as I knows; but I's always a-singing any how! it sounds pleasant to sing at one's work, doesn't it, ma'm?' 'Oh, very pleasant,' said I, quite conquered by his simplicity, 'but it would be still pleasanter for me, at least, if you would sing a song from beginning to end, instead of bits here and there.' 'Thank you ma'm,' says he again, 'I will try!' But he does not succeed.

I have the most extraordinary letter from * * *, which I would send, only that it would cost twopence of itself. He writes to tell me that 'he did not like his reception,' that, 'often as he came and long as he stayed, I treated him indeed with perfect civility, did not yawn, or appear to be suppressing a yawn; but I seemed to labour under a continual feeling of oppression! and to be thinking all the while of something else!' 'What did I see to offend me in him?' he asks me with great humility; from what he heard of preferences and saw of my society, he was inclined to suppose that what I objected to in him must be the want of that first great requisite, earnestness. But he begged to assure me, &c., &c.—in short, that he had as much earnestness 'as he could bear'!! A letter from a man calling himself bishop to a woman whom he calls infidel, and pleading guilty to her of want of earnestness—Bah! I wish I could snort like Cavaignac.

There, now I must stop. I daresay I have

wearied you. God keep you, dear. Be quite easy about me.

Ever yours

J. C.

LETTER 47.

Cuittikins (old Scotch word for spatterdashes, 'cuits' signifying feet) means * * * * *, now become 'Bishop,' so-called, 'of ——' (title we used to think analogous to Great Mogul of London?), in whose episcopal uniform, unsuitable to the little bandy-legged man, the *spats* were a prominent item. Indisputable man of talent and veracity, though not of much devoutness, of considerable worldliness rather, and quietly composed self-conceit—gone now, ridiculously, into the figure of 'a bandy-legged black beetle,' as was thought by some.

'Old Morrah,' or Murrough, was an Irish surgeon of much sense and merit, well accepted by the Sterlings and us.

The policeman's 'rattle' was a thing she actually had on her night-table at this time.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Carmarthen.

Chelsea: Thursday, July 20, 1843.

Dearest,—I quite fretted, last night, at your having been cheated out of your letter. *D'abord*, I had a headache; but that was not the reason, for it was not an even-down headache, under which no woman can write; I could have written, better or worse; but I put off, thinking always I should get into 'a freer and clearer state'[1] before the post left;

[1] Brother John's favourite phrase.

and, as the copy-line says, 'procrastination is the root of all evil.' From two till four I had visitors, and not of free and easy sort who could be told to go away and return at a more convenient season; first, Mrs. Prior[1] and her companion Miss Allan, the primmest pair; but meaning well, and making me a long first visit of ceremony, in testimony of Mrs. Prior's sense of my 'goodness to her poor brother.'

By the way, I really believe that I have been the instrument, under Providence, of saving old Sterling's life. I told you how Dr. Fergusson seemed to me to be ruining him with recommendations of 'a plentiful use of porter, wine, and other stimulants to restore the tone of his nervous system' (!) Then he recommended him vapour baths. I saw him after his first bath, all scarlet as a lobster and pale as milk by turns, and shivering and burning by turns. I had an uncomfortable feeling about him all the evening; was not sure whether I ought not to write to John; he looked to me so much in danger of some sudden stroke. Two days after, he came and told me he had been twice cupped; had been so ill that he had himself proposed the thing to Fergusson, who approved. Now this was quite enough to show what sort of person this Fergusson must be, feeding a man up with porter and wine, and cupping him at the same time. I told Sterling most seriously that he

[1] Elder Sterling's sister.

looked to me in a very critical state; and that if he did not go home, and send at once to old Morrah, who was no quack, and had never flattered his tastes, I would not answer for his living another week. He was furious at my suspicion of Fergusson; but on the way home thought better of it, and did send for Morrah; who immediately proceeded to scour him with the most potent medicines. Morrah called for me two days ago, and said that he did not think he could have gone on another week under Fergusson's system, without a stroke of apoplexy; that his pulse was a hundred and thirty, and his tongue quite black. Now he is sleeping well, and much better every way.

After Mrs. Prior, came the Dundee Stirlings, and the sister who is going to India. I liked the big bald forehead and kind eyes of Stirling very much indeed. He looks a right good fellow. They are to return to Dundee in a few days. But the most unexpected, the most stroke-of-thunder visitor I have had was Cuttikins!![1] I declare when Helen told me he was below, I almost sprung the rattle. I had not answered his letter, had made up my mind not to answer it at all; a man puts one in quite a false position who demands an explanation of one's coldness —coldness which belongs to the great sphere of silence; all speech about it can only make bad worse. Was he come there because, like ——,

[1] See preface to this letter.

he 'had found it so easy' to ask me for an answer? Was the small chimera gone out of his wits? When I came down, though outwardly quite calm, even indifferent, I was in a serious trouble. He put me speedily at ease, however, by telling me that he had been sent for express, to see his aunt, who had thought herself dying (and from whom he has expectations); she was now recovering, and he hoped to be able to go back in a few days—I hope so, too. I said I had not answered his letter, because it seemed to me that was the best way to counteract the indiscretion of his having written it; that, 'although, as a man much older than myself, and a dignitary of the church, he ought to be wiser than I, I could not help telling him that I had learned a thing or two, which he seemed to be still in ignorance of—among the rest, that warmth of affection could not be brought about by force of logic.' He said 'I was right, and he did not design to bore me this time,' and so we parted with polite mutual tolerance. But you may figure the shock of having that little Cuttikins descend from the blue so suddenly when I was relying on seeing no more of him for three years.

Only think what human wickedness is capable of! Some devils broke into Pearson's workshop the night before last, and stole all the men's tools. The poor creatures are running about, lost, their occupation quite gone. They have never any money laid by,

so they cannot buy new tools till they get money, and they cannot make money till they get tools. It is the cruellest of thefts—a man's tools. Last night six or seven pounds' worth of glass was cut out of a new house—out of the windows that is to say.

Your letter is just come; I thank you for never neglecting me. Yesterday looked such a blank day; no letters came, as if in sympathy with your silence. You must feel something of a self-constituted impostor in your present location. I have a good many little things to do, and an engagement with Mrs. Prior, who is to come to take me a drive at two o'clock. Oh, if you could mend me some pens! Bless you, dearest.

Your own

J. C.

LETTER 48.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Liverpool.

Chelsea: Monday night, July 31, 1843.

Dearest,—The postman presented me your letter to-night, in Cheyne Walk, with a bow extraordinary. He is a jewel of a postman; whenever he has put a letter from you into the box, he both knocks and rings, that not a moment may be lost in taking possession of it. In acknowledgment whereof, I crossed the street one day, when Cuttikins, who stayed a week and returned twice, was with me, and at that moment doing the impossible to be entertaining, for the purpose of saluting his (the postman's) baby,

which he was carrying out for an airing. The rage of Cuttikins at this interruption was considerable; he looked at me as if he could have eaten me raw, and remarked with a concentrated spleen, 'Well, I must say, never did I see any human being so improved in amiability as you are. Everybody and everything seems to be honoured with a particular affection from you.' 'Everything,' thought I, 'except you;' but I contented myself with saying, 'Isn't it a darling baby?' Poor Cuttikins, his aunt did not die; so he is gone with the prospect of—alas!—of having to return ere long. The last day he came, John Sterling exploded him in a way that would have done your heart good to see. John looked at me as much as to say, 'Does he bore you?' and I gave my shoulders a little shrug in the affirmative; whereupon John jumped to his feet and said in a polite undertone, as audible, however, for the Bishop as for me, 'Well, my good friend, if you cannot keep your engagement with me, I must go by myself—I am too late already.' The cool assurance of this speech was inimitable, for I had no engagement in the world with him; but the bishop, suspecting nothing, sprang to his feet, and was off in a minute with apologies for having detained me.

Well, I actually accomplished my dinner at the Kay Shuttleworths'. Mrs. —— was the only lady at dinner; old Miss Rogers, and a young *wersh*-looking[1]

[1] *Waterish*, an emphatic Scotch word.

person with her, came in the evening; it was a very locked-jaw sort of business. Little Helps was there, but even I could not animate him: he looked pale and as if he had a pain in his stomach. Milnes was there, and 'affable' enough, but evidently overcome with a feeling that weighed on all of us—the feeling of having been dropped into a vacuum. There were various other men, a Sir Charles Lemon, Cornewall Lewis, and some other half-dozen insipidities, whose names did not fix themselves in my memory. Mrs. —— was an insupportable bore; she has surely the air of a retired unfortunate female; her neck and arms were naked, as if she had never eaten of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil! She reminded me forcibly of the Princess Huncamunca, as I once saw her represented in a barn. She ate and drank with a certain voracity, sneezed once during the dinner, just like a hale old man, 'and altogether' nothing could be more ungraceful, more unfeminine than her whole bearing. She talked a deal about America and her poverty with exquisite bad taste. Indeed, she was every way a displeasing spectacle to me.

Mazzini's visit to Lady Baring (as he calls her) went off wonderfully well. I am afraid, my dear, this Lady Baring of yours, and his, and John Mill's, and everybody's, is an arch coquette. She seems to have played her cards with Mazzini really too well;

she talked to him with the highest commendations of George Sand, expressed the utmost longing to read the new edition of 'Lelia'; nay, she made him 'a mysterious signal with her eyes, having first looked two or three times towards John Mill and her husband,' clearly intimating that she had something to tell him about —— which they were not to hear; and when she could not make him understand, she 'shook her head impatiently, which from a woman, especially in your England, was—what shall I say? —confidential, upon *my* honour.' I think it was. John Mill appeared to be loving her very much, and taking great pains to show her that his opinions were right ones. By the way, do you know that Mill considers Robespierre 'the greatest man that ever lived,' his speeches far surpassing Demosthenes'? He begins to be too absurd, that John Mill! I heard Milnes saying at the Shuttleworths' that 'Lord Ashley was the greatest man alive; he was the only man that Carlyle praised in his book.' I dare say he knew I was overhearing him.

I am quite rid of the paint-smell now; but I have the whitewasher coming again to-morrow. I could not turn up the low room till the upstairs one was in some sort habitable again, and all last week, nothing could be got on with, owing to Pearson's absence. It is surprising how much easier it is to pull down things than to put them up again.

LETTER 49.

Welsh Tour done. Leaving Liverpool for Scotsbrig I get this.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Liverpool.

Chelsea: Thursday, Aug. 3, 1843.

Dearest,—If you go on board to-night, this letter will reach you no sooner than if written to-morrow and addressed to Scotsbrig; but if you do not, and to-morrow there be a second day for you without any news, you will be 'vaixed;' and on no account must you be vaixed if one can possibly help it. I cannot, however, make much of writing to-day; for it is thundering and raining in a quite soul-confusing manner; that in the first place, then, in the second, I have a headache. Last night the Stickwoman, who is always showing me small civilities, brought me a present of ass's milk (God knows where she got hold of the ass to milk it!), and she bade Helen tell me that if I would please to drink it to my supper, I should feel great benefit in the morning. I drank it, more for curiosity than for any superiority I could taste in it over cow's milk; and awoke, after two hours' sleep, with such a headache, and such a detestation of ass's milk! I was able to get up early to my breakfast; but am not recovered yet, nor shall be till I have had a night's sleep. I did myself no good by cleaning the lamp in the morning. It had ceased

to act some time ago, and was beginning to lie heavy on my conscience, besides that light is one of the things I do not like to economise in, when I am alone; just the more alone I am, the more light I need, as I told Darwin, the night he drank tea with me, and, when the lamp was brought in, remarked that 'it was surely far too much light for a single woman'! Darwin, by the way, has gone out of sight latterly; it is a fortnight, I am sure, since he was here; he talked then of paying a visit to his brother and then going to the Mackintosh's.

I am sitting in the upstairs room now, while the earthquake is rumbling beneath it, and this and the thunder together are almost too much for me. They have washed the ceilings, and Helen is now washing the paint, and doing the impossible to clean the paper with bread. 'Ah!' it takes such a quantity of labour, for a man quite inconceivable, to make what is dirty look one shade more near to clean. But here it is all quite clean, and so pretty! I feel like a little Queen sitting in it, so far as what Mazzini calls 'the material' is concerned; indeed, I suppose no Queen ever got half the comfort out of a nice room; Queens being born to them as the sparks fly upwards. There are still some finishing strokes to be given, the book-shelves all to be put up, and the window curtains; and a deal of needlework has to go to the last. But when all is done, it will be such a pleasure to receive

you and give you tea in your new library! when you have exhausted the world without.

Thanks for your constant little letters; when you come back, I do not know how I shall learn to do without them, they have come to be as necessary as any part of my 'daily bread.' But, my dear, I must stop, you see that my head is bad and that I am making it worse.

Bless you,

Yours, J. C.

LETTER 50.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Pier Hotel, Ryde:[1] Wednesday morning, Aug. 9, 1843.

Dearest,—Here I actually am, and so far as has yet appeared, 'if it had not been for the honour of the thing,' I had better have stayed where I was. The journey hither was not pleasant the least in the world. What journey ever was or shall be pleasant for poor me? But this railway seems to me particularly shaky, and then the steamboating from Gosport, though it had not time to make me sick—the water, moreover, being smooth as the Thames—still made me as perfectly uncomfortable as need be: a heavy dew was falling: one could not see many yards ahead: everybody on board looked peevish. I wished myself at home in my bed.

[1] Mrs. Carlyle had gone to Ryde with old Mr. Sterling.

We reached Ryde at eight in the evening, and, the second hotel being filled, had to take up our quarters for that night at the first, which 'is the dearest hotel in Europe,' and the hotel in Europe, so far as I have seen, where there is the least human comfort. I had to make tea from an urn the water of which was certainly not 'as hot as one could drink it;'[1] the cream was blue milk, the butter tasted of straw, and the 'cold fowl' was a lukewarm one, and as tough as leather. After this insalubrious repast—which the Stimabile,[2] more easily pleased than I, pronounced to be 'infinitely refreshing, by Jove!'—finding that, beyond sounding the depths of vacuum, there was nothing to be done that night, I retired to my bed. The windows looked over house-roofs and the sea, so I hoped it would be quiet; but, alas, there was a dog uttering a volley of loud barks, about once in the five minutes; and rousing up what seemed to be a whole infinitude of dogs in the distance! Of course, fevered and nervous as I was at any rate from the journey, I could not sleep at all; I do not mean that I slept ill, but I have absolutely never been asleep at all the whole night! So you may fancy the favourable mood I am in to-

[1] Lady mistress and guests have sat down to tea; butler is summoned up in haste: 'John, John, how is this? Water in the urn not boiling!' John (attempts to deny, then finding he cannot): 'A weel, me'm; I kenna whether it's a'together *boiling*, A'm sure it's better than you can drink it!' and retires with the feeling of a maltreated man.

[2] See note, p. 36.

wards Ryde this morning! I feel as if I would not pass another night in that bed for a hundred pounds!

Nor shall I need. Clark[1] has been out this morning to seek a lodging; and has found one, he says, very quiet, quite away from the town. If I cannot sleep there, I will return to my own red bed as fast as possible. I did not bind myself for any specified time. To Helen I said I should most likely be back in three or four days; but in my own private mind, I thought it possible I might make out a week. It was best, however, to let her expect me from day to day; both that she might get on faster and that she might suffer less from her apprehension of thieves, for she flattered herself nobody would know I was gone before I should be returned. I left Elizabeth with her, with plenty of needlework to do; alone, she would have gone out of her senses altogether, and most probably succeeded in getting the house robbed.

And now let me tell you something which you will perhaps think questionable, a piece of Hero-Worship that I have been after. My youthful enthusiasm, as John Sterling calls it, is not extinct then, as I had supposed; but must certainly be immortal! Only think of its blazing up for Father Mathew! You know I have always had the greatest reverence for that priest; and when I heard he was in London, attainable to me, I felt that I must see him, shake him

[1] The valet.

by the hand, and tell him I loved him considerably! I was expressing my wish to see him, to Robertson, the night he brought the Ballad Collector;[1] and he told me it could be gratified quite easily. Mrs. Hall had offered him a note of introduction to Father Mathew, and she would be pleased to include my name in it. 'Fix my time, then.' 'He was administering the pledge all day long in the Commercial Road.' I fixed next evening.

Robertson, accordingly, called for me at five, and we rumbled off in omnibus, all the way to Mile End, that hitherto for me unimaginable goal! Then there was still a good way to walk; the place, the 'new lodging,' was a large piece of waste ground, boarded off from the Commercial Road, for a Catholic cemetery. I found 'my youthful enthusiasm' rising higher and higher as I got on the ground, and saw the thousands of people all hushed into awful silence, with not a single exception that I saw—the only religious meeting I ever saw in cockneyland which had not plenty of scoffers hanging on its outskirts. The crowd was all in front of a narrow scaffolding, from which an American captain was then haranguing it; and Father Mathew stood beside him, so good and simple-looking! Of course, we could not push our way to the front of the scaffold, where steps led up to it; so we went to one end, where there were

[1] Peter Buchan, poor phantasm!

no steps or other visible means of access, and handed up our letter of introduction to a policeman; he took it and returned presently, saying that Father Mathew was coming. And he came; and reached down his hand to me, and I grasped it; but the boards were higher than my head, and it seemed our communication must stop there. But I have told you that I was in a moment of enthusiasm; I felt the need of getting closer to that good man. I saw a bit of rope hanging, in the form of a festoon, from the end of the boards; I put my foot on it; held still by Father Mathew's hand; seized the end of the boards with the other; and, in some, to myself (up to this moment), incomprehensible way, flung myself horizontally on to the scaffolding at Father Mathew's feet! He uttered a scream, for he thought (I suppose) I must fall back; but not at all; I jumped to my feet, shook hands with him and said—what? 'God only knows.' He made me sit down on the only chair a moment; then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the scaffold, to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it; and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw, melted into one, could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live; faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making,

you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. There was one man, in particular, with a baby in his arms; and a young girl that seemed of the 'unfortunate' sort, that gave me an insight into the lot of humanity that I still wanted. And in the face of Father Mathew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. Of course I cried; but I longed to lay my head down on the good man's shoulder and take a hearty cry there before the whole multitude! He said to me one such nice thing. 'I dare not be absent for an hour,' he said; 'I think always if some dreadful drunkard were to come, and me away, he might never muster determination perhaps to come again in all his life; and there would be a man lost!'

I was turning sick, and needed to get out of the thing, but, in the act of leaving him—never to see him again through all time, most probably—feeling him to be the very best man of modern times (you excepted), I had another movement of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No; but I would, though, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers! No, not that; but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything that I could leave with him in remembrance of me, and having bethought me of a pretty memorandum-book in my reticule, I drew him aside and

put it in his hand, and bade him keep it for my sake; and asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his! And all this in tears and in the utmost agitation! Had you any idea that your wife was still such a fool! I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not give me a common medal, but took a little silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he would get him another presently, and then laid the medal into my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak for excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep; the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Mathew's smile; and even next morning, I could not anyhow subside into my normal state, until I had sat down and written Father Mathew a long letter—accompanying it with your 'Past and Present!' Now, dear, if you are ready to beat me for a distracted Gomeril[1] I cannot help it. All that it was put into my heart to do, *Ich konnte nicht anders.*

When you write, just address to Cheyne Row. I cannot engage for myself being here twenty-four hours longer; it will depend on how I sleep to-night; and also a little on when I find Elizabeth Mudie[2] will

[1] Scotch for good-natured fool.

[2] One of two girls in difficult circumstances, for whom, with her sister Juliet, Mrs. Carlyle was endeavouring to provide (see p. 263).—J. A. F.

be needed in Manchester. I must be back in time to get her clothes gathered together.

Bless you always. Love to them all.

Your J. C.

I began this in the hotel; but it has been finished in our lodging, which looks quiet and comfortable so far.

LETTER 51.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Ryde: Friday, Aug. 11, 1843.

Dearest,—The sky-rocket will be off to-morrow morning, on the strength of its own explosiveness; the red-hot poker may stay till it has burnt a hole in its box, if it like! 'Oh! what had I to do for to travel? I was well, I would be better, and I am here!' To be sure, Ryde is a place well worth having seen, and knowing about with a view to future needs; but what I get out of it for the time being, *moi*, is sleeplessness, indigestion, and incipient despair.

I finished my letter to you the first thing I did on taking possession of the lodging. It (the lodging) looked passable enough, so far; a small but neat sitting-room, with two bed-rooms, of which the roomiest was assigned to me—plainly in the expectation that I should modestly prefer the inferior one. But not at all; my modesty remained perfectly passive; —for I knew that he could have had two bed-rooms

equally good for two or three shillings a week more; and if he chose to make a sacrifice of comfort for so paltry a saving, I was resolved it should be of his own comfort, not mine.

I went to bed in fear and trembling. I do think another such night as the preceding would have thrown me into brain fever; but I slept, mercifully, not well, but some. On looking, however, at my fair hand in the morning, as it lay outside the bed-clothes, I perceived it to be all—'what shall I say?' 'elevated into inequalities,'[1] 'significant of much!' Not a doubt of it, I had fallen among bugs! My pretty neck too, especially the part of it Babbie used to like to kiss, was all bitten infamously; and I felt myself a degraded Goody, as well as a very unfortunate one. As I sat, exceedingly low, at something which, in the language of flattery, we called breakfast, Clark brought me your letter and one from Babbie and three from Geraldine (who always outdoes you all); administering comfort each after a sort, but Geraldine's most, for they offered me the handsomest pretext for returning home suddenly. One of her letters was to announce the safe arrival of Juliet Mudie, whom she expressed herself outrageously pleased with; the other two were to say that I must get Elizabeth off immediately, as the lady could not

[1] Euphemism of a certain rustic goose (in our Craigenputtock time) to express the condition of his brow bitten by midges. The preceding location is established Mazzinian; the following clearly mine.

wait; and in case of missing me, she had written to this effect to Chelsea and Ryde at the same time. I was not to mind clothing her; all that could be done there; if I was absent, I must employ Mazzini or somebody to see her off. But I was too glad of the excuse, to dream of employing anybody; besides, one always does one's own business best oneself; should she miss the thing, through any interference from the mother or other hindrance which my presence could have obviated, who knows but it might be the losing of her whole chances in life! So I wrote to her instantly to go home and take leave of her mother on receiving my letter (to-day), and make one or two small preparations, which were indispensable unless she should go among strangers like a beggar—which, of course, poor thing, being very handsome or whether or no, she would not like to do; and that I would be there to-morrow, to take her to the railway to-morrow evening. Meanwhile I am getting together one decent suit of clothes for her in the Isle of Wight. That is what I call taking time by the middle.

To-day I have another letter from you, as a sort of marmalade to one's bad bread and tea-urn skimmed-milk tea. Do you know, I pity this poor old man. The notion of saving seems to be growing into a disease with him; and he has still a sufficient natural sense of what looks generous, and even magnificent, to make it a very painful disease.

He is really pitiable in every way; and if it were possible for me to stay with him, I would out of sheer charity. He is incapable of applying his mind to reading or writing or any earthly thing. And he cannot move about to 'distract himself' as he used to do, he suffers so much from incessant pain in one of his thighs. He cannot even talk, for every minute needing to roar out, 'This is torture, by Jove!' 'My God, this is agony,' &c. &c. He always will go out to walk, and then for hours after he pays the penalty of it.

I went this morning (while a man was taking down my bedstead to look for the bugs, which were worse last night, of course, having found what a rare creature they had got to eat), and investigated another lodging, which Clark had taken for us, and Sterling gave it up, for no other reason one could imagine, than just because Clark had taken it, and he likes to do everything over again himself. I thought it would be good to know something about lodgings here, in case you might like to try it next time.

Ryde is certainly far the most beautiful sea-bathing place I ever saw; and seems to combine the conveniences and civilisation of town with the purity and quiet of the country in a rather successful manner. The lodging I looked at was quite at the outside of the town: a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, in the house of a single lady; the sitting-

room beautiful, the bedrooms small, but, in compensation, the beds very large; good furniture, and, I should expect, good attendance, 'sitting' in a beautiful little garden, villa-wise, rejoicing in the characteristic name of Flora Cottage; and within two minutes' walk of the sea and romantic-looking bushy expanses: a very superior place to Newby, and the cost just the same—two guineas a week. God knows whether there be bugs in it. There is no noise; for the lady remarked to me, *par hasard*, that she sometimes felt frightened in lying awake at night, it was so still; nothing to be heard but the murmuring of the sea. We might 'put this in our pipe' for next year; and I shall look about farther during this my last day. I wonder John never recommended Wight to you with any emphasis; it must surely have some drawback which I have not discovered; for it seems to me a place that would suit even you. And now, dear, if you think my letter hardly worth the reading, remember that I am all bug-bitten and bedevilled and out of my latitude,

Your own

J. C.

Kind remembrances to all; a kiss to my kind, good Jamie.

[We never went to Ryde; we once tried Brighton, once inspected Bournemouth, &c., but the very noises, in all

these pretty sea-places, denoted flat impossibility, especially to one of us. How heavenly, salutary, pure is silence; how unattainable in the mad England that now is!—T. C.]

LETTER 52.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Sunday, Aug. 13, 1843.

Dearest,—I have not for a long time enjoyed a more triumphant moment than in 'descending'[1] from the railway yesterday at Vauxhall, and calling a porter to carry my small trunk and dressing box (of course) to a Chelsea steamer! To be sure, I looked (and felt) as if just returning from the Thirty-years' War. Sleepless, bug-bitten, bedusted and bedevilled, I was hardly recognisable for the same trim little Goody who had left that spot only four days before; but still I was returning *with* my shield, not *on* it. A few minutes more, and I should be purified to the shift, to the very skin—should have absolutely bathed myself with *eau de Cologne*—should have some mutton-broth set before me (I had written from Ryde to bespeak it!), and a silver spoon to eat it with (these four days had taught me to appreciate my luxuries), and prospect of my own red bed at night! That of itself was enough to make me the most thankful woman in Chelsea!

Helen screamed with joy when she saw me (for I

[1] Note, p. 159.

was come about an hour sooner than I was expected), and then seized me round the neck and kissed me from ear to ear. Then came Bessie Mudie, with her head quite turned. She could do nothing in the world but laugh for joy, over her own prospects so suddenly brightened for her; and from consciousness of her improved appearance, in a pair of stays and a gown and petticoat which she had got for herself here by my directions. And when I showed her the shawl and other little things I had fetched her from Ryde, she laughed still more, and her face grew so very red that I thought she was going to burst a blood-vessel. She had been home, and had taken leave of her mother—no hindrance there whatever, but was extremely thankful. So all was in readiness for taking her to the railway that evening according to programme.

Mazzini called just when I had finished my dinner, to inquire if there had been any news from me; and was astonished to find myself; still more astonished at the extent to which I had managed to ruin myself in so short a time: I looked, he said, 'strange, upon my honour!—most like,' if he might be allowed to say it, 'to Lady Macbeth in the sleeping scene!' No wonder! Four such nights might have made a somnambulant of a much stronger woman than me, *poverina*.

At half after seven, I started with Bessie for

Euston Square; committed her to the care of a very fat benevolent-looking old man, who was going all the way; pinned her letter for Geraldine to her stays; kissed the poor young creature, and gave her my blessing; came back wondering whether these two girls that I had launched into the world would live to thank me for it, or not rather wish that I had tied a stone about each of their necks and launched them into the Thames! Impossible to predict! So I went to bed and was asleep in two minutes!

After some hours of the deadest sleep I ever slept on earth, I was wakened with pain in my head; but where I was I could not possibly make out. I sat up in the middle of my bed, to ascertain my locality, and there 'I happened'[1] the oddest mystification you can fancy: I actually lost myself in my bed! could not find the right way of lying down again! I felt about for pillows, none were findable! and I could not get the clothes spread upon me again! They seemed to be fixed down. At last, still groping, with my hand, I felt the footboard at my head! I had lain down 'with my head where my feet should be; and it was a puzzling business to rectify my position! I went to sleep again, and rose at half after eight; and took my coffee and good bread with such relish! Oh, it was worth while to have

[1] Maid at Ampton Street: 'This morning, m'em, I've 'appened a misfortune, m'em' (viz. broken something).

spent four days in parsimony; to have been bitten with bugs; to have been irritated with fuss and humbug, and last of all to have been done out of my travelling expenses back! it was worth while to have had all this botheration to refresh my sense of all my mercies. Everything is comparative 'here down;' this morning I need no other Paradise than what I have: cleanness (not of teeth), modest comfort, silence, independence (that is to say, dependence on no other but one's own husband). Yes, I need to be well of my headache, over and above; but that also will come, with more sleep.

I found on my return three book-parcels and your last letter: parcel first, John Sterling's 'Strafford' for myself; you will see a review of it in to-day's 'Examiner,' which will make him desperately angry (Really Fuzz,[1] that brother of ours, improves by keeping sensible company); second, Varnhagen's three volumes from Lockhart, with a note which I inclose; third, a large showy paper book in three volumes, entitled 'The English Universities,' Hunter and Newman, 'With Mr. James Heywood's compliments' on the first page. At night another parcel came from Maurice, 'Arnold's Lectures' returned, and Strauss (which latter I purpose reading—I!). I brought with me from Ryde a volume of plays by one Kleist (did you ever hear of him?) which

[1] Forster, then editor, or critic, of the *Examiner*.

Sterling greatly recommends. The tragedian himself had the most tragic end.[1]

I did not forget about the name of Varnhagen's pamphlet; but at the time you asked it of me, it was lying at the bottom of the sofa, with the other books of the low room and Pelion on Ossa on the top of it; to get at it would have cost me an hour's hard work. The name, now it is restored to the upper world, is *Leitfaden zur Nordischen Alterthumskunde.*

I have a negotiation going on about a place for Miss Bölte;[2] but the lady is on the Continent, and it cannot be speedily brought to an alternative. Meanwhile the poor girl is gone to some friend in the country, for a month. I am very sorry indeed for poor Isabella. Give her my kind remembrances—my sympathy, if it could but do anything for her.

Are you—or rather would it be very disagreeable for you—to go to Thornhill, and see the Russells, and Margaret and old Mary? If you could without finding it irksome, I should like. Oh, to think of your going to Thornhill to see only the Russells![3] Oh, my mother, my own mother.

[1] Killed himself.

[2] This was a bustling, shifty little German governess, who, in few years, managed to pick up some modicum of money here, and then retired with it to Dresden, wholly devoting herself to 'literature.'

[3] I went duly, sat in poor old Mary Mills's cottage, one morning early, by the side of her turf-pile, &c. She had been on pilgrimage to Crawford churchyard, found the grave; 'It was a' bonnie yonder, vera bonnie,' said she, in her old broken pious tone. I never saw her again.

Monday, Aug. 14.—I had to give up writing yesterday, my head was so woefully bad. But a dinner of roast mutton, with a tumbler of white-wine negus, made me a more effectual woman again; you see I am taking care of myself with a vengeance! But I 'consider it my duty' to get myself made well again—and to tell you the trúth I was starved at Ryde, as well as bug-bitten.

In the evening I had Miss Bölte till after ten (I thought she had gone to the country, but she goes to-day), she is really a fine manly little creature, with a deal of excellent sense, and not without plenty of German enthusiasm, for all so humdrum as she looks.

This morning I got up immensely better, having had another good sleep; and, in token of my thankfulness to Providence, I fell immediately to glazing and painting with my own hands (not to ruin you altogether). It is now just on post-time. I have had your letter, for consolation in my messy job, and I must send this off; trusting that you found other two letters from me waiting you on coming back; and then return to finish my painting. Pray for me.

Ever your unfortunate

Goody.

LETTER 53.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Thursday, Aug. 17, 1843.

I write to-day, dearest, without any faculty for writing; merely to keep your mind easy, by telling you that I have a headache; if I said nothing at all, you might fancy I had something worse. 'Ah'—I could not expect to get off from that vile Wight business so cheaply as with one headache or even two.

Since I wrote last, I have had a sad day in bed, another only a little less sad out of it; besides the pain in my head, such pains in my limbs that I could hardly rise or sit down without screaming. I have taken one blue pill and mean to take another. I am better to-day, though still in a state for which stooping over paper and making the slightest approach to thinking is very bad. So 'you must just excuse us the day.' God bless you. I hope your 'feverish cold' is driven off.

Elizabeth was seeking your address for the Kirkcaldy people, who mean to send you an invitation, I suppose. Perhaps it would be your best way of coming back.

Affectionate regards to them all.

Your J. C.

LETTER 54.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Friday morning, Aug. 18, 1843.

Dearest,—If you expect a spirited letter from me to-day, I grieve that you will be disappointed. I am not mended yet: only mending, and that present participle (to use Helen's favourite word for the weather) is extremely 'dilatory.' The pains in my limbs are gone, however, leaving only weakness; and my head aches now with 'a certain' moderation! still enough to spoil all one's enjoyment of life—if there be any such thing for some of us—and, what is more to the purpose, enough to interfere with one's 'did intends,' which in my case grow always the longer the more manifold and complicated.

Darwin came yesterday after my dinner-time (I had dined at three), and remarked, in the course of some speculative discourse, that I 'looked as if I needed to go to Gunter's and have an ice!' Do you comprehend what sort of look that can be? Certainly he was right, for driving to Gunter's and having an ice revived me considerably; it was the first time I had felt up to crossing the threshold, since I took Bessie Mudie to the railway the same evening I returned from Ryde. Darwin was very clever yesterday; he remarked, *apropos* of a pamphlet of Maurice's (which by the way is come for you), entitled, 'A

Letter to Lord Ashley respecting a certain proposed measure for stifling the expression of opinion in the University of Oxford,' that pamphlets were for some men just what a fit of the gout was for others—they cleared the system, so that they could go on again pretty comfortably for a while. He told me also a curious conversation amongst three grooms, at which Wrightson had assisted the day before in a railway carriage, clearly indicating to what an alarming extent the schoolmaster is abroad! Groom the first took a pamphlet from his pocket, saying he had bought it two days ago and never found a minute to read it. Groom the second inquired the subject. First groom: 'Oh, a hit at the Puseyists.' Second groom: 'The Puseyists? Ha, they are for bringing us back to the times when people burnt one another!' First groom (tapping second groom on the shoulder with the pamphlet): 'Charity, my brother, charity!' Third groom: 'Well, I cannot say about the Puseyists; but my opinion is that what we need is more Christianity and less religionism!' Now Wrightson swears that every word of this is literally as the men spoke it—and certainly Wrightson could not invent it.

I had a long letter from old Sterling, which stupidly I flung into the fire in a rage (the fire? Yes, it is only for the last two days that I have not needed fire in the mornings!); and I bethought me afterwards that I had better have sent it to you, whom its cool Robert

Macaire impudence might have amused. Only fancy his inviting me to come back, and 'this time he would take care that I should have habitable lodgings.' His letter began, 'The last cord which held me to existence here is snapped,'—meaning me! and so on. Oh, 'the devil fly away with' the old sentimental ——!

I had letters from both Mr. and Mrs. Buller yesterday explaining their having failed to invite me; she appears to have been worse than ever, and is likely to be soon here again. Poor old Buller's modest hope that the new medicine 'may not turn Madam blue' is really touching!

Here is your letter come. And you have not yet got any from me since my return! Somebody must have been very negligent, for I wrote to you on Sunday, added a postscript on Monday, and sent off both letter and newspapers by Helen, in perfectly good time. It is most provoking after one has been (as Helen says) 'just most particular' not to *vaix* you, to find that you have been *vaixed* nevertheless.

You ask about the state of the house. Pearson and Co. are out of it. Both the public rooms are in a state of perfect habitableness again; a little to be done in the needlework department, but 'nothing' (like Dodger's Boy's nose) 'to speak of.' Your bedroom, of which the ceiling had to be whitened and the paint washed, &c. &c., will be habitable by to-morrow. The front bedrooms, into which all the

confusion had been piled, are still to clean;—but that will soon be done. My own bedroom also needs to have the carpet beaten, and the bed curtains taken down and brushed; all this would have been completed by this time but for a most unexpected and soul-sickening mess, which I discovered in the kitchen, which has caused work for several days. Only fancy, while I was brightening up the outside of the platter to find in Helen's bed a new colony of bugs! I tell you of it fearlessly this time, as past victory gives me a sense of superiority over the creatures. She said to me one morning in putting down my breakfast, 'My! I was just standing this morning, looking up at the corner of my bed, ye ken, and there what should I see but two bogues! I hope there's na mair.' 'You hope?' said I immediately kindling into a fine phrenzy; 'how could you live an instant without making sure? A pretty thing it will be if you have let your bed get full of bugs again!' The shadow of an accusation of remissness was enough of course to make her quite positive. 'How was she ever to have thought of bogues, formerly? What a thing to think about! But since, she had been just most particular! To be sure, these two must have come off these Mudies' shawls!' I left her protesting and 'appealing to posterity,'[1] and ran off myself to see into the business. She had not so much as taken off the curtains; I tore them off dis-

[1] Note, *supra*.

tractedly, pulled in pieces all of the bed that was pullable, and saw and killed two, and in one place which I could not get at without a bed-key, 'beings' (as Mazzini would say) were clearly moving! Ah, mercy, mercy, my dismay was considerable! Still, it was not the acme of horror this time, as last time, for now I knew they could be annihilated root and branch. When I told her there were plenty, she went off to look herself, and came back and told me in a peremptory tone that 'she had looked and there was not a single bogue there!' It was needless arguing with a wild animal. I had Pearson to take the bed down, and he soon gave me the pleasant assurance that 'they were pretty strong!' Neither did he consider them a recent importation.

Helen went out of the way at the taking down of the bed, not to be proved in the wrong to her own conviction; which was 'probably just as well,' as she might have saved a remnant in her petticoats, being so utterly careless about the article. Pearson, who shared all my own nervous sensibility, was a much better assistant for me. I flung some twenty pailfuls of water on the kitchen floor, in the first place, to drown any that might attempt to save themselves; then we killed all that were discoverable, and flung the pieces of the bed, one after another, into a tub full of water, carried them up into the garden, and let them steep there for two days;—and

then I painted all the joints, had the curtains washed and laid by for the present, and hope and trust there is not one escaped alive to tell. *Ach Gott*, what disgusting work to have to do!—but the destroying of bugs is a thing that cannot be neglected. In the course of the bug investigation I made another precious discovery. That the woollen mattress was being eaten from under her with moths. That had to be torn up next, all the wool washed and boiled, and teased; and I have a woman here this day making it up into a mattress again. In your bed I had ocular conviction that there were none when it was in pieces; in my own I have inferential conviction, for they would have been sure to bite me, the very first Adam and Eve of them; in the front room nothing is discoverable either. But I shall take that bed all down for security's sake before I have done with it;—either that, or go up and sleep in it a night:—but then imagination might deceive me, and even cause spots! 'The troubles that afflict the just,' &c.

We have warm weather these two days; not oppressive for me, but more summer-like than any that has been this season.

Oh, I always forgot to tell you that in the railway carriage, going to Ryde, my next neighbour was Robert Owen (the Socialist); he did not know anything of me, so that I had the advantage of him. I

found something of old Laing in him, particularly the voice. I like him on the whole, and in proof thereof gave him two carnations.

Your affectionate

Goody.

I have heard nothing farther of Father Mathew. Knowing how busy he was, and supposing him not much used to corresponding with women of genius, I worded my letter so as to make him understand I looked for no answer. As to the stuffed Pope,[1] I thought of him (or rather of it); but I felt too much confidence in Father Mathew's good sense to fear his being shocked.

LETTER 55.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Monday, Aug. 21, 1843.

Dearest,—I meant to have written you an exceedingly long and satisfactory letter last evening; but a quite other work was cut out for me, which I cannot say I regret. It is but little good one can do to a sane man, whereas for an insane one much is possible; and I did even the impossible for such a one last night. Poor Garnier [2] walked in at five, and stayed till after nine. And if you had seen the difference in him at his entrance and exit, you would have said that I had worked a miracle!

[1] In *Past and Present.* [2] See pages 33 and 247.

Poor fellow! they may all abuse him as they like; but I think, and have thought, and will think, well of him: he has a good heart and a good head; only a nervous system all bedevilled, and his external life fallen into a horribly burbled state about him. I gave him tea, and took him a walk, and lent him some music, and soothed the troubled soul of him, and when he went away he said the only civil thing to me he ever said in life. 'I am obliged to you, Mrs. Carlyle; you have made me pass one evening pleasantly; and I came very miserable.' He desired his kind regards to you, and has a scheme, a propagation, of small schools, to propound to you. His uncle in Germany is dead, which will ultimately make an amendment in his economics, he seems to say.

I am very quiet at present, so few people are left in town. Even poor Gludder [1] (the infamy of giving a Christian such a name!) has been gone some time to Tottenham Park; but his patience seems near the end of its tether, and he purposes emancipating himself shortly, 'before he loses his faculties altogether.' Then Darwin is always going off on short excursions. The Macready women, however, came the day before yesterday, the first time I had seen them since your departure. And I have something to ask on the part of Mrs. Macready: 'If you could give William any letters of introduction for America, it would be

[1] See page 247.

such a favour!' She cannot bear the idea of his 'going merely as a player, without private recommendations.' They looked perfectly heart-broken, these women. The letters to America will be needed within ten days. To Emerson? Who is there else worth knowing in America? I promised to spend a day with them before he went.

Poor Father Mathew, they say, is getting into deep waters here. He does not possess the Cockney strength of silence; his Irish blood gets up when he is angered, and he 'commits himself.' I am all the more pleased at having given him my most sweet voice, for there is plainly a vast deal of party spirit taking the field to put him down. One thing they laugh at him for is, to my thinking, highly meritorious. Somebody, trying to stir up the crowd against him, said, 'What good can come to you from that man?—he is only a Popish monk!' Whereupon Father Mathew burst out, 'And what do you mean by saying no good can come from a Popish monk? Have you not received just the greatest blessings from Popish monks? Have you not received Christianity from a Popish Monk? the Reformation from a Popish monk—Martin Luther?' There was something so delightfully Irish, and liberal at the same time, in this double view of Luther!

No letter from you to-day; but perhaps there will come one in the evening. You cannot be accused of

remissness in writing, at all rates, whatever your other faults may be. Oh, no! you need not go to Thornhill.[1] It was a selfish request on my part. I would not go myself for a thousand guineas. But send the five pound for poor old Mary before you leave the country: her money falls entirely done at the end of this month. I computed it quite accurately, when Mrs. Russell wrote that she had still thirty shillings. She will not be long to provide for, poor old soul! I have sent the books for Lockhart.

I am busy with a little work just now that makes me so sad. You remember the new curtains that came from Templand. When she made them, she wrote to me, 'they looked so beautiful that she could not find in her heart to hang them up till I should be coming again;' and the first sight I was to have of them was here!—and it was here, not there, that they were to be hung up. It needed a deal of scheming and altering to make them fit our high room; and picking out her sewing has been such sorrowful work for me: still I could not let anybody meddle with them except myself; and to keep them lying there was just as sorrowful. Oh, dear, dear!

I hope you are quite free of your cold; the weather is quite cool again. God bless you.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

[1] See *supra*, page 234, note. I hope devoutly it was that time. Ah, me!

'Garnier'[1] was from Baden; a revolutionary exile, filled with mutinous confusion of the usual kind, and with its usual consequences; a black-eyed, tall, stalwart-looking mass of a man; face all cut with scars (of duels in his student time), but expressive still of frankness, honesty, ingenuity, and good humour; dirty for most part, yet as it were heroically so: few men had more experience of poverty and squalor here, or took it more proudly. He had some real scholarship, a good deal of loose information; occasionally wrote, and had he been of moderate humour could always have written, with something of real talent. Cole, the now great Cole, of 'the Brompton boilers,' occasionally met him (in the Buller Committee, for instance), and tried to help him, as did I. Together we got him finally into some small clerkship under Cole, Cole selecting the feasible appointment, I recommending to Lord Stanley, who, as 'whipper-in,' had the nomination and always believed what I testified to him. 'You called me a *rhinoceros*' (not to be driven like a tame ox), said Garnier to me on this occasion, pretending, and only pretending, to be angry at me. In a year or two he flung off this harness too, and took to the desert again. Poor soul! he was at last visibly now and then rather mad. In 1848 we heard he had rushed into German whirlpool, and, fighting in Baden, had perished. John Mill, in 1834, had been his introducer here.

'Gludder' was one Plattnauer (still living hereabouts and an esteemed tutor in noble families), whom Cavaignac had (on repeated pressure) lately introduced here, and who has hung about us, lovingly, and much pitied by her, ever since. I never could much take to him, had called him 'Gludder' (a word of my father's) from the sad sound he made in articulating (as if through slush), or get real good of him, nor now can when he has grown so sad to me. On the

[1] See page 33.

whole, one rapidly enough perceived that the foreign exile element was not the recommendable one, and, except for her picturesque æsthetic, &c. interest in it, would have been very brief with it here. As indeed I essentially was; nor she herself very tedious. Except with Cavaignac I never had any intimacy, any pleasant or useful conversation, among these people—except for Mazzini, and him any real respect—and from the first dialogue, Mazzini's opinions were to me incredible, and (at once tragically and comically) impracticable in this world. She, too, even of Mazzini, gradually came to that view, though to the last she had always an affection for Mazzini, and for the chivalrous and grandly humorous Cavaignac (and for the memory of him afterwards) still more.—T. C.

LETTER 56.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

Chelsea: Sunday night, Aug. 27, 1843.

Dearest,—Another evening, in thought set apart for you, has been eaten up alive by 'rebellious consonants.' I had told Helen to go after dinner and take herself a long walk, assuring her nobody could possibly arrive, for the best of reasons, that 'there was not a human being left in London.' And just when I had fetched up my own tea, and was proceeding to 'enjo-oy it'[1] quite in old-maid style, there arrived Darley,[2] the sight of whom gave me a horrible

[1] The good W. Graham, of Burnswark, a true and kind, and very emphatic, friend of mine, had thoughtlessly bragged once (first time she saw him), at a breakfast with us dyspeptics, how he 'enjo-oyed' this and that.

[2] 'Darley' (George), from Dublin, mathematician, considerable

foretaste of fidgets and nameless woe, which was duly fulfilled to me in good time. However, it is to be hoped that he got a little good for having a mouthful of human (or rather, to speak accurately, inhuman) speech with someone; and in that case one's care being 'the welfare of others,' &c. &c. For myself individually, I feel as if I had spent the evening under a harrow.

I hardly know where a letter now shall find you. But perhaps to-morrow will direct me before sending this away. It is very stupid of the Ferguses—a fact almost as absurd as speaking to Elizabeth of sending us potatoes last year, and never sending them. But if you want to see the battle ground at Dunbar, I am sure you need not miss it for lack of somewhere to go. The poor Donaldsons—nay, everybody in Haddington—would be so glad to have you. The Donaldsons, you know, formally invited you 'for a month or two' this spring. I cannot detect the association, but it comes in my head at this moment, and I may as well tell you, that the Rev. Candlish is in great raptures over 'Past and Present;' so Robertson told me the last time I saw him. Garnier also told me that the book had a success of an unusual and very desirable kind; it was not so much that people spoke about it, as that they spoke out of it; in these mysterious conventions of his, your phrases,

actually, and also poet, an amiable, modest, veracious, and intelligent man; much loved here, though he stammered dreadfully.

he said, were become a part of the general dialect. The booksellers would not have Garnier's translation: that was the reason of its being given up; not that he was too mad for it. It was *I* who told you about the Lord Dudley Stuart affair; Garnier gave me his own version of it that night, and it seemed quite of a piece with his usual conduct—good intentions, always unfortunate; a right thing wrongly set about.

Well, the Italian 'Movement' has begun; and also, I suppose, ended. Mazzini has been in a state of violent excitement all these weeks, really forcibly reminding one of Frank Dickson's goose with the addle egg. Nothing hindered him from going off to head the movement, except that, unexpectedly enough, the movement did not invite him; nay, took pains to 'keep him in a certain ignorance,' and his favourite conspirator abroad. The movement went into Sicily 'to act there alone,' plainly indicating that it meditated some arrangement of Italy such as they two would not approve, 'something—what shall I say?—constitutional.' He came one day, and told me quite seriously that a week more would determine him whether to go singly and try to enter the country in secret, or to persuade a frigate now here, which he deemed persuadable, to revolt openly and take him there by force. 'And with one frigate,' said I, 'you mean to overthrow the Austrian Empire, amidst the general peace of Europe?' 'Why not? the

beginning only is wanted.' I could not help telling him that 'a Harrow or Eton schoolboy who uttered such nonsense, and proceeded to give it a practical shape, would be whipt and expelled the community as a mischievous blockhead.' He was made very angry, of course, but it was impossible to see anybody behaving so like 'a mad,' without telling him one's mind. He a conspirator chief! I should make an infinitely better one myself. What, for instance, can be more out of the *rôle* of conspirator than his telling me all his secret operations, even to the names of places where conspiracy is breaking out, and the names of people who are organising it? *Me*, who do not even ever ask him a question on such matters; who on the contrary evade them as much as possible! A man has a right to put his own life and safety at the mercy of whom he will, but no amount of confidence in a friend can justify him for making such dangerous disclosures concerning others. What would there have been very unnatural, for example, in my sending a few words to the Austrian Government, warning them of the projected outbreaks, merely for the purpose of having them prevented, so as to save Mazzini's head and the heads of the greater number, at the sacrifice of a few? If I had not believed that it would be, like the 'Savoy's Expedition,' stopped by some providential toll-bar, I believe I should have felt it my duty as Mazzini's friend to do this thing.

Bologna was the place where they were first to raise their foolscap-standard. The 'Examiner' mentions carelessly some young men having collected in the streets, and 'raised seditious cries, and even fired some shots at the police;' cannon were planted, &c., 'Austrians ready to march'—not a doubt of it; and seditious cries will make a poor battle against cannon. Mazzini is confident, however, that the thing will not stop here; and, if it goes on, is resolute also in getting into the thick of it. 'What do you say of my head? what are results? are there not things more important than one's head?' 'Certainly, but I should say that the man who has not sense enough to keep his head on his shoulders till something is to be gained by parting with it, has not sense enough to manage, or dream of managing, any important matter whatever.' Our dialogues became 'warm,' but you see how much I have written about this, which you will think six words too many for.

Good-night; I must go and sleep.

Monday.

Dearest,—Thanks for your letter, and, oh, a thousand thanks for all this you have done for me! I am glad that you have seen these poor people,[1] that they have had the gladness of seeing you. Poor old Mary! it will be something to talk and think over for a year to come. Your letter has made me cry, to be

[1] At Thornhill, to which Carlyle had gone, at her request.

sure, but has made me very contented nevertheless. I am very grateful to you. Did Mrs. Russell say anything about not having answered my letter? I sent a little shawl, on my last birthday, to Margaret, to Mrs. R.'s care, and a pound of tea (that is money for it) to old Mary, in a letter to Mrs. Russell, and, as I have never heard a word from Thornhill since, I have sometimes feared the things had been taken by the way; it is very stupid in people not to give one the satisfaction of writing on these little occasions.

I am afraid you will think London dreadfully solitary when you return from the country. Actually there never was so quiet a house except Craigenputtock as this has been for the last fortnight. Darwin finally is off this morning to Shrewsbury for three weeks. He gave me a drive to Parson's Green yesterday; 'wondered if Carlyle would give admiration enough for all my needlework, &c., &c., feared not; but he would have a vague sense of comfort from it,' and uttered many other sarcastic things, by way of going off in good Darwin style. Just when I seemed to be got pretty well through my sewing, I have rushed wildly into a new mess of it. I have realised an ideal, have actually acquired a small sofa, which needs to be covered, of course. I think I see your questioning look at this piece of news: 'A sofa? Just now, above all, when there had been so much else done and to pay for! This little woman is

falling away from her hitherto thrifty character, and become downright extravagant.' Never fear! this little woman knows what she is about; the sofa costs you simply nothing at all! Neither have I sillily paid four or five pounds away for it out of my own private purse. It is a sofa which I have known about for the last year and half. The man who had it asked 4*l.* 10*s.* for it; was willing to sell it without mattress or cushions for 2*l.* 10*s.* I had a spare mattress which I could make to fit it, and also pillows lying by of no use. But still, 2*l.* 10*s.* was more than I cared to lay out of my own money on the article, so I did a stroke of trade with him. The old green curtains of downstairs were become filthy; and, what was better, superfluous. No use could be made of them, unless first dyed at the rate of 7*d.* per yard; it was good to be rid of them, that they might not fill the house with moths, as those sort of woollen things lying by always do; so I sold them to the broker for thirty shillings; I do honestly think more than their value; but I higgled a full hour with him, and the sofa had lain on his hands. So you perceive there remained only one pound to pay; and that I paid with Kitty Kirkpatrick's sovereign, which I had laid aside not to be appropriated to my own absolutely individual use. So there is a sofa created in a manner by the mere wish to have it.

Oh, what nonsense clatter I do write to thee! Bless you, dearest, anyhow.

Affectionately your own,

JANE CARLYLE.

[I did go to Dunbar battle-field, remember vividly my survey there, my wild windy walk from Haddington thither and back; bright Sunday, but gradually the windiest I was ever out in; head wind (west), on my return, would actually hold my hat against my breast for minutes together. It was days before I got the sand out of my hair again. Saw East Lothian, all become a treeless 'Corn Manchester'—a little more money in its pocket—and of piety, to God or man, or mother-earth, how much left? At Linton in the forenoon, I noticed lying on the green, many of them with Bibles, some 150 decent Highlanders; last remnant of the old 'Highland reapers' here; and round them, in every quarter, such a herd of miserable, weak, restless 'wild Irish,' their conquerors and successors here, as filled me with a kind of rage and sorrow at once; all in ragged grey frieze, 3,000 or 4,000 of them, aimless, restless, hungry, senseless, more like apes than men; swarming about, leaping into bean-fields, turnip-fields, and out again, asking you 'the toime, sir.'—I almost wondered the Sabbatarian country did not rise on them, fling the whole lot into the Frith. Sabbatarian country never dreamt of such a thing, and I could not do it myself; I merely told them 'the toime, sir.'

The excellent old Misses Donaldson, how kind, how good, and sad; I never saw one of them again. Vacant, sad, was Haddington to me: sternly sad the grave which has now become hers as well! I have seen it twice since.—T. C.

LETTER 57.

Brother 'John' is on the way to Italy—never one of the quietest of men in this house!—'Time and Space,' &c., is a story of Mrs. Austin's, about two metaphysical spouses (I quite forget whom) on their wedding day: 'Come, my dear one, and let us have,' &c.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Thursday, Aug. 31, 1843.

Dearest,—The enclosed note from John arrived last night, along with yours announcing his departure for Liverpool. I wish he had been coming after you, or even with you. I had set my heart on your hauselling the clean house yourself, and that there would have been a few days in peace to inspect its curiosities and niceties before he came plunging in to send all the books afloat, and litter the floors with first and second and third and fourth scrawls of *verfehlt* letters. But, like Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, *son talent est d'être toujours hors de propos*! If he cared about seeing oneself, it would be quite different; but if the house would go on like those charming palaces one reads of in the fairy tales, where clothes are found hanging ready at the fire to be put on by the wearied traveller, and a table comes up through the floor all spread to appease his hunger, oneself might be a thousand miles off, or, like the enchanted Princess of these establishments, might be running

about in the shape of a 'little mouse,' without his contentment being disturbed, or indeed anything but increased, by the blank. Howsomdever!—Only, when you come, I shall insist on going into some room with you, and locking the door, till we have had a quiet comfortable talk about 'Time and Space,' untormented by his *blether*. Meanwhile, 'the duty nearest hand' is to get on the stair-carpet that he may run up and down more softly.

LETTER 58.

From the Dunbar expedition I seem to have gone again to Scotsbrig for a few final days; thence homewards, round by Edinburgh, by Kirkcaldy, and at length by Linlathen, for the sake of a Dundee steamer, in which I still remember to have come hence. Vivid enough still that day of my embarkation at Dundee; between Dunbar and that, almost nothing of distinct. 'The good Stirlings' are Susan Hunter, of St. Andrews, and her husband, a worthy engineer, now resident at Dundee—pleasant house on the sea-shore, where I must have called, but found them gone out. The good Susan (I remember hearing afterwards) had, from her windows, with a prospect-glass, singled me out on the chaotic deck of the steamer about to leave; and kept me steadily in view for about an hour, in spite of the crowds and confusions, till we actually steamed away. Which seemed curious! An hour or two before, in driving thither from Linlathen, I distinctly recognised, on the pathway, John Jeffrey ('Frank' or Lord Jeffrey's brother), quiet, amiable man, with his face (which was towards me, but intent on the constitutional walk only) grown strangely red since I had

seen him; the guest of these Stirlings I could well guess, and indeed not far from their house. He died soon after; my last sight of him this.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at T. Erskine's, Esq., Linlathen, Dundee.

Chelsea: Sept. 12 (?), 1843.

Dearest,—I could almost have cried, last night, when the letter I had sent off on Thursday came back to me from Scotsbrig; though I knew, after receiving yours from Dumfries, that it would not reach you there, I made sure of their sending it on to Edinburgh, and that so there would be something for you at the post-office. But for this fond illusion I should not have let a slight headache, combined with a great washing of blankets, hinder me from doing your bidding in that small matter. When you are so unfailing in writing to me—and such kind, good letters—it were a shame indeed if I wilfully disappointed you. You will not have been anxious anyhow I hope, for that would be a worse effect of my silence than to have made you angry with me.

All is going on here as well as could be expected; not so comfortably indeed as when I was alone, but I shall 'be good,' you may depend upon it, 'till you come.' John arrived in due course, in a sort of sublimely self-complacent state, enlarging much on his general usefulness wherever he had been! Since then I have had his company at all meals, and he

reads in the same room with me, in the evenings, a great many books simultaneously, which he rummages out one after another from all the different places where I had arranged them in the highest order. The rest of his time is spent as you can figure: going out and in, up and down, backwards and forwards; smoking, and playing with the cat in the garden; writing notes in his own room and your room alternately; and pottering about Brompton, looking at Robertson's lodgings and Gambardella's lodgings over and over again, with how much of a practical view no mortal can tell. For just when I thought he was deciding for Gambardella's, he came in and told me that he thought he would have an offer from Lady Clare's brother to go to Italy, and expressed astonishment on my saying that I had understood he did not want to go back to Italy. 'Why not? He could not afford to set up as doctor here, and keep up a large house that would be suitable for the purpose.' That is always a subject of discussion which brings the image of my own noble father before me; making a contrast, under which I cannot argue without losing all temper. So I quitted it as fast as possible, and he has not told me anything more of his views. I should really be sorry for him, weltering 'like a fly among treacle' as he is, if it were not for his self-conceit, which seems to be

always saying to one, '—— you, be wae for yoursel!'[1]

I have nothing to tell you of the news sort, and of the inner-woman sort; I feel as if I had now only to await your coming in silence. The note from Cole came this morning. Nickison's was returned from Scotsbrig along with my letter last night. Do not forget that we have a cousin in Fife.[2] The thing being a novelty might easily slip your memory, and if you go back to Edinburgh do try to see poor Betty,[3] who would be made happy for a year by the sight of any of us. Her address is 15 East Adam Street: my aunts', in case you should have any leisure for them, is 30 Clarence Street. And Sam Aitken?[4]

I do not see how you are to get home by Saturday's steamer, after all. If you go to Dundee, you might spend a day very pleasantly with those good Stirlings, besides there being 'St. Thomas'[5] to see. Do not hurry yourself an hour on my account: all will go well till you come. Remember me kindly to everybody that cares for me; if you have time, look

[1] A conceited, quizzing man, to poor Rae, an industrious simpleton, nursing his baby at that moment, on the street of Ecclefechan: 'Rae, I's wae for you.' 'Damn ye, be wae for yersel!' answered Rae sharply, with laughter from the bystanders.

[2] Rev. Walter Welsh, Auchtertool.

[3] 'Betty' is the old servant at Haddington, now married, in Edinburgh, still living near; one of the most pious, true, and affectionate of women.

[4] Obliging bookseller, successor of Bradfute.

[5] T. Erskine, of Linlathen, to whom I did go. Home thence by steamer.

in on Helen's sister,[1] and say I have been very well satisfied with her this long while.

Poor Macready called to take leave of me and to leave with me his 'grateful regards' for you. His little wife, who accompanied him, looked the very picture of woe. I could not help thinking, if he met the fate of Power.[2] And when I bade him farewell I turned quite sick myself in sympathy with the little woman. Garnier was back last night uncommonly sane, with a very bad coat, but clean; had been working very hard, and drinking, I should say, not at all.

God bless you, dear; thank you a thousand times for all that you told me in your last two letters; they were very sad but very precious to me.

Your affectionate

JANE C.

LETTER 59.

To John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Chelsea: Friday morning, Sept. 1843.

Oh, my good Brother,—For two things accept my 'unmitigated' thanks! First for having done the King of Prussia so famously that the innocent heart of old Krazinski leapt for joy;—secondly for a more 'questionable' kindness, viz., having done for Strafford! Hang the 'Legitimate Drammar!' or in my husband's more poetical dialect, 'the devil fly away

[1] At Kirkcaldy.

[2] Comic Irish actor, sailed to America, had 'splendid success' there. On the return voyage steamer itself went down; mouse and man never heard of more.

with it!' I have told him (Sterling) all along that it was poor stuff, and had better not see the light, or at least have the light see it. But, no! it was a great and glorious piece of work in its author's opinion; and I, and all who failed to recognise it for such, were blinded by envy or some other of the evil passions. I was so glad you did not praise it, and so undo all the salutary influence which my abuse of it might ultimately exert on him.

My husband is likely to turn up here in about a week. His shadow (his brother) is cast before him, —arrived last night.

LETTER 60.

I had sent out 'Past and Present' I think in the early part of this summer, and then gone on a lengthened tour of expected 'recreation' into Wales (to my poor friend Redwood at Llandough, Cowbridge, there), thence to Carmarthen (three days) to the Bishop of St. David's there, days mostly wet; thence by Malvern to Liverpool; met my brother, and with him to North Wales (top of Snowdon cloaked in thick mist on our arrival there)—at Bethgellert and Tremadoc deluges of rain, &c. &c.—back to Liverpool, and thence to Annandale for three weeks; after all which home to Chelsea, as noticed in this letter; all the subsequent details of which rise gradually into clearness, generally of a painful nature to me. The fittings and refittings for me full of loving ingenuity, the musical young lady other side the wall; the general dreary and chaotic state of inward man while struggling to get 'Cromwell' started, all this and the bright ever-cheering presence in it, literally the only cheering element there

was, comes back into my heart with a mournful gratitude at this moment.

'The Mudies' were two grown daughters of a Mr. Mudie whom I recollect hearing of about 1818 as a restless, somewhat reckless, and supreme schoolmaster at Dundee. He had thrown up his function there in about 1820, and marched off to London as a literary adventurer. Here for above twenty years he did manage to subsist and float about in the 'mother of dead dogs,' had even considerable success of a kind; wrote a great many miscellaneous volumes mostly about natural history, I think, which were said to display diligence and merit, and to have brought him considerable sums. But by this time the poor fellow had broken down, had died and left a family, mostly daughters, with a foolish widow, and next to no provision whatever for them. The case was abundantly piteous, but it was not by encouragement from me, to whom it seemed from the first hopeless, that my dear one entered into it with such zeal and determination. Her plans were, I believe, the wisest that could be formed, and the trouble she took was very great. I remember these Mudies—flary, staring, and conceited, stolid-looking girls, thinking themselves handsome, being brought to live with us here, to get out of the maternal element, while 'places' were being prepared for them; but no amount of trouble was, or could be, of the least avail. The wretched stalking blockheads stalked fatefully, in spite of all that could be done or said, steadily downwards toward perdition, and sank altogether out of view. There was no want of pity in this house. I never knew a heart more open to the sufferings of others, and to the last she persisted in attempts at little operations for behoof of such; but had to admit that except in one or two small instances she had done no good to the unfortunate objects she attempted to aid.—T. C., March 1873.

Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

October 1843.

My dear Jane,—Carlyle returned from his travels very bilious, and continues very bilious up to this hour. The amount of bile that he does bring home to me, in these cases, is something 'awfully grand!'[1] Even through that deteriorating medium he could not but be struck with a 'certain admiration' at the immensity of needlework I had accomplished in his absence, in the shape of chair-covers, sofa-covers, window curtains, &c. &c., and all the other manifest improvements into which I had put my whole genius and industry, and so little money as was hardly to be conceived![2] For three days his satisfaction over the rehabilitated house lasted; on the fourth, the young lady next door took a fit of practising on her accursed pianoforte, which he had quite forgotten seemingly, and he started up disenchanted in his new library, and informed heaven and earth in a peremptory manner that 'there he could neither think nor live,' that the carpenter must be brought back and 'steps taken to make him a quiet place somewhere—perhaps best of all on the roof of the house.' Then followed interminable consultations with the said carpenter, yielding, for some days, only plans

[1] Newspaper phrase.

[2] Literally and arithmetically true, thou noble darling! richer to me than all the duchesses of the creation!

(wild ones) and estimates. The roof on the house could be made all that a living author of irritable nerves could desire: silent as a tomb, lighted from above; but it would cost us 120*l.*! Impossible, seeing that we may be turned out of the house any year! So one had to reduce one's schemes to the altering of rooms that already were. By taking down a partition and instituting a fire-place where no fire-place could have been fancied capable of existing, it is expected that some bearable approximation to that ideal room in the clouds will be realised. But my astonishment and despair on finding myself after three months of what they call here 'regular mess,' just when I had got every trace of the workpeople cleared away, and had said to myself, 'Soul, take thine ease, or at all events thy swing, for thou hast carpets nailed down and furniture rubbed for many days!' just when I was beginning to lead the dreaming, reading, dawdling existence which best suits me, and alone suits me in cold weather, to find myself in the thick of a new 'mess:' the carpets, which I had nailed down so well with my own hands, tumbled up again, dirt, lime, whitewash, oil, paint, hard at work as before, and a prospect of new cleanings, new sewings, new arrangements stretching away into eternity for anything I see! 'Well,' as my Helen says (the strangest mixture of philosopher and perfect idiot that I have met with in my life), 'when

one's doing this, one's doing nothing else anyhow!' And as one ought to be always doing something, this suggestion of hers has some consolation in it.

John has got a very pleasant lodging, in the solitude of which it is to be hoped he may discover 'what he wanted and what he wants.'[1] There is an old man who goes about singing here, and accompanying himself on the worst of fiddles, who has a song about Adam that John should lend all his ears to: it tells about all his comforts in Paradise, and then adds that he nevertheless was at a loss; to be sure,

> 'He had all that was pleasant in life,
> But the all-wise, great Creator
> Saw that he wanted a wife!'[2]

But you could form no notion of the impressiveness of this song unless you could hear the peculiar jerk in the fiddle in the middle of the last line, and the old

[1] Character in one of Zechariah Werner's plays.

[2] In a quiet street near Covent Garden, one sunny day, with a considerable straggle of audience, I found this artist industriously fiddling and singing what seemed to be a succinct doggerel 'History of Man' (in Paradise as yet). Artist was not very old, but wanted the front teeth; was rather dirty, had a beard of three weeks, &c., and for the rest a look of great assiduity and earnestness in his vocation; insisting on longs and shorts, with clear emphasis, by fiddle and voice. These were the words I heard (accentuated as here):—

> 'E (Adam evidently) 'ad 'ounds and 'osses for 'unting,
> 'E 'ad all things was pleasant in life;
> The all-wise grēat Creātŏr [*with a deep scrape of the fiddle*]
> Saw that 'ē wanted a wife.'

Ay de mi! how strange at this moment (April 29, 1869)!

man's distribution of emphasis on the different words of it.

Here is come a son of Mrs. Strachey's, to be talked to; wersh enough, but there is no help for it. I do not think you shall have such reason to reproach me again, now that the ice is broken.

Kind regards to your husband God keep you all.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle fills out the picture of the 'domestic earthquake' in a letter to Mrs. Stirling.

'Up went all the carpets which my own hands had nailed down, in rushed the troop of incarnate demons, bricklayers, joiners, whitewashers, &c., whose noise and dirt and dawdling had so lately driven me to despair. Down went a partition in one room, up went a new chimney in another. Helen, instead of exerting herself to stave the torrent of confusion, seemed to be struck (no wonder) with temporary idiotcy; and my husband himself, at sight of the uproar he had raised, was all but wringing his hands and tearing his hair, like the German wizard servant who has learnt magic enough to make the broomstick carry water for him, but had not the counter spell to stop it. Myself could have sat down and cried, so little strength or spirit I had left to front the pressure of my circumstances. But crying makes no way; so I went about sweeping and dusting as

an example to Helen; and held my peace as an example to my husband, who verily, as Mazzini says of him, 'loves silence somewhat platonically.' It was got through in the end, this new hubbub; but, when my husband proceeded to occupy his new study, he found that devil a bit he could write in it any more than beside the piano; 'it was all so strange to him!' The fact is, the thing he has got to write—his long projected life of Cromwell—is no joke, and no sort of room can make it easy, and he has been ever since shifting about in the saddest way from one room to another, like a sort of domestic wandering Jew! He has now a fair chance, however, of getting a settlement effected in the original library; the young lady next door having promised to abstain religiously from playing till two o'clock, when the worst of his day's work is over. Generous young lady! But it must be confessed, the seductive letter he wrote to her the other day was enough to have gained the heart of a stone.

Alas, one can make fun of all this on paper; but in practice it is anything but fun, I can assure you. There is no help for it, however; a man cannot hold his genius as a sinecure.

LETTER 61.

To John Welsh, Esq., Liverpool.

Chelsea: Tuesday night, Nov. 28, 1843.

Uncle dear!—How are you? I kiss you from ear to ear, and I love you very considerably; 'hoping to find you the same.'

The spirit moves me to write to you just at this unlikeliest moment (for my spirit is a contradictory spirit), when the influenza has left me with scarce faculty enough to spell words of more than one syllable. I caught the horrid thing a week ago, by destiny, through no indiscretion of my own, which is a consolation of a certain sort. For it does form a most 'aggravating' ingredient in one's suffering to be held responsible for it; to be told 'this comes of your going to such a place, or doing such a thing; if you had taken my advice' &c. &c.! But this time I had been going nowhere, doing nothing in the least degree questionable; the utmost lark I had engaged in for months being to descend at Grange's (Babbie knows the place) in the course of my last drive with old Sterling, and there refresh exhausted nature with a hot jelly, and one modest sponge cake. It would have been no harm, I think, had the influenza taken, instead of temperate me, a personage who sat on the next chair to us at the said Grange's, and before whose bottomless appetite all

the surrounding platefuls of cakes disappeared like reek! His companion, who was treating him, finally snatched up a large pound-cake, cut it into junks, and handed him one after another on the point of a knife, till that also had gone *ad plura*. The dog, for it was with a dog that I had the honour of lunching that day, appeared to consume pound-cake as my Penfillan grandfather professed to eat cheese, 'purely for diversion!'

By the way, it must have been a curious sight for the starved beggars, who hang about the doors of such places, to see a dog make away with as much cake in five minutes as would have kept them in bread for a week, or weeks! Bad enough for them to see human beings, neither bonnier perhaps, nor wiser, nor, except for the clothes on their backs, in any way better than themselves, eating hot jelly, and such like delicacies, while they must go without the necessaries of life. But a dog! really that was stretching the injustice to something very like impiety, it strikes me.

I should like to know the name of 'the gentleman as belonged to that dog.' He seemed, by his equipment and bearing, a person holding some rank in the world, besides the generical rank of fool; and should one find him some other day maintaining in Parliament that 'all goes well,' it would throw some light on the worth of his opinion to know that his dog may have as much pound-cake at Grange's as it likes to eat!

That however was the last social fact which I witnessed, having been since laid up at home, and part of the time in bed. I do not know why the solitude of a bedroom should be so much more solitary than the solitude of other places, but so I find it. When my husband is at work, I hardly ever see his face from breakfast till dinner; and when it rains, as often even when it does not rain, no living soul comes near me, to speak one cheerful word; yet, so long as I am in, what the French call, my 'room of reception,' it never occurs to me to feel lonely. But, send me to my bedroom for a day, to that great red bed in which I have transacted so many head-aches, so many influenzas! and I feel as if I were already half buried! Oh, so lonely! as in some intermediate stage betwixt the living world and the dead!

I sometimes think that, were I to remain there long, I should arrive in the end at prophesying, like my great great ancestors! Solitude has such a power of blending past, present, and future, far and near, all into one confused jumblement, in which I wander about like a disembodied spirit, that has put off the beggarly conditions of time and space: and that I take to be a first development of the spirit of prophecy in one.

The letters of Babbie used to be no small comfort to me when I was ailing; but Babbie, since she went

to Scotland, has had other things to do, it would seem, than writing to me. Babbie's beautiful constancy in writing has, like many other beautiful things of this earth, succumbed to the force of circumstances. Ah, yes! what young lady can withstand the force of circumstances?

Circumstances are the young lady's destiny: it is only when she has lived long enough to have tried conclusions with the real destiny that she learns to know the difference, and learns to submit herself peaceably to the one, and to say to the other, that humbug force of circumstances, 'But I will! *je le veux, moi!*' Oh, it is the grand happiness of existence when one can break through one's circumstances by a strong will, as Samson burst the cords of the Philistines! Isn't it, uncle? You should know, if any man does! you who are—permit me, I mean it entirely in a complimentary sense—so very, very wilful. But as for my sweet Babbie, her volition is not yet adequate to breaking the pack-threads of the Lilliputians, never to speak of cords of the Philistines.

And meanwhile, what can one do for her, but just what poor Edward Irving counselled certain elders to do, who once waited upon him at Annan to complain of the backslidings of their minister, and ask his (Edward's) advice under the same. Edward, having listened to their catalogue of enormities, knit his brows, meditated some moments, and then

answered succinctly, 'My good friends, you had best pray for him to the Lord!'

My American was immensely pleased with your reception of him. That is the only American whom I have found it possible to be civil to this great long while.

Oh, such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee I have seen since! Coming in from a drive one forenoon, I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library; 'he said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been,' said she, 'in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in that you had left your watch on the table!'

I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorised settler with my own eyes; a tall, lean, red-herring-looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, which he was sitting writing at, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters all lying about; and running his eyes over me, from head to foot, said, 'Oh, you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?' An inclination of the head, intended to be hauteur itself, was all the answer he got. 'Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?' said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word. Another inclination of the head, even slighter than the first. 'I have come a great way out of my

road,' said he, 'to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation, and, as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am waiting till he comes in; but in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter, here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle!' Having reseated himself without invitation of mine, I turned on my heel and quitted the room, determined not to sit down in it while the Yankee stayed.

But about half an hour after came Darwin and Mr. Wedgwood: and, as there was no fire in the room below, they had to be shown up to the library, where, on my return, I found the Yankee still seated in Carlyle's chair, very actively doing, as it were, the honours of the house to them. And there he sat upwards of another hour, not one of us addressing a word to him, but he not the less thrusting in his word into all that was said.

Finding that I would absolutely make no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions.

'Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?' 'No!' 'Oh, he doesn't! What does he complain of, Mrs. Carlyle?' 'Of everything!' 'Perhaps he studies too hard;—does he study too hard, Mrs. Carlyle?' 'Who knows?' 'How many hours a day does he study, Mrs. Carlyle?' 'My husband does not work by the clock.' And so on—

his impertinent questions receiving the most churlish answers, but which seemed to patter off the rhinoceros-hide of him as though they had been sugar-plums. At length he declared that Mr. Carlyle was really very long of coming; to which I replied, that it would be still longer before he came.

Whereupon, having informed himself as to all the possible and probable omnibuses, he took himself away, leaving my two gentlemen ready to expire of laughter, and me to fall upon Helen at the first convenient moment for not defending better 'the wooden guardian of our privacy.' But really these Yankees form a considerable item in the ennuis of our mortal life. I counted lately fourteen of them in one fortnight, of whom Dr. Russel was the only one that you did not feel tempted to take the poker to.

If Mr. Carlyle's 'increasing reputation' bore no other fruits but congratulatory Yankees and the like, I should vote for its proceeding to diminish with all possible despatch.

Give my love to the children. A hearty kiss to Maggie for her long letter; for which I was also charged by Mrs. Wedgwood to make her grateful acknowledgments. The governess was plainly not at all advanced enough for Mrs. Wedgwood's children; but Maggie's letter was a gratification to us on its own basis.

And now, dear uncle, if I have not wearied you,

I have wearied myself, which is not at present hard to do, for although the worst of my cold is over, I suppose, I am as weak as a sparrow.

I wish I knew how you exactly are, and what that little demoralised Babbie is doing; for, although she has left my last letter unanswered for nearly three weeks, I cannot help still retaining a certain tenderness for her.

God bless you all.

Ever your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Carlyle is over head and ears in Cromwell—is lost to humanity for the time being.

LETTER 62.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

5 Cheyne Row: Good Friday, March–April, 1844 [?].

My dear Jane,—It is late to thank you for the pretty little mats, later than even an unusual amount of headaches could have excused, had not Mr. C. in the meanwhile conveyed my 'favourable sentiments.' He has probably told you also the fact of my absence for two weeks. I returned from Addiscombe[1] last Saturday, very little set up either in mind or body by my fortnight of dignified idleness. The coldness of the weather prevented my going much into the open air, and within doors the atmosphere at Addis-

[1] Visit to the Barings.

combe is much more chilly than at Cheyne Row; but it is morally good for one, now and then, to fling oneself into circumstances in which one must exert oneself, and consume one's own smoke, even under the pressure of physical ailment. The more I see wealthy establishments, however, the less I wish to preside over one of my own. The superior splendour is overbalanced by the inferior comfort, and the only indisputable advantage of a large fortune—the power of helping other people with it—all these rich people, however good and generous their hearts may have been in the beginning, seem somehow enchanted into never availing themselves of.

I found Carlyle in a bad way, complaining of sore throat and universal misery, and in this state nothing I could say hindered him from walking out in the rain, and his throat became so much worse during the night that I was afraid he was going to be as ill as when poor Becker attended him at Comely Bank. He had asked a gentleman to dinner on Sunday, and two more to tea—Dodds, and John Hunter of Edinburgh, and two more came 'on the voluntary principle,' and all these men I had to receive and entertain, on my own basis; and to show me, I suppose, that they were not too much mortified in finding only me, the unfortunate creatures all stayed till eleven at night. Then I put a mustard blister on the man's throat, and put him to bed with apprehensions

enough; but, to my astonishment, he went almost immediately to sleep, and slept quite peaceably all night, and next morning the throat was miraculously mended. We kept him in bed to breakfast, almost by main force however, and John told him to live on slops to complete his cure; but he told John in very decided Annandale that 'he had a great notion he would follow the direction of Nature in the matter of eating and getting up, and if Nature told him to dine on a chop it would be a clever fellow that should persuade him not to do it.'—[*Remainder lost.*]

LETTER 63.

This summer she ventured on a visit to Liverpool, and friends in that neighbourhood. I was immovably imprisoned in Cromwell intricacies. The 'Wedgwood' must have been not Hensleigh (who was familiar here), but an elder brother of his: amiable, polite people all.

'*Mauvais état.*'—'*Reçu: un Pape en assez mauvais état*,' certified the French officer at some post in the Alps, as Pio VII. (?) was passing through his hands on way to *Fontainebleau*. (Anecdote of Cavaignac's to us.)

'Came to pass,' &c.—A poor Italian painter, *protégé* of Mazzini's, living in some back street of Chelsea, had by ill luck set his chimney on fire; but, by superhuman efforts, to escape the penalty, got it quenched in time. Still, in time, as he hoped; 'when,' said Mazzini, reporting in Mazzini English, 'there came to pass a sweep' who smelt the soot of him; and extorted from him still a guinea of hush-money—the greedy knave.

'Ill na gude' had become proverbial here, on the

following account. Emeritus, very ancient Annandale cattle dealer, to topsman of an accidental cattle-drove on the highway (as reported by himself to William Graham and me): '"Beautiful cattle," c'ai (quoth I); "what might cattle o' that kind lie ye a head?" "I can d'ye naither ill na' (nor) guid!" ' (by blabbing in your market.)

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Liverpool: Monday, June 25, 1844.

Dearest,—It was impossible for me even to aim at sending you any word last night, for in fact I was here in *assez mauvais état;* in other words, quite beside myself. I had set off on the journey with my imagination in far too lively a state; and accordingly, before I had gone far, 'there came to pass' in me 'something—what shall I say?—strange, upon my honour,' and by the time we had got to Rugby I was in all the agonies of sea sickness, without the sea! It was a great aggravation being cooped up in that small carriage, so ill, with a man I knew so slightly as Mr. Wedgwood. He behaved very well; 'abstained from no attentions,' and at the same time made no fuss, but still I should have preferred being beside an entire stranger. At Birmingham he pressed me to have some coffee; but 'horrible was the idea to me,' both of that, and of the modest repast which I had in my own bag. I took instead a bottle of soda-water, in hopes it would bring the convulsions of my

stomach to a crisis: but it did me 'neither ill nor gude;' and the hope I had been cherishing, of being let lie for half an hour on my back in the ladies' waiting room, also went the way of most of our human hopes, the place being so crowded and the smells from the dining-room so pungent that I was glad to return to the carriage.

Mr. Wedgwood kept insisting to the last moment that I ought to stop at Birmingham, but I knew better than that. Just as the train was starting, the clerk of the station (at least Mr. Wedgwood took him for such) jumped up to the window, touched by compassion for my ghastly appearance, and said to me encouragingly: 'I have told the guard to attend to you, ma'am, and take you out at any station where you may wish to be left!' When Mr. Wedgwood went away I had got over the worst of it, and could laugh at his proposal to ask 'one of some Quakers whom he had seen in a front carriage to take his place in case of my fainting all by myself.' What advantage could there be in providing me with a Quaker, in preference to all others?

The rest of the journey was got over without any more faintings, and I found Helen and Maggie at the station. But, worn out with so much sickness, and having taken nothing from breakfast time but the soda-water, you may fancy I was in no state to resist the horror I had been feeling all the way at the

notion of entering this house again[1]; and when the rest came all about me in the passage, instead of being able to feel glad to see them, something twisted itself about my throat and across my breast as if I were going to be strangled, and I could get no breath without screaming. In fact, I suppose I had been in what they call hysterics, for the first time, and I hope the last, in my life; for it is a very ugly thing, I can tell you—must be just the next thing to being hanged. But it is all over now; and my uncle was so very good to me, he who so hates all that sort of thing, that you would have felt, as I do this morning, quite grateful to him. The girls, of course, were equally good, but their patience was more natural. I have got Alick's room, he having gone out to sleep, and it is all made as nice as possible for me; and, though I did not get much sleep last night, I daresay I shall get on well enough in that department when I am once quieted.

Maggie brought me the prettiest little breakfast to my bedroom: a little plate of strawberries and all sorts of dainties, that looked quite like Templand. It was right to come; though yesterday one would have said, I had really run away from you, and was spending money very distractedly for the purpose of getting myself tormented. Now that I am up I

[1] Bringing back remembrance of her mother.

feel really as well as before I left London, so do not be anyways anxious about me.

Your own

J. C.

LETTER 64.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Liverpool: June 27, 1844.

Thanks, dearest, for your note and the newspaper, which was the best part of my breakfast this morning—not that I had 'lost my happityte.'[1] I slept much better last night, in spite of cocks of every variety of power, a dog, and a considerable rumblement of carts. But the evil of these things is not doubled and tripled for me by the reflection that you were being kept awake by them; and what individual evil there was in them could not get the better of my excessive weariness. I feel as if the out-of-door sounds should not lay hold of my imagination for all the time I am likely to be exposed to them; and within doors all is quiet enough, and they let me go to bed whenever I like.

[1] A patient in the York Asylum (country attorney, I was told), a small, shrivelled, elderly man, sat dining among others, being perfectly harmless, at the governor's table there. He ate pretty fairly; but every minute or two inconsolably flung down his knife and fork, stretched out his palms, and twisting his poor countenance into utter woe, gave a low pathetic howl: 'I've la-ast mi happetayte!' The wretchedst scarecrow of humanity I almost ever saw, who had found *his* 'immeasurable of misery' in that particular 'loss'! Date would be autumn 1819; my first visit to England—not farther south than York as yet.

They are all as kind and considerate as possible—even my uncle, who did not use to make any practical admission that there was such a thing as irritable nerves in the world. I suppose his own illness has taught him sympathy in this matter. I find him looking fully better than I expected, and he does not seem to me worse at walking than when I saw him last; his speech is the worst thing, so thick that I have great difficulty in catching what he says without making him repeat; but this seems as much the result of the loss of his teeth, which he has not supplied, as of anything else. They complain much of his temper; but I have not seen the slightest trace of ill-temper in him since I came, except for a moment yesterday during dinner, when he said some very sharp words to Jeannie, who provoked them in the first instance, and resented them in the second, in a way that quite astonished me, who had never seen her otherwise than imperturbably good-natured. I am afraid my Babbie has been deteriorating in these latter times; she looks most painfully indolent and young ladyish. I have got into no free communication with her yet; alone with me, she is the same gentle, sweet Babbie as ever, but impenetrable. I shall find out what is at the bottom of all this by-and by. Helen is grown more like my aunt Jeannie in all respects: a higher praise one cannot give her. The one that pleases me least of all is Alick: his Toryism

is perfectly insupportable and seems to be awaking reaction even in my uncle. Even the Letter-business [1] Alick defends, because it is the Minister's pleasure. Not so my uncle, for whom your letter had set the thing in its right light; and who honestly confesses, with all devotion to the powers that be, that 'where such things are doing there must come a break-down.'

I have not written to Mrs. Paulet yet. A letter from Geraldine, which was lying for me here, informed me that she (Mrs. Paulet) had been salivated through mistake; her doctor, in meaning to give her ipecacuanha four times a day, had been giving her mercury to that extent. Whereupon Geraldine observes, 'if she were an ugly woman one would not mind it so much.'

I hope you will not find the silence too delicious; there is a moderation to be observed in all things. I wish you to be neither quite miserable nor quite content in my absence; at all events, as long as you are finding the silence a benefit I shall take precious good care to keep away, as I like to have my human speech duly appreciated.

Give my kind remembrances to Helen,[2] and you may tell her, as a thing she will fully appreciate the

[1] Sir James Graham's opening of the Mazzini correspondence, for behoof of Pope and Kaiser, on which I had written something to the *Times*.

[2] The servant.

distress of, that on the way here I got myself all covered over with oil-paint, Heaven knows how; and it has taken nearly a quart of turpentine to clean me (my clothes, I mean).

The little Scotchwoman I sent here welcomed me as if I were come on purpose to see her; she gives great satisfaction, and is grown into a perfect beauty.

Do not, I beg of you, work too hard.

How provoking about the fly![1]

Bless you.

J. C.

LETTER 65.

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Liverpool: July 1, 1844.

Dearest,—I was in considerable perplexity how I should manage on Sunday; for you cannot displease my uncle more than by declining to go to church. As early as Saturday morning he was questioning me as to which church I meant to go. By way of compromise, I murmured something about James Martineau.

Providence, however, kindly took the matter into its own hand, and arranged it so that I stayed at home and yet gave no offence. For when the Sunday morning came, I was sufficiently ill of headache to convince all beholders that I really could not get up; and if I could not get up, it followed that I could not

[1] Had driven home from the station, I suppose, without *me*?—for want of a word or hint in time.

go to church. I rose before dinner, in time to address your newspaper, and to-day I am quite well again—that is to say, as well as one can be, living, as I feel to be doing just now, in a sort of exhausted receiver. The manner of being in this house is really —'what shall I say? strange upon my honour.' The preparation and deliberation, and unwearying earnestness with which they all dress themselves three times a day, is a continual miracle for me, combined as it is with total want of earnestness about everything else in heaven or earth. I declare I am heartily sorry for these girls, so good naturally, so gentle, and even intelligent; and in this absurd way 'sailing down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity, for Christ's sake. Amen.'[1] As for Babbie, she is sunk into the merest young lady of them all. Her indolence is absolutely transcendental, and I cannot flatter myself that it is the reaction of any secret grief; the only confession which, with all my surprising[2] quality, I have been able to draw from her is that 'one ought really to have a little excitement in one's life, and there is none to be got here.' How grateful I ought to be to you, dear, for having rescued me out of the young-lady sphere! It is a thing that I cannot contemplate with the proper toleration.

[1] Mythical grace, before meals, of an embarrassed and bashful man: 'Oh, Lord, we're a' sailing,' &c.

[2] Chinese personage, in the *Two Fair Cousins*, who sees almost into millstones.

I wonder how you are to-day; and if you made out your visit yesterday? I am sure you are working too hard without the interruptions of your Necessary Evil.[1] Do bid Helen, with my kind regards, get you a good large fowl and boil it in four quarters.

Extracts from Liverpool letters.

July 2.—Indeed, dear, you look to be almost unhappy enough already! I do not want you to suffer physically, only morally, you understand, and to hear of your having to take coffee at night and all that gives me no wicked satisfaction, but makes me quite unhappy. It is curious how much more uncomfortable I feel without you, when it is I who am going away from you, and not, as it used to be, you gone away from me. I am always wondering since I came here how I can, even in my angriest mood, talk about leaving you for good and all; for to be sure, if I were to leave you to-day on that principle, I should need absolutely to go back to-morrow to see how you were taking it.

July 5.—My uncle would not be so bad with his Toryism if it were not for Alick egging him on. His feelings as an honest man are always struggling against his prejudices; but the very misgivings he has about the infallibility of his party make him only an angrier partisan, and nothing can be more pro-

[1] Herself—the dear one!

voking than the things he occasionally says. For instance, he told me yesterday that 'Sir James Graham had said he only opened one of Mazzini's letters; if Mazzini said he opened more he was a d——d lying rascal, and everybody knows whether to believe the word of a gentleman like Sir James or of a beggarly refugee turned out of his own country for misconduct. D—— these people! If they got leave to find a shelter here, what right had they to insult the Queen by insulting her allies?' Fancy me swallowing all that without answer! To be sure, the only alternative was to hold my peace altogether, or produce a collision that must have ended in my calling a coach.

July 11. *Seaforth House.*[1]—Mrs. Paulet makes an excellent hostess (morally speaking). Her *ménage* is certainly susceptible of improvement, especially in the article of cooking; but one would prefer living on any sort of victuals not poisoned in such pleasant company to having preparations of these and stupidity therewith.

A Mrs. D., whom you saw once, came the night before last to stay while I stayed. She seems a sen-

[1] Seaforth House is three miles or so down river from Liverpool, Bootleward; a bare kind of big mansion (once Gladstone senior's), in these years rented by the Paulets, extensive merchant people. Paulet was a good, cleverish Genoese; Mrs. Paulet, an early friend of Geraldine Jewsbury, a strange, indolently ingenious, artistic, &c., creature, very reverent of *us* at this time.—T. C.

sible gentlewoman enough—a Unitarian without the doctrines.[1] But I could not comprehend at first why she had been brought, till at last Mrs. Paulet gave me to understand that she was there to use up Miss N.[2] 'Not,' she said, 'that my sister is an illiberal person, though she believes in Christ, and all that sort of thing. She is quite easy to live with; but it will be pleasanter for herself as well as for us that she should have somebody to talk with of her own sort —a Catholic or Unitarian, she doesn't mind which.' After this initiation I can hardly look with gravity on these two shaking their heads into one another's faces and bum-bumming away on religious topics, as they flatter themselves.

You ask where I shall be on my birthday. My dear, in what view do you ask? To send me something? Now I positively forbid you to send me anything but a letter with your blessing. It is a positive worry for you, the buying of things. And what is the chief pleasure of a birthday present? Simply that it is evidence of one's birthday having been remembered; and now I know, without any bothering present, that you have been thinking of it, my poor Good,[3] for ever so long before! So write me a longer letter than usual, and leave presents to those whose

[1] A Lais without the beauty.—C. Lamb.
[2] Mrs. Paulet's sister.
[3] Good is masculine for Goody—my frequent name for her.—T. C.

affection stands more in need of vulgar demonstration than yours does.

July 15, *Seaforth.*—Oh, my darling, I want to give you an emphatic kiss rather than to write! But you are at Chelsea and I at Seaforth, so the thing is clearly impossible for the moment. But I will keep it for you till I come, for it is not with words that I can thank you adequately for that kindest of birthday letters and its small enclosure—touching little key! I cried over it and laughed over it, and could not sufficiently admire the graceful idea—an idea which might come under the category of what Cavaignac used to call '*idées de femme*,' supposed to be unattainable by the coarser sex! And I have put the little key to my chain and shall wear it there till I return.

LETTER 66.

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Chelsea: Wednesday, July 1844.

My dear Mr. Forster,—I understand from my husband that, in the romantic generosity of your own heart, you offered him some books for me, to carry home. 'Ah!' Had you made the proposal to him with a loaded pistol at his breast, he might perhaps have acceded; but merely in the way of social

politeness, and for virtue's own reward, the desperate man that should have stopped him on the streets with the offer of a large paper trunk would have had just the same chance of being listened to. He told you, and had the effrontery to repeat the same excuse to myself, that I seemed to have more books about me than I could read. Women, they say, will always give a varnish of duty to their inclinations. I wonder whether men are any better in always giving to their disinclinations a varnish of justice? What he there told you was true no doubt; but one of those insidious one-sided truths which in the practical application is equivalent to a positive falsehood. I have more books in the house at this moment than I can read; but what did that signify since I have at the same time none that I can read? I have read Milford, partially read Köhle; Mrs. Trollope is impossible, and several others that I have impossible. In fact I am very ill off; and if you will still send me some books by the parcels delivery, they will be a godsend. When I go to the London library, besides its being very difficult for me to get so far, that old white owl bothers me so with his assiduous conversation—which, God knows, one does not go there for—that I quite lose all faculty of choice, and end in bringing away any trash he puts into my hands, generally something which he considers adapted for a lady, and, at the

same time, not likely to be inquired for by his other ladies. So you may fancy. Have patience with the trouble I give you.

Always affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 67.

This was my first visit to the Grange—alas, alas, how tragic-looking now! I perfectly remember the bustle there about the belated postman, and my letter home—which I at length wrote in pencil. I stayed about a week. Proof-sheets of Election to the Long Parliament; visit to Winchester, &c.—'Fleming' is as yet the inconsolable attached of the late Charles Buller; afterwards the gossiping Fribble well known in 'fashionable' society. 'Plattnauer' she had just rescued from a mad-house, and was (with heroic and successful charity) quite taming here into his normal state: our perfectly peaceable guest for about a fortnight! Dismissed, launched again, with outfit, &c., after my return.—T. C.

To Thomas Carlyle, The Grange.

Chelsea: Sept. 10 (?), 1844.

Dearest,—Your note is as lively a little image of discomfort as one could wish to have before coffee. Now, however, you have eaten and slept, and seen the Lady Harriet; and 'all,' I hope, 'will be well,' as Plattnauer says.

For me, I am worried to the last degree: the painter, preparatory to the paperer, instead of ren-

dering himself here at six in the morning, has kept me expecting him till now—just when I am going up to town to 'see after my affairs.' Yesterday was very weary. Mazzini came, then Darwin, then Mr. Fleming, bringing me Mazzini's bust, which is a horror of horrors (oh, no! you certainly shall not sit to that man). They were all mortally stupid, especially Mr. Fleming, of whom one might have carried the simile of the Duck in Thunder to that still more offensive one of 'Jenkin's hen.' Plattnauer came home in the midst, in a state of violent talkativeness —the whole thing looked like Bedlam. At last they all went away; and we ate our boiled mutton in silence, somewhat sullen.

In the evening I went to take a walk with him, and met little B—— a few steps from the door, who accompanied us in the walk, and came in to tea and sat there gabbing till ten o'clock. Plattnauer was seized with such a detestation of him that he could not stay in the room for ten minutes together. He told me he had been 'strongly tempted to seize a poker and dash his brains out, and so put an end to his eternal clack in that way, since nothing else could stop it.' I suggested to him somewhat sternly that it did not become one visitor in a house to dash out the brains of another—a statement which he at once perceived and admitted the justice of.

And now good-bye, Mr. Good; for I have *de*

grandes choses à faire; and nothing since yesterday to write about that cannot be put into three words—God bless you.

Your affectionate

J. C.

LETTER 68.

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., The Grange.

Chelsea: Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1844.

Dearest,—I have absolutely no composure of soul for writing just now. The fact is, I have undertaken far more this time than human discretion would have dreamt of putting into one week; knowing your horror of sweeps and carpet-beaters and 'all that sort of thing,' I would, in my romantic self-devotion, sweep all the chimneys and lift all the carpets before you came; and had you arrived this day, as you first proposed, you would have found me still in a regular mess, threatening to thicken into 'immortal smash.' But by Thursday I hope to have 'got everything satisfactorily arranged,' as poor Plattnauer is always saying.

And there have been so many other things to take me up, besides the sweeps, &c. Almost every evening somebody has been here. The evening of the Bullers' departure Jenkin's Hen[1] came, pale as a

[1] Fleming. To 'die the death of Jenkin's hen' expressed, in Annandale, the maximum of pusillanimity.

candle, with a red circle round each eye which was very touching ;—he had evidently been crying himself quite sick and sore. Lady Lewis [1] had invited him to dine with her ; but, ' he could not go there, he could not eat any dinner, he was afraid to go home to his own silent house—he thought I could understand his feelings, and so had come to pass the evening with me.' What a gift of understanding people's feelings I am supposed to have—*moi* ! Oh, my dear, the cat produced two kittens in your bed this morning, and we have drowned them—and now she also thinks I can understand her feelings, and is coming about my feet mewing in a way that quite wrings my heart. Poor thing ! I never saw her take on so badly before.

Well ! but on Saturday night Helen had just gone to seek sugar for the tea when a rap came, which I preferred answering myself to allowing Plattnauer to answer it, and—oh, Heavens !—what should I see in the dark opening ? A little human phenomenon, in a triple cornered hat ! Bishop * * * again ! I screamed, a good, genuine, horrified scream ! Whereupon he stept in—and, as the devil would have it—on my bad toe ! and then I uttered a series of screams which made Plattnauer savage with him for the rest of the evening. He had come up to seek himself a new assistant, the old one being promoted. There is no

[1] The late C. Buller's aunt.

end to his calls to London! But he was plainly mortally afraid of Plattnauer, who as good as told him he was 'one of the windbags,' and will not trouble us again I think while he is here.

Yesterday afternoon came Henry Taylor, but only for a few minutes; he had been unexpectedly 'turned adrift on our shores,' and could only wait till a Wandsworth steamer should come up. I was very kind to him, and he looked as if he could have kissed me for being glad to see him—Oh, how odd! I put on my bonnet, and went with him to the boat; and he complimented me on going out without gloves or shawl. I was the first woman he had ever found in this world who could go out of her house without at least a quarter of an hour's preparation! They have taken a house at Mortlake, near Richmond.

But there is no possibility of telling you all the things I have to tell at this writing. They will keep till you come. Only let me not forget to say there is an American letter come for John, which I send on by this day's post.

Your letter, written apparently on Saturday, was not read by me till yesterday afternoon; the postman came so long after twelve when I had been under the imperative necessity to go out. Give my love to Mr. Baring.

Ever your distracted

Goody.

LETTER 69.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Nov. 5, 1844.

My dearest Mrs. Russell,—I suspect that my Man-of-Genius-Husband has forgotten old Mary as completely as if she had never been born, Oliver Cromwell having, as the servants at Craigenputtock used to say, 'taken the whole gang to himsel'.' The wife of Sir Fowell Buxton has been many times heard to wish that the Blacks (her husband's fixed idea) were all at the bottom of the Red Sea ; and I am afraid I have often been undutiful enough, of late months, to wish the memory of Cromwell at the bottom of *Something* where I might hear less about it. It is at the bottom of Rubbish enough, I am sure, to judge from the tremendous ransacking of old folios and illegible manuscripts which Carlyle is still going on with ; but still he manages to bring it up, in season and out of season, till I begin to be weary of him (the Protector), great man though he was. But as everything comes to an end with patience, he will probably get himself written at last, and printed, and published ; and then my husband will return to a consciousness of his daily life, and I shall have peace from the turmoils of the Commonwealth. For, if Carlyle thinks of nothing else but his Book whilst he is writing it, one has always this consolation, that he is the first to forget it when it is written.

Meanwhile, to return to old Mary, I send an order for three sovereigns from my own 'pin money' (which is ample enough) to keep her poor old soul and body together a little longer. And I shall not tell Carlyle that I have done so, as I know it would vex him that he should have needed to be 'put in mind;'—so that, if he sends another supply shortly, you will understand the mystery of this double sending.

I wonder how you are all at Thornhill. It seems so long since I have heard a word of news from that place, which I think of more than any other in the world; I shall hear from you one of these days, and understand that 'the smallest contributions will be gratefully received.'

I had a letter from Liverpool a week ago, and all was going on well there—my uncle better than he had been some little while before. Jeannie and Maggie are at Auchtertool with Walter, leading a very good-for-nothing life there according to their own account of it—engaged in perpetual tea-drinkings with 'people whom they can take no pleasure in,' and 'making themselves amends in sitting at home with their feet on the fender, talking over the absurdities of the said people.' Whereupon I have written Jeannie a very scolding letter, which, it is to be feared, will share the common fate of all good advice in this world—make her angry at me, without putting a stop either to the tea-drinkings with people 'one

can take no pleasure in,' or the idle practice of sitting with her feet on the fender, and still worse practice of laughing at one's neighbours' absurdities rather than one's own.

We have dreadfully cold weather here, but I have no influenza as yet—am on the whole well enough for all practical purposes.

With kindest regards to your father and husband,

Ever, dear Mrs. Russell,

Affectionately yours,

JANE C.

From Mrs. Carlyle's Note Book.[1]

April 13, 1845.—To-day, oddly enough, while I was engaged in re-reading Carlyle's 'Philosophy of Clothes,' Count d'Orsay walked in. I had not seen him for four or five years. Last time he was as gay in his colours as a humming-bird—blue satin cravat, blue velvet waistcoat, cream-coloured coat, lined with velvet of the same hue, trousers also of a bright colour, I forget what; white French gloves, two glorious breast pins attached by a chain, and length enough of gold watch-guard to have hanged himself in. To-day, in compliment to his five more years, he was all in black and brown—a black satin cravat, a brown velvet waistcoat, a brown coat, some shades

[1] Only fragments of these note books survive. Most of them were destroyed by Mrs. Carlyle herself.

darker than the waistcoat, lined with velvet of its own shade, and almost black trousers, one breast-pin, a large pear-shaped pearl set into a little cup of diamonds, and only one fold of gold chain round his neck, tucked together right on the centre of his spacious breast with one magnificent turquoise. Well! that man understood his trade; if it be but that of dandy, nobody can deny that he is a perfect master of it, that he dresses himself with consummate skill! A bungler would have made no allowance for five more years at his time of life; but he had the fine sense to perceive how much better his dress of to-day sets off his slightly enlarged figure and slightly worn complexion, than the humming-bird colours of five years back would have done. Poor D'Orsay! he was born to have been something better than even the king of dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of the sort that belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen many degrees. The only thing that fell from him to-day worth remembering was his account of a mask he had seen of Charles Fox, 'all punched and flattened as if he had slept in a book.'

Lord Jeffrey came, unexpected, while the Count was here. What a difference! the prince of critics and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beau-

tiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's! The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to in a looking-glass; while the dark penetrating ones of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into millstones.

Jeffrey told us a very characteristic trait of Lord Brougham. He (Brougham) was saying that some individual they were talking of would never get into aristocratic society: first, because his manners were bad, and secondly, said Brougham, because there is such a want of truth (!) in him. In aristocratic society there is such a quick tact for detecting everything unveracious that no man who is not true can ever get on in it! 'Indeed!' said Jeffrey, 'I am delighted to hear you give such a character of the upper classes; I thought they had been more tolerant.' 'Oh,' said Brougham, 'I assure you it is the fact: any man who is deficient in veracity immediately gets tabooed in the aristocratic circles.'

The force of impudence could no further go.

April.—After I had been in London a short time my husband advised me—ironically, of course—to put an advertisement in the window 'House of refuge for stray dogs and cats.' The number of dogs and cats in distressed circumstances who imposed them-

selves on my country simplicity was in fact prodigious. Now it strikes me I might put in the window more appropriately, 'General audit office for all the miseries of the universe.' Why does every miserable man and woman of my acquaintance come to me with his and her woes, as if I had no woes of my own, nothing in the world to do but to console others? *Ach Gott!* my head is getting to be a perfect chaos of other people's disasters and despairs. Here has been that ill-fated C. J.—Next—but to begin at the beginning—returning from the savings bank I observed in the King's Road a child of 'the lower orders,' about two years old, in the act, it seemed, of dissolving all away into tears. A crowd of tatterdemalion boys had gathered about it; but the genteel of both sexes were passing by on the other side. Of course I stopped and inquired, and learnt from the boys that the child was lost. There was no time for consideration if I meant to save the creature from going all into water, so I took its little hand, and bade it give over crying and I would help it to find its mother. It clung to me quite trustfully and dried itself up, and toddled along by my side. The *cortège* of boys dropped off by degrees, and then I fell to questioning my foundling, but with the blankest result. Of its name it knew not a syllable, nor of the street where it lived. Two words, 'Up here,' 'up here,' seemed to constitute its whole vocabulary. In

pursuance of this direction, I led it into Manor Street; but in the midst it stood still with a mazed look, and proved that it had yet another monosyllable by screaming 'No, no.' Here we were joined by a lad of fourteen smoking a short pipe, and carrying a baby a degree smaller than mine. He evidently suspected I was stealing the child, and felt it his duty not to lose sight of me and it. Nay, he took its other hand without asking, 'by your leave,' and I, suspecting his intent, though not very flattering to me, did not protest. By-and-by he hailed a bigger lad, and with cockney silence deposited his own baby in the arms of the other, put his short pipe into his pocket (a move which I was really thankful for) and so remained free to devote himself to my baby with heart and hand. By this time my baby was wearied, and so was I, so I begged the boy, since he would accompany me, to carry it to my house, as there was clearly no chance of our discovering its home. In the boy's arms my baby grew a little more expansive. 'Have you a father?' the boy asked it. Answer, an inarticulate sound. 'Is your father living?' asked the boy more loudly. The child smiled sweetly, and said, so that we could understand: 'I have a pretty brother, and they put him in a pretty coffin.' Ah, me! At the bottom of my own street I met two policemen, whom I asked how I should proceed to get the child restored to its family. 'Send it to the

police station.' That I would not. 'Then send your address to the police station.' That I would. So I gave the boy sixpence and sent him, when he had set down the child at my own door, to the station house with a slip of paper—

'Stray child at Mrs. Carlyle's,
'No. 5 Cheyne Row.'

The boy went off with an evident change in his feeling towards me, through the fact, I suppose, of my having spoken to the policeman, and partly perhaps on account of my respectable-looking house, and the sixpence. Helen was at work in the bedrooms, so I was obliged to keep my child in the room with me, that it might not fill the house with wail, to the astonishment and wrath of my husband at his writing, as it would have been sure to do if left all alone in the kitchen.

And now *ecco la combinazióne*. On the table was a note, which had been left, Helen said, by a young lady, who looked so distressed at finding me out that she, Helen, had invited her to come in and wait for me, but she preferred waiting at some shop in the neighbourhood. I opened the note with a presentiment that somebody's 'finer sensibilities of the heart' were about to get me into new trouble, and so it was. This lady, whom I had seen but once in my life, 'felt it due to herself to make some disclosures to me; in

addition to certain awkward disclosures already made to me on her subject, 'and to throw herself on my mercy for advice under a new misfortune.' And the child! I could not refuse to see anyone who had come so great a way, and with such prodigious faith, to 'throw herself on my mercy,' but how to keep the child quiet during her 'disclosures'? I saw only one chance, to give it as much butter and bread and hard biscuit as would suffice to keep it munching for an hour or two: and this was forthwith brought, and with that consideration for *les détails*, which Cavaignac used to call my ruling passion, a table-cloth was spread on my new carpet, in the midst of which the child was placed, that whatever mess it might create should be without permanent consequences. My preparations were hardly completed when the lady arrived—how changed since our former interview! I had never before found myself in the presence of a woman in my own sphere of life in such a situation. I have a strong prejudice against women 'in such a situation' in the abstract. It indicates such stupidity. But this poor woman in the concrete, covered with crimson and tears, went to my heart like a knife. Stranger as she was to me, I could 'do no otherwise' but receive her into my open arms, not figuratively but literally; and then this reception, 'so different from what she had dared to hope,' produced a sort of hysteric on

her part, and she laid her poor face on my lap, and covered my hands with kisses. Oh, mercy! What a false position for one woman to be in towards another! It was a desperate interview. The only comfort was that the child gave us no trouble, but munched away unconscious of the tragic scene, never stirring from its enchanted table-cloth. A greater contrast could not be than betwixt these my two *protégées* for the time being—that two-year-old duddy child, drowning its recent sorrows in bread-and-butter, ignorant that there were such things as love, &c. in the world; and that elegantly dressed young lady living and having her being in sentiment, forgetful apparently that the world contained anything else. At last she went away, consoled a little by my kindness perhaps; but as for my 'advice,' though I gave her the best, she will not of course follow a syllable of it.

When Carlyle came to dinner, he looked rather aghast at my child. 'Only think,' said I, to enlist his sympathies on its behalf, 'what a state of distraction the poor mother must be in all this while!'

'The poor mother,' repeated he scornfully; 'how do you know that the poor mother did not put it down there in the King's Road for some such simpleton as you to pick it up, and saddle yourself with it for life?'

This was giving me a new idea. I began to look

at the child with a mixed feeling of terror and interest: to look at it critically as a possible possession, while little ideas of an educational sort flitted through my brain. This state of uncertainty was cut short, however, by a young woman knocking at the door, and, with many protestations of gratitude, applying for the creature, about five hours after I had found it. The young woman was not the mother, but a grown-up sister. The poor mother was 'at home in fits.' They feared the child had staggered down into the Thames. It evinced no 'fine feelings' at sight of its sister; in fact, it looked with extreme indifference on her and indicated an inclination to remain where it was. But so soon as she took it into her arms, it began to tell her 'its travel's history' with renewed tears, and went off into a new explosion.

April 27.—Last night we had a novelty in the way of society, a sort of Irish *rigg*. Mr. L—— came in before tea with a tail consisting of three stranger Irishmen—real hot and hot live Irishmen, such as I have never before sat at meat with or met 'in flow of soul,' newly imported, with the brogue 'rather exquisite,' and *repale* 'more exquisite still.' They came to adore Carlyle, and also remonstrate with him, almost with tears in their eyes, on his opinion, as stated in his 'Chartism,' that 'a finer

people than the Irish never lived; only they have two faults: they do lie and they do steal.' The poor fellows got into a quite epic strain over this most calumnious exaggeration. (Pity but my husband would pay some regard to the sensibilities of 'others,' and exaggerate less!)

The youngest one—Mr. Pigot—a handsome youth of the romantic cast, pale-faced, with dark eyes and hair, and an 'Emancipation of the Species' melancholy spread over him—told my husband, after having looked at and listened to him in comparative silence for the first hour, with 'How to observe' written in every lineament, that now he (Mr. Pigot) felt assured he (my husband) was not in his heart so unjust towards Ireland as his writings led one to suppose, and so he would confess, for the purpose of retracting it, the strong feeling of repulsion with which he had come to him that night. 'Why, in the name of goodness, then, *did* you come?' I could not help asking, thereby producing a rather awkward result. Several awkward results were produced in this 'nicht wi' Paddy.' They were speaking of the Scotch intolerance towards Catholics, and Carlyle as usual took up the cudgels for intolerance. 'Why,' said he, 'how *could* they do otherwise? If one sees one's fellow-creature following a damnable error, by continuing in which the devil is sure to get him at last, and roast him in eternal fire and brimstone, are you

to let him go towards such consummation? or are you not rather to use all means to save him?'

'A nice prospect for you to be roasted in fire and brimstone,' I said to Mr. L——, the red-hottest of Catholics. 'For all of us,' said poor L——, laughing good-naturedly; 'we are all Catholics.' Nevertheless the evening was got over without bloodshed; at least, *malice prepense* bloodshed, for a little blood *was* shed involuntarily. While they were all three at the loudest in their defence of Ireland against the foul aspersions Carlyle had cast on it, and 'scornfully' cast on it, one of their noses burst out bleeding. It was the nose of the gentleman whose name we never heard. He let it bleed into his pocket handkerchief privately till nature was relieved, and was more cautious of exciting himself afterwards. The third, Mr. D——, quite took my husband's fancy, and mine also to a certain extent. He is a writer of national songs, and came here to 'eat his terms.' With the coarsest of human faces, decidedly as like a horse's as a man's, he is one of the people that I should get to think beautiful, there is so much of the power both of intellect and passion in his physiognomy. As for young Mr. Pigot, I will here, in the spirit of prophecy, inherited from my great great ancestor, John Welsh, the Covenanter, make a small prediction. If there be in his time an insurrection in Ireland, as these gentlemen confidently anticipate, Mr. Pigot will rise

to be a Robespierre of some sort; will cause many heads to be removed from the shoulders they belong to; and will 'eventually' have his own head removed from his own shoulders. Nature has written on that handsome but fatal-looking countenance of his, quite legibly to my prophetic eye, 'Go and get thyself beheaded, but not before having lent a hand towards the great work of "immortal smash."'

All these Irishmen went off without their hats, and had to return into the room to seek them. Two of them found theirs after a moderate search. The third, the one whose nose bled, had hid his under the sofa, where I discovered it by help of my aforementioned second-sight. I have now seen what Sir James Graham would call 'fine foamy patriotism,' *dans sa plus simple expression.*

LETTER 70.

In the summer of 1845 Mrs. Carlyle went alone to Lancashire to stay with her uncle at Liverpool, and with Mrs. Paulet at Seaforth. From thence were written the ensuing letters.—J. A. F.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

First day in Flätz,[1]
Liverpool, July 23, 1845.

Dearest,—It is all as well as could be expected. I arrived without accident, not even much tired,

[1] *Attila Schmelze's Journey to Flätz,* by Jean Paul.

an hour and half before I was looked for—in fact between five and six. Consequently there was nobody to meet me, and I had some difficulty in getting myself a car, and at the same time keeping watch over my trunk and dressing-box; the former indeed was getting itself coolly borne away by a porter amongst some other people's luggage, when I laid my hand on it, and indicated: Thus far shalt thou go but no farther. My uncle I met tumbling downstairs, with what speed he might, prepared for being kissed to death; then came Maggie; and lastly Babbie, flushed and embarrassed, and unsatisfactory-looking; for, alas! she had been all day preserving strawberries, and had not expected me so soon, and was not dressed: to be an unwise virgin, taken with one's lamp untrimmed, means here to be caught in *déshabillé*. A—— I have not seen yet—*tant mieux*, for I don't like him 'the least in the world.' Johnnie has sunk away into 'an unintelligible whinner.'[1]

On the whole, there is little 'food for the young soul, Mr. Carlyle!' But *she* (as Mazzini insists on calling the soul, and I think with reason; making the soul into an *it* being—what shall I say?—a desecration, upon my honour)—'she' can do without visible food, like my leech, for all the while 'she' is to abide in the place. And 'one has always one's natural affections left.' And then to 'give pleasure to

[1] Some fool's speech to me, I forget whose.

others!' The compensation that lies in that under all circumstances! Ah!

I am established in Mary's little room (off my uncle's) which they have made as tidy as possible for me. There is a tradition of 'a little wee wifie that lived in a shoe;' but I am still more curiously lodged, for this room is for all the world like a boot, the bed occupying the heel of it, a little bed like a coffin.

In so new a predicament, of course, I could not sleep; the best I made of it was a doze from time to time of a few minutes' duration, from which I started up with a sensation of horror, like what must have been felt by the victim of the Iron Shroud. For the rest, there was a cat opera, in which the *prima donna* had an organ that 'bet the worl';[1] then there are some half-dozen of stout-lunged cocks, and a dog that lyrically recognises every passing event. Perhaps, like the pigs, I shall get used to it; if not I must just go all the sooner to Seaforth, where there is at least a certain quiet.

My coachful of men turned out admirably, as silent as could be wished, yet not deficient in the courtesies of life. The old gentleman with moustachios and a red face was Colonel Cleveland, of the Artillery, 'much distinguished in the wars.' There was another old gentleman still more miraculous than

[1] Annandale for 'beat the world.'

Rio ;[1] for he had one eye boiled, the other parboiled, no leg, and his mind boiled to jelly, and yet he got to Liverpool just as well as the rest of us. The little man opposite me, who was absorbed in Eugène Sue's female Bluebeard, was a German, and, pleased to see me reading his language, he gave me his pea-jacket to wrap my legs in, for we were all perished with cold. The English dandy with the heaven-blue waistcoat slept the whole way, exactly in the attitude of 'James' waiting for the Sylphide to come and kiss him ; but he might sleep long enough, I fancy, before any 'bit of fascination' would take the trouble.

And now you must 'excuse us the day.' After such a night, I can neither 'make wits,'[2] nor, what were more to the purpose, senses, for your gratification. I shall go and walk, and look at the *Great Britain* packet ; if one does not enlighten one's mind in the shipping department here, I see not how else one shall enlighten it.

Babbie has just knocked to beg I would give her love to you, and most sincere thanks for the Book,[3] the preface of which I read aloud to my uncle at breakfast ; and he pronounced it 'very satirical'—a true speak !

[1] Rio, a wandering, rather loud and headlong, but innocent-hearted, French friend, Neo-Catholic, &c. I believe is still living at Paris ; a stranger here for twenty-five years now.

[2] Bölte's phrase for the sad operation of being with effort 'witty.'

[3] 'Book,' I suppose, will be *Life of Schiller*, 2nd edition.

God bless you, dear. I do not wish you to feel lonely, nor will you; and yet I should not precisely like if you missed me none at all.

Your distracted

JANEKIN.

LETTER 71.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Liverpool: Friday, July 25, 1845.

Dearest,—You have interpreted the library note too ironically; it is a polite *bonâ-fide* offer of the book to read. I applied for it some six months ago without result; the copy I had was lent to me by Darwin.

Tout va bien ici; le sommeil manque. The cat-operas are a fixed thing; they too, it would seem, have their Thursday night. Last night it was *Der Freyschütz*, or something as devilish, and the performance did not cease till two in the morning; when the cocks took possession of the stage, 'bits of fascination,'[1] and carried on the glory till breakfast-time. Add to which occasional explosions of bad feeling from the dog, and an incessant braying of carts from early dawn, going to and from the quarry; and through all, the sensation of being pent up in the foot of a boot.

[1] Two London mechanics paused at a print-shop window where I was. 'Ha!' said one to the other in a jaunty knowing tone, '*Tag-li-oni*! Bit of fascination there.' Poor Taglioni was, indeed, elastic as india-rubber, but as meaningless too, poor soul.—T. C.

You may fancy the difficulty experienced by a finely organised human being, like me, in getting even a Scotch 'poor's'[1] minimum of sleep under such circumstances! Nevertheless, and although the wind here is constantly in the east, and although the eternal smell of roast meat in this house is oppressive to soul and sense, 'it is but fair to state'[2] that I feel less tendency to 'dee and du nought ava'[3] than when I left London. Elizabeth Pepoli would impute the improvement to 'the greater variety of food'—oh, Heavens!—and above all to the excellent porter. I who, though my Sylphide's wings have long fallen off, can still manage by stilts and other means to keep myself above such depths of prose as that comes to, find 'the solution' elsewhere: namely in 'the great comfort' which it is somehow to be made sensible from time to time that if oneself is miserable, others are 'perhaps more to be pitied that they are *not* miserable.' Here sufficient for the day is the marketing, and eating, and dressing thereof! And a new satin dress can diffuse perfect beatitude through an immortal soul! The circulating library satisfies all their intellectual

[1] Mazzini's, meaning paupers.

[2] Jeffrey, in *Edinburgh Review*, continually.

[3] Sandy Blackadder, factor at Hoddam (long ago), a heavy, baggy, big, long-winded man, was overheard one day, in a funeral company which had not yet risen, discoursing largely in monotonous undertones to some neighbour about the doings, intentions, and manifold insignificant proceedings of some anonymous fellow-man; but at length wound up with 'and then he deed and did nought ava.'

wants, and flirtation all the wants of their hearts; it is very convenient to be thus easily satisfied. One looks plump, digests without effort, and sleeps in spite of all the cats and cocks in the world. But somehow 'I as one solitary individual'[1] would rather remain in Hell—the Hell I make for myself with my restless *digging*—than accept this drowsy placidity. Yes, I begin to feel again that I am not *la dernière des femmes*, which has been oftener than anything else my reading of myself in these the latter times; a natural enough reaction against the exorbitant self-conceit which put me at fourteen on setting up for a woman of genius. Now I should be only too pleased to feel myself a 'woman without the genius;' a woman, not a 'chimera,' 'a miserable fatuity.' But this is fully worse than a description of scenery—description of one's own inside! Bah! who likes one well enough to find that other than a bore?

Well, I did the *Great Britain*. It is three hundred and twenty feet long and fifty feet broad, and all of iron, and has six sails, and one pays a shilling to see it, and it was not 'a good joy.' All these prodigious efforts for facilitating locomotion seem to me a highly questionable investment of human faculty; people need rather to be taught to sit still. Yesterday I went with the girls and Mr. Liddle (the man who is so like a doll) to a flower-show in the Botanical

[1] My father's phrase.

Gardens. The flowers were well enough, but few of them—the company shockingly bad; really these Liverpool ladies look, two-thirds of them, improper; the democratic tendency of the age in dress has not penetrated hither, I assure you; not a woman that Helen might not stand in admiration before, and exclaim 'How expensive!'[1]

To-day we are going 'across the water' with my uncle; I make a point of accepting every lark proposed to me, however uninviting. I am here for what Helen calls 'a fine change,' and the more movement the better. If I do not get good of the movement, I shall at least get good of the sitting still after it. My uncle is very kind to me. Alick is rather improved, speaks not at all on politics in my hearing. Johnnie I have found a use for. I play one game at chess with him every night. 'He beats us a' for a deep thought.'[2]

Kind regards to Helen, and compliments to the leech.

Do not work too hard.

Ever your affectionate

JANE W. C.

'Noti bena.[3] I've got no bacca.'

[1] Helen's phrase in the National Gallery.

[2] Admiring remark of an Annandale mother about her particularly stupid huge lout of a son.

[3] Dragoon's letter to his beloved in some police report which we had read years ago. 'Happy with you to the end of eternity,' and then this *noti bena.*

Extracts of Further Letters from Liverpool.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

July 27, 1845.—They are all gone to church and I am here alone, enjoying virtue's (Roman virtue's) own reward. My uncle at the last minute came to me in the room where I had fortified myself (morally), and asked with a certain enthusiasm, 'Are you not going to church?' 'No, I have no thought of it.' 'And why not?' (crescendo.) 'Because your minister is a ranting jackass, that cracks the drum of one's ears.' 'Who told you that?' (stamping like my grandfather.) 'I do not choose to compromise anyone by naming my authority.' 'And what has that to do with going to a place of worship?' 'Nothing whatever; but it has a great deal to do with staying away from a place that is not of worship.' He looked at me over his spectacles for an instant as if doubtful whether to eat me raw or laugh; and 'eventually, thanks God,'[1] he chose the latter part. The girls, who came in fear and trembling to pick up my fragments, were astonished to find that I had carried the day. We get on famously, my uncle and I, and by dint of defiance, tempered with kisses, I can manage him better than anyone else does.

July 30.—My uncle has enjoyed my visit very much. I wrote to him beforehand on the subject of

[1] Mazzini.

his 'detestable politics,' and we have had no flares up this time. The only one I have witnessed was last night at cards. He and A—— were playing at *écarté* on a little table in a corner, very silently and amicably to all appearance; the rest of us were sewing or reading. Suddenly the little table flew into the air on the point of my uncle's foot, and a shower of cards fell all over the floor! 'D—— these eternal cards!' said he fiercely, as we all stared up at him in astonishment. 'Hang them! Curse them to hell!' They all looked frightened; for me, the suddenness of the thing threw me into a fit of laughter, in which my uncle himself was the first to join. This morning at breakfast something was said about cards to be taken to Scotland. 'But,' said I, 'I thought they had been all sent last night to hell.' 'Pooh!' said my uncle quite gravely, 'that was only one pack.'

I am not wise in writing on with 'my brains' (as Rio would say) tormenting me in this way. But what to do? One's Good, if not feeling so lonely as might be wished, is in fact lonely enough, and one's self without one's own red bed to retire into. Cannot I stay in my 'boot' and be quiet? No, I get beside myself pent up there; latterly I have been bolting out of it through the men's room, whether they were clothed or no, like a bottle of ginger beer bursting the cork! 'Uncle, I beg your pardon but I must get out!'

'Weel, weel,' hiding himself behind the curtain, 'there is no help for it.'

God bless you, dear. I am in the Devil's own humour to-day if you care to know it—but ever yours, *not* without affection.

July 31.—Yesterday in the evening came Dr. James C——, and a young N——, all in black, this last being just returned from the funeral of his only sister, a promising girl of sixteen, the poor mother's chief comfort of late years. I recollected the time when Mrs. N——, then Agnes L——, consulted me whether she ought to marry J. N——. Where were all these young N——'s then—the lad who sate there looking so sadly, the girl who had just been laid under the earth? Had Agnes L—— lived true to the memory of her first love, would these existences have been for ever suppressed by her act? If her act could have suppressed them, what pretension have they to call themselves immortal, eternal? What comfort is there in thinking of the young girl just laid in her grave? 'My dear, you really ought not to go on with that sort of thing—all that questioning leads to nothing. We know nothing about it and cannot know, and what better should we be if we did?' 'All very true, Mr. Carlyle, but'—at least one cannot accept such solution on the authority of others, even of the wisest—one must have worked it out for oneself. And the working of it out is a sore

business, very sore; especially with 'a body apt to fall into holes.'

August 5, *Seaforth.*—Geraldine (Jewsbury) came yesterday afternoon, looking even better than when in London, and not *triste*, as R—— expected, by any means. She has brought a good stock of cigaritos with her, which is rather a pity, as I had just begun to forget there was such a weed as tobacco in the civilised world. She is very amusing and good-humoured, does all the 'wits' of the party: and Mrs. Paulet and I look to the Pure Reason and Practical Endeavour. I fancy you would find our talk amusing if you could assist at it in a cloak of darkness, for one of the penalties of being 'the wisest man and profoundest thinker of the age' is the royal one of never hearing the plain, 'unornamented' truth spoken; everyone striving to be wise and profound *invitâ naturâ* in the presence of such a one, and making himself as much as possible into his likeness. And this is the reason that Arthur Helps and so many others talk very nicely to me, and bore you to distraction. With me they are not afraid to stand on the little 'broad basis' of their own individuality, such as it is. With you they are always balancing themselves like Taglioni, on the point of their moral or intellectual great toe.

If I were going 'at my age and with my cough' to take up a mission, it would be the reverse of

F. W——'s. Instead of boiling up individuals into the species I would draw a chalk circle round every individuality, and preach to it to keep within that, and preserve and cultivate its identity at the expense of ever so much lost gilt of other people's 'isms.'

August 10.—'*Monsieur le Président!* I begin to be weary of the treatment I experience here.'[1] Always my 'bits of letters' and 'bits of letters,' as if I were some nice little child writing in half text on ruled paper to its God-papa! Since Jeffrey was pleased to compliment me on my 'bits of convictions,' I have not had my 'rights of woman' so trifled with. He paid the penalty of his assurance in losing from that time my valuable correspondence; with you I cannot so easily cease to correspond 'for reasons which it may be interesting not to state.' But a woman of my invention can always find legitimate means of revenging herself on those who do not treat her with the respect due to genius, who put her off with a pat on the head or a chuck under the chin when she addresses them in all the full-grown gravity of five feet five inches and three-quarters without her shoes! So let us hear no more of my 'bits of letters' unless you are prepared to front a nameless retribution. . .

J. M—— seems to be still fighting it out with his conscience, abating no jot of heart or hope. If he were beside you I am persuaded he would soon

[1] *French Revolution*—speaker in Jacobin Club, evening of August 10.

become the sincerest disciple that you ever had; he seems so very near kicking his foot through the whole Unitarian concern already. He was arguing with Geraldine about the 'softening tendencies of our age,' 'the sympathy for knaves and criminals,' 'the impossibility of great minds being disjoined from great morality,' 'the stupidity of expecting to be happy through doing good.'

Nothing could be more orthodox! But what would have 'engrushed' him with you more than anything was in talking of Cromwell's doings in Ireland. 'After all,' he said, 'people make a great deal more outcry over massacres than there is any occasion for; one does not understand that exorbitant respect for human life, in overlooking or violating everything that makes it of any value.

August 14.—A delicate attention! This morning the bell for getting up did not ring. I lay awake till near nine expecting it, and then I thought I might as well dress. When I came down everybody had finished breakfast. 'But the bell did not ring,' said I, quite shocked. 'Oh, no, madam,' said Mr. Paulet; 'they told me you were so witty at dinner yesterday that you had better be let slumber this morning as long as possible, in case of your feeling a little exhausted!' And so actually the bell had not been rung in consideration of my incessant wit.

I had a long and really excellent letter from

Helen yesterday, containing a little box of salve for my bunions. She had 'tried it on herself first' and found it quite satisfactory. Tell her that her letter was quite a treat for me, so copious and sensible, and not without wits even! She tells me that 'the child' (the leech) 'gets always more lively,' and she is becoming 'rather fond of it.' She suggests also, very sensibly, that I should bid you give her timely notice when you leave, 'as she would like to have all your things nice for you, and you might never think of telling her till the very day!'

I have your letter. Sometimes the postman prefers taking them to Dale Street, and I have to wait all day in uncertainty, and then I am 'vaixed.' No address seems able to secure us against this *contre-temps*. I wish I were there, dear Good, to *baiser* you '*à la front*.' I could not reconcile myself to following my pleasures, or at least my eases, here while you are so hard worked and solitary, if it were not that my health is really improving, and I look forward to being less of an Egyptian skeleton lady for you through the winter by this egoism I am indulging in at present.

Mrs. Buller got no letter from me; what with eating, and sleeping, and walking, and driving, and having my feet rubbed, and settling the general question, I have really no time for writing except to one's Good.

Every night, too, after Mr. Paulet comes home, I play one or more games at chess; which is using him up famously. He is wonderfully patient of us all, and 'not without glimmerings of intelligence'! My paper and everybody's is done; so you must put up with scraps.

Your own'

ADORABLE WIFE.

LETTER 72.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Liverpool: Saturday, Aug. 16, 1845.

Dearest,—I never know whether a letter is welcomer when it arrives after having been impatiently waited for, or like yesterday's, 'quite promiscuously,' when I was standing 'on the broad basis' of, 'Blessed are they who do not hope, for they shall not be disappointed!' I assure you I am the only person obliged by your writing; it makes a very palpable difference in my amiability throughout the day whether I have a letter to begin it with.

Last night we went, according to programme, to Mrs. A——'s, and 'it is but fair to state' that the drive there and back in the moonlight was the best of it. The party did me no ill, however; it was not a Unitarian crush like the last, but adapted to the size of the room: select, moreover, and with the crowning grace of an open window. There was an old gentleman who did the impossible to inspire me

with a certain respect; Y—— they called him, and his glory consists in owning the Prince's Park, and throwing it open to 'poors.'[1] Oh, what a dreadful little old man! He plied me with questions, and suggestions about you, till I was within a trifle of putting 'my finger in the pipy o' 'im.'[2] 'How did Mr. Carlyle treat Oliver Cromwell's crimes?' 'His what?' said I. 'The atrocities he exercised on the Irish.' 'Oh, you mean massacring a garrison or two? All that is treated very briefly.' 'But Mr. Carlyle must feel a just horror of that.' 'Horror? Oh, none at all, I assure you! He regards it as the only means under the circumstances to save bloodshed.' The little old gentleman bounced back in his chair, and spread out his two hands, like a duck about to swim, while there burst from his lips a groan that made everyone look at us. What had I said to their Mr. Y——? By-and-by my old gentleman returned to the charge. 'Mr. Carlyle must be feeling much delighted about the Academical Schools?' 'Oh, no! he has been so absorbed in his own work lately that he has not been at leisure to be delighted about anything.' 'But, madam! a man may attend to his own work, and attend at the same time to questions of great public interest.' 'Do you think

[1] Note, p. 315.

[2] Crying baby unappeasable. 'Put your finger in ta pipie o't' (little windpipe), said some Highland body.

so? I don't.' Another bounce on the chair. Then, with a sort of awe, as of a 'demon more wicked than your wife:'[1] 'Do you not think, madam, that more good might be done by taking up the history of the actual time than of past ages? Such a time as this, so full of improvements in arts and sciences, the whole face of Europe getting itself changed! Suppose Mr. Carlyle should bring out a yearly volume about all this?' This was Y——'s last flight of eloquence with me, for catching the eyes of a lady (your Miss L—— of 'The Gladiator') fixed on me with the most ludicrous expression of sympathy, I fairly burst out laughing till the tears ran down; and when I had recovered myself, the old gentleman had turned for compensation to J. M——. J. had reasons for being civil to him which I had not, Mr. Y—— being his landlord; but he seemed to be answering him in his sleep, while his waking thoughts were intent on an empty chair betwixt Geraldine and me, and eventually he made it his own. As if to deprecate my confounding him with these Y——'s, he immediately began to speak in the most disrespectful manner of Mechanics' Institutes 'and all that sort of thing;' and then we got on these eternal Vestiges of Creation,[2] which he termed, rather happily, 'animated mud.' Geraldine and Mrs. Paulet

[1] Peter Nimmo's sermon on Ananias and Sapphira: 'Tempted by some demon more wicked than his wife.'

[2] Dull book (quasi-atheistic), much talked of then.

were wanting to engage him in a doctrinal discussion, which they are extremely fond of: 'Look at Jane,' suddenly exclaimed Geraldine, 'she is quizzing us in her own mind. You must know' (to M——) 'we cannot get Jane to care a bit about doctrines.' 'I should think not,' said M——, with great vivacity; 'Mrs. Carlyle is the most concrete woman that I have seen for a long while.' 'Oh,' said Geraldine, 'she puts all her wisdom into practice, and so never gets into scrapes.' 'Yes,' said M—— in a tone 'significant of much,' 'to keep out of doctrines is the only way to keep out of scrapes!' Was not that a creditable speech in a Unitarian?

Miss L—— is a frank, rather agreeable, woman, forty or thereabouts, who looks as if she had gone through a good deal of hardship; not 'a domineering genius' by any means,[1] but with sense enough for all practical purposes, such as admiring you to the skies, and Cromwell too. The rest of the people were 'chiefly musical, Mr. Carlyle.' Mrs. A—— is very much fallen off in her singing since last year; I suppose, from squalling so much to her pupils. She is to dine here to-day, and ever so many people besides, to meet these R——'s. Doubtless we shall be 'borne through with an honourable throughbearing;'[2] but quietness is best.

[1] Jeffrey? 'Pooh! clever enough, but not a domineering genius!' (Poor Gray, of the High School, Edinburgh, thirty years before.)

[2] Burgher minister's thanksgiving on a Sacramental occasion.

And now I must go and walk, while the sun shines. Our weather here is very showery and cold. I heard a dialogue the other morning betwixt Mr. Paulet and his factotum, which amused me much. The factotum was mowing the lawn. Mr. Paulet threw up the breakfast-room window, and called to him: 'Knolles! how looks my wheat?' 'Very distressed indeed, sir!' 'Are we much fallen down?' 'No, sir, but we are black, very black.' 'All this rain, I should have thought, would have made us fall down?' 'Where the crops are heavy they are a good deal laid, sir, but it would take a vast of rain to lay us!' 'Oh, then, Knolles, it is because we are not powerful enough that we are not fallen down?' 'Sir?' 'It is because we are not rich enough?' 'Beg pardon, sir, but I don't quite understand?' Mr. Paulet shut the window and returned to his breakfast. God keep you, dear.

Your own

J. C.

LETTER 73.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Aug. 21, 1845.

On our return to the railway, I had got out of the carriage, and was walking backwards and forwards when two gentlemen passed, one of whom I felt to know quite well, and after a little considera-

tion I decided it was Mr. Storey, of Roseneath. Back I ran and laid my hand on his arm. 'See,' I said, 'how much better my memory is than yours!' 'I know your face quite well,' said he, 'but for my life I cannot tell who you are.' 'Why, I am Jeannie Welsh, to be sure.' If you had only seen the man! His transports were 'rather exquisite.' I do not remember to have seen anybody so outrageously glad to see me in all my life before. It was only after he had played all manner of antics that I recollected he had once been in love with me. He was still with me when Mrs. Paulet and Geraldine made their appearance, and they both perceived in the first instance that the gentleman I introduced to them had once been my lover; two women alike 'gleg.' In consideration of which good taste on his part, Mrs. Paulet on the spot invited him to go home with us to dinner; but that he could not do, was just about starting for London, where he had meant to seek me out. It did me great good to see him, especially as he looked so glad, not for his own sake particularly, but as an authentic piece of old times.

We had not been at home three minutes when J. M—— arrived to early dinner by appointment. I told him to-day quite frankly that he had better cut Unitarianism and come over to us. He asked me who I meant by 'us,' and I said Carlyle. He sighed, and shook his head, and said something

about a man being bound to remain in the sphere appointed to him till he was fairly drawn out of it by his conscience.

LETTER 74.

Carlyle was himself coming North; his wife to return to London. She had written him an angry letter about his changes of plan, which had disturbed her own arrangements.—J. A. F.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Aug. 29.

Dearest,—To-day I am restored to my normal state of amiability through the unassisted efforts of nature. I am sorry now I did not repress my little movement of impatience yesterday; a lover would have found it charming, perhaps more flattering than whole pages of 'wits' and *dolcezze*; but husbands are so obtuse. They do not understand one's movements of impatience; want always 'to be treated with the respect due to genius;' exact common sense of their poor wives rather than 'the finer sensibilities of the heart;' and so the marriage state[1]—'by working late and early, has come to what ye see'—if not precisely to immortal smash as yet, at least to within a hair's-breadth of it. But the

[1] By working late and early
We're come to what ye see,
Although we made our bridal bed
On clean pease strae.

matrimonial question may lie over till I write my book on the Rights of Women and make an *Egyptian* happy.

LETTER 75.

To Charles Gavan Duffy, Esq., Dublin.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sept. 14, 1845.

My dear Sir,—Thank you emphatically for the beautiful little volume you have sent me, 'all to myself' (as the children say). Besides the prospective pleasure of reading it, it is no small immediate pleasure to me as a token of your remembrance; for when one has 'sworn an everlasting friendship' at first sight, one desires, very naturally, that it should not have been on your Irish principle, 'with the reciprocity all on one side.'

The book only reached me, or rather I only reached it, last night, on my return home after an absence of two months, in search of—what shall I say? —a religion? Sure enough. if I were a good Catholic, or good Protestant, or good anything, I should not be visited with those nervous illnesses, which send me from time to time out into space to get myself rehabilitated, after a sort, by 'change of air.'

When are you purposing, through the strength of Heaven, to break into open rebellion? I have sometimes thought that in a civil war I should possibly find my 'mission'—*moi!* But in these merely

talking times, a poor woman knows not how to turn herself; especially if, like myself, she 'have a devil' always calling to her, 'March! march!' and bursting into infernal laughter when requested to be so good as specify whither.

If you have not set a time for taking up arms, when at least are you coming again to 'eat terms' (whatever that may mean)? I feel what my husband would call 'a real, genuine, healthy desire' to pour out more tea for you.

My said husband has finished his 'Cromwell' two weeks ago, then joined me at a place near Liverpool, where he remained a week in a highly reactionary state; and then he went North, and I South, to meet again when he has had enough of peat-bog and his platonically beloved 'silence'—perhaps in three weeks or a month hence. Meanwhile I intend a great household earthquake, through the help of chimney-sweeps, carpet-beaters, and other like products of the fall of our first parents. And so you have our history up to the present moment.

Success to all your wishes, except for the destruction of us Saxons, and believe me

Always very cordially yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 76.

About the end of August I did come to Seaforth; wearisome journey; bulky dull man, Sir W. B——, as I found, and some Irish admirers talking dull antiquarian pedantries and platitudes all day; I as third party silent, till at length, near sunset, bursting out upon them and their Nennius, to their terror and astonishment and almost to my own. Beautiful reception by Mrs. Paulet and her waiting for me at the station. Alas! alas! how unspeakable now!—T. C.

From Liverpool Carlyle went on by sea to Annan, leaving Mrs. Carlyle to go home to Chelsea.—J. A. F.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Monday, Sept. 15, 1845.

I was sure you would have a wretched voyage; the very smell of that boat made me sick for all the rest of the evening. We '*did* intend' to have waved a handkerchief to you in passing, from the roof of the house; but the fog was too thick 'for anything.'

Great efforts were made to keep me longer, but it is my principle always to go away before having exhausted the desire to keep me; besides that, I pique myself on being a woman of my word, and so *me voici* in Cheyne Row once more.

The journey back was a considerable of a bore; the train I came by starting at eleven, and, supposed by Mr. Paulet to answer to that which leaves here at ten, did not land me at Euston Station till half after

nine! And all that while, except a glass of porter and a sandwich, 'the chief characteristic of which was its tenuity,'[1] I had no support to nature, for I saw no sense in dining at Birmingham when I expected to be in London at six. John[2] had sent a note the day before, proposing, as he proposed the senna for Mary's children, that I should appoint him to meet me, 'or perhaps I had better not.' Not having got the letter before setting out, I had, of course, no option; 'which was probably just as well.' Arriving here a quarter after ten, I found poor little Helen half distracted at my lateness; 'if it had been the master, she would never have minded, but *me*, that was always to a moment!' And so she had been taking on at a great rate; and finally, just a few minutes before I arrived, got John despatched to look for me (!) at the station, in case, as he fancied, I had preferred coming by the express train; and, through these good intentions, 'highly unfortunate,'[3] I was kept up till half after one; John not coming back till half after twelve, and I too polite to go to bed without awaiting his coming. Moreover, the carriage I came in had pitched like a ship in a storm; so that I was shaken into an absolute fever; 'the flames of fever had seized on me;' and what with all this fatigue, and the excitement of feeling myself at home, I could

[1] Mill's account of some celebrated creature's 'literature.'
[2] John Carlyle, then staying in Cheyne Row.
[3] Phrase of John's.

not sleep 'the least in the world,' and have not recovered myself to this hour. All is quiet about me as quiet can be, even to John's boots; but what signifies that, if one have, like Anne Cook's soldier, 'palpitation.'

I have found everything here as well or better than could have been expected: the leech alive and 'so happy!' Helen radiant with virtue's own reward; the economical department in a very backward state, but not confused, for it is clear as day that not a single bill has been paid since I left. Helen seems to have had four pounds ten for the incidental expenses, which I shall inclose her account of, to amuse Jamie; and there is a national debt to the butcher, baker, and milkman, amounting to about five pounds. So that the housekeeping, during my absence, has been carried on at some six or seven shillings a week less than if I had been at home, which is all as it should be, for I defy three people to live as we do on less than thirty shillings a week. I do think the little creature is very careful; as for honest, that I have been sure about long ago.

LETTER 77.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Thursday, Sept. 18, 1845.

My Dear,—I have got quite over the fatigues of my journey, which had been most provokingly

aggravated for me by a circumstance 'which it may be interesting not to state;' the last two nights I have slept quite as well as I was doing at Seaforth. The retirement of Cheyne Row is as deep at present as anyone not absolutely a Timon of Athens could desire. 'There is, in the first place' (as Mr. Paulet would say), the physical impossibility (hardly anybody being left in town), and then the weather has been so tempestuous that nobody in his senses (except Mazzini, who never reflects whether it be raining or no) would come out to make visits. He (Mazzini) came the day before yesterday, immediately on receiving notification of my advent, and his doe-skin boots were oozing out water in a manner frightful to behold. He looked much as I left him, and appeared to have made no progress of a practical sort. He told me nothing worth recording, except that he had received the other day a declaration of love. And this he told with the same *calma* and historical precision with which you might have said you had received an invitation to take the chair at a Mechanics' Institute dinner. Of course I asked 'the particulars.' 'Why not?' and I got them fully, at the same time with brevity, and without a smile. Since the assassination affair,[1] he had received many invitations to the house of a Jew

[1] Trial (at Paris) of some calumnious fellow, who had accused him of being privy to, &c. &c.

merchant of Italian extraction, where there are several daughters—'what shall I say?—horribly ugly: that is, repugnant for me entirely.' One of them is 'nevertheless very strong in music,' and seeing that he admired her playing, she had 'in her head confounded the playing with the player.' The last of the only two times he had availed himself of their attentions, as they sat at supper with Browning and some others, 'the youngest of the horrible family' proposed to him, in *sotto voce*, that they two should drink 'a goblet of wine' together, each to the person that each loved most in the world. 'I find your toast *unegoist*,' said he, 'and I accept it with pleasure.' 'But,' said she, 'when we have drunk, we will then tell each other to whom?' 'Excuse me,' said he, 'we will, if you please, drink without conditions.' Whereupon they drank; 'and then this girl—what shall I say? bold, upon my honour—proposed to tell me to whom she had drunk, and trust to my telling her after. "As you like." "Well, then, it was to you!" "Really?" said I, surprised, I must confess. "Yes," said she, pointing aloft; "true as God exists." "Well," said I, "I find it strange." "Now, then," said she, "to whom did you drink?" "Ah!" said I, "that is another question;" and on this, that girl became ghastly pale, so that her sister called out, "Nina! what is the matter with you?" and now, thanks God, she has sailed to

Aberdeen.' Did you ever hear anything so distracted? enough to make one ask if R—— has not some grounds for his extraordinary ideas of English women.

The said R—— presented himself here, last night, in an interregnum of rain, and found me in my dressing-gown (after the wetting), expecting no such *Himmelssendung*. I looked as beautifully unconscious as I could of all the amazing things I had been told of him at Seaforth. He talked much of a 'dreadful illness;' but looked as plump as a pincushion, and had plenty of what Mr. Paulet calls 'colours in his face.' He seemed less distracted than usual, and professed to have discovered, for the first time, 'the infinite blessedness of work,' and also to be 'making money at a great rate—paying off his debt by five or six pounds a week.' I remarked that he must surely have had a prodigious amount of debt to begin with.

Kind regards to your mother and the rest.

J. C.

LETTER 78.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1845.

'Nothink'[1] for you to-day in the shape of inclosure, unless I inclose a letter from Mrs. Paulet to myself, which you will find as 'entertaining' to the

[1] Dumfries postmaster of old: 'Nothink for Craigenputtock to-day, me'm!'

full as any of mine. And *nothink* to be told either, except all about the play;[1] and upon my honour, I do not feel as if I had penny-a-liner genius enough, this cold morning, to make much entertainment out of that. Enough to clasp one's hands, and exclaim, like Helen before the Virgin and Child, 'Oh, how expensive!' But 'how did the creatures get through it?' Too well; and not well enough! The public theatre, scenes painted by Stansfield, costumes 'rather exquisite,' together with the certain amount of proficiency in the amateurs, overlaid all idea of private theatricals; and, considering it as public theatricals, the acting was 'most insipid,' not one performer among them that could be called good, and none that could be called absolutely bad. Douglas Jerrold seemed to me the best, the oddity of his appearance greatly helping him; he played Stephen the Cull. Forster as Kitely and Dickens as Captain Bobadil were much on a par; but Forster preserved his identity, even through his loftiest flights of Macreadyism; while poor little Dickens, all painted in black and red, and affecting the voice of a man of six feet, would have been unrecognisable for the mother that bore him! On the whole, to get up the smallest interest in the thing, one needed to be always reminding oneself: 'all these actors were

[1] Private theatricals got up by Dickens and Forster for some benevolent purpose.—J. A. F.

once men!'[1] and will be men again to-morrow morning. The greatest wonder for me was how they had contrived to get together some six or seven hundred ladies and gentlemen (judging from the clothes) at this season of the year; and all utterly unknown to me, except some half-dozen.

So long as I kept my seat in the dress circle I recognised only Mrs. Macready (in one of the four private boxes), and in my nearer neighbourhood Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon. But in the interval betwixt the play and the farce I took a notion to make my way to Mrs. Macready. John, of course, declared the thing 'clearly impossible, no use trying it;' but a servant of the theatre, overhearing our debate, politely offered to escort me where I wished; and then John, having no longer any difficulties to surmount, followed, to have his share in what advantages might accrue from the change. Passing through a long dim passage, I came on a tall man leant to the wall, with his head touching the ceiling like a caryatid, to all appearance asleep, or resolutely trying it under most unfavourable circumstances. 'Alfred Tennyson!' I exclaimed in joyful surprise. 'Well!' said he, taking the hand I held out to him, and forgetting to let it go again. 'I did not know you were in town,' said I. 'I should like to

[1] Speech of a very young Wedgwood at a Woolwich review: 'Ah, papa, all these soldiers were once men?'

know who you are,' said he; 'I know that I know you, but I cannot tell your name.' And I had actually to name myself to him. Then he woke up in good earnest, and said he had been meaning to come to Chelsea. 'But Carlyle is in Scotland,' I told him with due humility. 'So I heard from Spedding already, but I asked Spedding, would he go with me to see Mrs. Carlyle? and he said he would.' I told him if he really meant to come, he had better not wait for backing, under the present circumstances; and then pursued my way to the Macreadys' box; where I was received by William (whom I had not divined) with a 'Gracious heavens!' and spontaneous dramatic start, which made me all but answer, 'Gracious heavens!' and start dramatically in my turn. And then I was kissed all round by his women; and poor Nell Gwyn, Mrs. M—— G——, seemed almost pushed by the general enthusiasm on the distracted idea of kissing me also! They would not let me return to my stupid place, but put in a third chair for me in front of their box; 'and the latter end of that woman was better than the beginning.' Macready was in perfect ecstasies over the 'Life of Schiller,' spoke of it with tears in his eyes. As 'a sign of the times,' I may mention that in the box opposite sat the Duke of Devonshire, with Payne Collier! Next to us were D'Orsay and 'Milady!'

Between eleven and twelve it was all over—and

the practical result? Eight-and-sixpence for a fly, and a headache for twenty-four hours! I went to bed as wearied as a little woman could be, and dreamt that I was plunging through a quagmire seeking some herbs which were to save the life of Mrs. Maurice; and that Maurice was waiting at home for them in an agony of impatience, while I could not get out of the mud-water!

Craik arrived next evening (Sunday), to make his compliments. Helen had gone to visit numbers.[1] John was smoking in the kitchen. I was lying on the sofa, headachey, leaving Craik to put himself to the chief expenditure of wind, when a cab drove up. Mr. Strachey? No. Alfred Tennyson alone! Actually, by a superhuman effort of volition he had put himself into a cab, nay, brought himself away from a dinner party, and was there to smoke and talk with me!—by myself—me! But no such blessedness was in store for him. Craik prosed, and John babbled for his entertainment; and I, whom he had come to see, got scarcely any speech with him. The exertion, however, of having to provide him with tea, through my own unassisted ingenuity (Helen being gone for the evening) drove away my headache; also perhaps a little feminine vanity at having inspired such a man with the energy to take a cab on his own responsibility, and to throw himself on providence

[1] 'No. 5,' or the like, denoting maid-servant there.

for getting away again! He stayed till eleven, Craik sitting him out, as he sat out Lady H——, and would sit out the Virgin Mary should he find her here.

What with these unfortunate mattresses (a work of necessity) and other processes almost equally indispensable, I have my hands full, and feel 'worried,' which is worse. I fancy my earthquake begins to 'come it rather strong' for John's comfort and ease, but I cannot help that; if I do not get on with my work, such as it is, what am I here for?

Yours,

J. C.

LETTER 79.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Thursday evening, Sept. 25 (?), 1845.

Here is an inclosure that will 'do thee neither ill n'r gude!' It lay along with two brochures, one blue, one pea-green—the thinnest brochures in every sense that ever issued from 'the womb of uncreated night!' 'the insipid offspring' of that 'crack-brained enthusiastic' who calls herself *Henri Paris*; one entitled *Grossmütterlein*, in verse, the other—oh, Heavens! —*La femme libre, et l'émancipation de la femme: Rhapsodie à propos des Saint-Simoniens*, in prose—dead prose.

I have looked into it over my tea, and find that

the only emancipation for *femme* lies in her having '*le saint courage de rester vierge!*' Glad tidings of great joy for—Robertson! '*Guerroyez donc, si vous pouvez, contre les hommes!*' exclaims the great female mind in an enthusiasm of platitude. '*Mais pour qu'ils daignent accepter votre défi, prouvez-leur, avant tout, que vous avez appris . . . à vous passer d'eux!*'

I rose yesterday morning with an immense desire for 'change of air.' I had made the house into the liveliest representation of 'Hell and Tommy'[1] (I 'Tommy'), and it struck me that I should do well to escape from it for some hours; so John and I left together. In the King's Road he picked up a cab to take back for his luggage, and I went on to Clarence Terrace, where I dined, and by six I was at home again to tea. Mrs. Macready had returned to Eastbourne, having only come up for the day to attend the play. That I was prepared for, as she had invited me to go along with her, but I was not prepared to find poor Macready ill in bed, with two doctors attending him. He had caught a horrible cold that night, from seeing Mrs. M—— G—— to her carriage through the rain 'in thin shoes;' had been obliged to break an engagement at Cambridge. Poor Letitia[2] was very concerned about him, but would still not

[1] Buller's definition to me of a Martin picture (engraving rather) on Macready's staircase one gala night. Picture mad—mad as Bedlam, all, and with one 'small figure' ('Tommy') notably prominent.

[2] His sister, a very amiable gentlewoman.

let me go without some dinner. To-day she writes to me that he is better. There seemed a good deal of jealousy in Macreadydom on the subject of the amateur actors. A 'tremendous puff of the thing' had appeared in the *Times*—'more kind really than ever the *Times* showed itself towards William!'[1] John, when he came at night to pay 'his compliments of digestion,' suggested, with his usual originality, 'it was probably that (the puff) which had made Macready so ill just now!' Forster, it seems, bears away the palm; but they have all had their share of praise, 'and are in such a state of excitement, poor things, as never was seen!' 'It will not stop here,' Miss Macready thinks.

To-day I have not been out at all. I rose at seven, to receive—a sweep! And have been helping Helen to scrub in the library till now—seven in the evening. John[2] came rushing in soon after nine this morning: he had left a breast-pin in the glass-drawer, and 'supposed it would not be lost yet!' Then having found it, he brought it to me in the library, where I was mounted on the steps, covered with dust, to ask, whether I thought 'the diamonds real;' and

[1] 'William' was the good Mrs. M.'s constant designation for her husband.

[2] John's careless, helter-skelter ways had been notable since his boyhood, and which, taking his ease among us, were frequently an object of satire to her as to the rest of us. The good, affectionate, honest, and manly character and fine talents that lay deeper she also knew, as we all of us did, though with less of *vocal* recognition.

what I thought 'such a thing would cost.' It was the pin he got years ago in Italy. I told him I would not take upon me to value it, but I could learn its value for him. 'From whom?' 'From Collier the jeweller.' 'Where does he live?' (with immense eagerness.) 'At the top of Sloane Street.' 'But wouldn't he tell me—if I asked him? me, myself?' 'I dare say he would,' said I soothingly, for he seemed to be going rapidly out of his wits, with all-absorbing desire to know the value of that pin! If I had not seen him the night before playing with his purse and some sovereigns, I might have thought he was on the point of carrying it to a pawnshop to get himself a morsel of victuals! But when, giving up the diamonds as glass, he passed to the individual value of the turquoise in the middle, flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and I returned to my dusting in silence; whereupon he looked at his watch, and found he 'was obliged to go off to the British Museum.' What in all the world will become of him? He seems to be more than ever without 'fixed point,' without will, without so much as a good wish! unless it be to enjoy a tolerable share of material comfort, without 'Amt,' and as much as possible without 'Geld.' However, now that he has 'concluded with his landlady,' it is no business of mine how he flounders on, 'bating no jot of heart and hope, as he says. My own life is rather of the

floundering sort, only I have the grace to have 'abated heart and hope' in it to such an extent as to think sometimes that, 'if I were dead, and a stone at my head,' perhaps it would be be——ter![1]

Not a soul has been here since Alfred Tennyson —except the 'dark-fated' Krasinski,[2] who did not get in. I know his rap, and signified to Helen to say 'I was sick—or dead'—what she liked! So she told him, 'the mistress was bad with her head to-night,' which, if not precisely the naked truth, was a Gambardella 'aspiration' towards it. But besides Miss Macready yesterday I saw Helps, who seems to me 'dwindling away into an unintelligible whinner.' I met him in the King's Road, just as John called his cab, and he walked back part of the way with me, decidedly too solemn for his size!

I get no letters in these days except from you. Geraldine has even fallen dumb; still out of sorts I fancy, or absorbed in her 'one-eyed Egyptian;' perhaps scheming a new 'work!' I care very little which. Kind regards wherever they are due.

J. C.

[1] Forlorn old pauper, entering a schoolroom (to dame and little children):

> 'I'm a poor helpless cratur;
> If I was dead, and a stone at my head,
> I think it would be bey-tur [better]!'

[2] Amiable, mild gentleman, Polish exile; utterly poor; died in Edinburgh ten years afterwards.

LETTER 80.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Wednesday, Oct. 1845 [some evening, about post-time].

Well! now I am subsided again; set in for a quiet evening, at leisure to write, and with plenty to write about. I know not how it is; I seem to myself to be leading a most solitary, and virtuous, and eventless life here, at this dead season of the year; and yet when I sit down to write, I have so many things to tell always that I am puzzled where to begin. Decidedly, I was meant to have been a subaltern of the Daily Press—not 'a penny-lady,'[1] but a penny-a-liner; for it is not only a faculty with me, but a necessity of my nature to make a great deal out of nothing.

To begin with something I have been treasuring up for a week (for I would not holloa till we were out of the wood): I have *put down the dog*![2] 'The dog! wasn't he put down at Christmas, with a hare?' It seemed so; and 'we wished we might get it!' But on my return I found him in the old place, at the back of the wall, barking 'like—like—anything!' 'Helen!' I said, with the calmness of a great despair, 'is not that the same dog?' 'Deed is it!' said she, 'and the whole

[1] In Scotland the 'Penny Ladies' (extraneously so-called) were busy, 'benevolent' persons; subscribers of a penny a week for educating, &c. &c., not with much success.

[2] Oh, my heroine! Endless were her feats in regard to all this, and her gentle talent too! I could not have lived here but for that, had there been nothing more.

two months you have been away, its tongue has never lain! it has driven even me almost distracted!' I said no more, but I had my own thoughts on the subject. Poison? a pistol bullet? the Metropolitan Police? Some way or other that dog—or I—must terminate! Meanwhile I went on cleaning with what heart I could. 'My Dear! Will you hasten to the catastrophe?' I am hastening, slowly—*festina lente*. Bless your heart! 'there's nothing pushing'—'the rowins[1] are a' in the loft' for this night! Well! it was the evening after John's departure. I had been too busy all day to listen; the candles were lit, and I had set myself with my feet on the fender to enjoy the happiness of being let alone, and to——bid myself 'consider.' 'Bow-wow-wow,' roared the dog, 'and dashed the cup of fame from my brow!' 'Bow-wow-wow' again, and again, till the whole universe seemed turned into one great dog-kennel! I hid my face in my hands and groaned inwardly. 'Oh, destiny accursed! what use of scrubbing and sorting? All this availeth me nothing, so long as the dog sitteth at the washerman's gate!' I could have burst into tears, but I did not! 'I was a republican—before the Revolution; and I never wanted energy!' I ran for ink and paper, and wrote:—

'Dear Gambardella,—You once offered to shoot

[1] Saying of my indolent sister-in-law, brother Alick's wife, on one occasion. 'Rowins' are wool completely carded, ready for the wheel when it comes down from 'the loft.'

some cocks for me; that service I was enabled to dispense with; but now I accept your devotion. Come, if you value my sanity, and ——.' But here 'a sudden thought struck me.' He could not take aim at the dog without scaling the high wall, and in so doing he would certainly be seized by the police; so I threw away that first sibylline leaf, and wrote another —to the washerman! Once more I offered him 'any price for that horrible dog—to hang it,' offered 'to settle a yearly income on it if it would hold its accursed tongue.' I implored, threatened, imprecated, and ended by proposing that, in case he could not take an immediate final resolution, he should in the interim 'make[1] the dog dead-drunk with a bottle of whiskey, which I sent for the purpose!' Helen was sent off with the note and the whiskey; and I sat, all concentrated, awaiting her return, as if the fate of nations had depended on my diplomacy; and so it did, to a certain extent! Would not the inspirations of 'the first man in Europe' be modified,[2] for the next six months at least, by the fact, who should come off victorious, I or the dog? Ah! it is curious to think how first men in Europe, and first women too, are acted upon by the inferior animals!

Helen came, but even before that had 'the raven down of night' smoothed itself in heavenly silence!

[1] Mark, mark!

[2] *Quiz*, mainly this, and glad mockery of some who deserved it.

God grant this were not mere accident; oh, no! verily it was not accident. The washerman's two daughters had seized upon and read the note; and what was death to me had been such rare amusement to them that they 'fell into fits of laughter' in the first place; and, in the second place, ran down and untied the dog, and solemnly pledged themselves that it should 'never trouble me more!' At Christmas they had sent it into the country for three months 'to learn to be quiet,' and then chained it in the old place; now they would take some final measure. Next morning came a note from the washerman himself, written on glazed paper, with a crow-quill, apologising, promising; he could not put it away entirely; as it was 'a great protection' to him, and 'belonged to a relation' (who shall say where sentiment may not exist!), but he 'had untied it, and would take care it gave me no further trouble,' and he 'returned his grateful thanks for what 'as been sent.' It is a week ago; and one may now rest satisfied that the tying up caused the whole nuisance. The dog is to be seen going about there all day in the yard, like any other Christian dog, 'carrying out' your principle of silence, not merely 'platonically,' but practically. Since that night, as Helen remarks, 'it has not said one word!' So, 'thanks God,' you still have quietude to return to![1]

[1] Well do I remember that dog, behind the wall, on the other side of the street. Never heard more.

I took tea with Sterling on Monday night; walked there, and he sent the carriage home with me. It is very difficult to know how to do with him. He does not seem to me essentially mad; but rather mad with the apprehension of madness; a state of mind I can perfectly understand—*moi*. He forgets sometimes Anthony's name, for example, or mine; or how many children he has; and then he gets into a rage, that he cannot recollect; and then he stamps about, and rings the bell, and brings everybody in the house to 'help him to remember;' and when all will not do, he exclaims: 'I am going mad, by God!' and then he is mad, as mad as a March hare. I can do next to nothing for him, beyond cheering him up a little, for the moment. Yesterday, again, I went a little drive with him; of course, not without Saunders as well as the coachman. He told me that when he heard I had written about him, he 'cried for three days.' Anthony's desertion seems the central point, around which all his hypochondriacal ideas congregate. Anthony has never written him the scrape of a pen, since he left him insensible at Manchester; nor even written about him, so far as himself or his manservant knows.

Whom else have I seen? Nobody else, I think, except Mazzini, whom I was beginning to fancy the Jewess must have made an *enlèvement* of; and *enlevé* he had been, sure enough, but not by the Jewess—by himself, and only the length of Oxford; or rather he

meant to go only the length of Oxford; but, with his usual practicality, let himself be carried sixty miles further, to a place he called Swinton.[1] Then, that the journey back might have also its share of misadventure, he was not in time to avail himself of the place he had taken 'in the second class;' but had to jump up, 'quite promiscuously,' beside 'the conductor,' where he had 'all the winds of heaven blowing on him, and through him;' the result a 'dreadful cold.' Dreadful, it must have been when it confined him to the house. Meanwhile he had had—two other declarations of love!! They begin to be as absurd as the midges in Mr. Fleming's 'right eye.' 'What! more of them?' 'Ah yes! unhappily! they begin to—what shall I say?—rain on me like *sauterelles*!' One was from a young lady in Genoa, who sent him a bracelet of her hair (the only feature he has seen of her); and begged 'to be united to him—in plotting!' 'That one was good, upon my honour.' 'And the other?' 'Ah! from a woman here, married, thanks God; though to a man fifty years more old—French, and sings—the other played, decidedly my love of music has consequences!' 'And how did she set about it?' '*Franchement*; through a mutual friend; and then she sent me an invitation to supper; and I returned for answer that I was going to Oxford; where I still am, and will remain a long, long time!' *Emancipation de la*

[1] Swindon.

femme! one would say, it marches almost faster than intellect. And now, if there be not clatter enough for one night, I have a great many half-moons and stars to cut in paper before I go to bed. For what purpose? That is my secret. 'And you wish that you could tell!'

Good-night. *Schlaf wohl.*

J. C.

I told Scott, in a note, to despatch Mrs. Rich's letter immediately.

LETTER 81.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1845.

'Ah!' my dear! Yes indeed! If I could 'quench the devil' also, you might turn your face homewards with a feeling of comparative security. But Sybilline leaves, whisky, game even, all the means of seduction which I have at my poor command, cannot *gain* him. Still, as in the time of old Dr. Ritchie, 'he goeth about, seeking whom he may devour,' and does not, as Helen was remarking this morning the dog did, ever since it had been set at large, 'behave just like any other rational being.' One must be content to 'stave him off,' then, better or worse. Against the devil my 'notes' themselves are powerless.[1] But here, on the table before me at this

[1] 'Against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless' (Schiller).

moment, one would say, lay means enough to keep him at bay for a while: first, two series of discourses on, first, 'Christian Humiliation'; second, 'The City of God,' by C. H. Terrot, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh; and secondly, a pair of pistols with percussion-locks.

Are not the Fates kind in sending me two such windfalls in one evening? When I have made myself sufficiently desperate by study of the one, I can blow my brains out with the other. Come what may, one has always one's 'City of God' left and—one's pistols.

Meanwhile, I am going to dine with ——— ———. She met Darwin here yesterday, and asked him to fetch me; and though I made great eyes at him, he answered, 'With all the pleasure in life!' And so, for want of moral courage to say *No* on my own basis, I am in for a stupid evening and Italian cookery; but I shall take some sewing with me, and stipulate to be brought away early. I have been all day giving the last finish to the china closet; and am shocked, this moment, by the town clock striking four, before my letter is well begun; I will send it, nevertheless, lest you should 'take a notion' to be anxious.

I am also under the disagreeable necessity of warning you that you must bring some money. 'The thirty pounds I left done already?' No, not done absolutely, but near it; and yet my living has

been as moderate as well could be, and my little improvements have all been made off the money that was to have been squandered in Wales. I wish you had had the paying out at the end of the quarter instead of the beginning; it is so provoking, when I wanted so much to have been praised for my economy, to have to say instead, you must bring more money. But just take the trouble to see how it has gone, without any mention of victuals at all:—

	£	s.	d.
Your debt to clear off	4	18	6
Water-rate	0	6	6
Church-rate	0	11	3
Rent	8	15	0
Aldin's quarter's account	5	8	0
Taxes	3	2	2½
To Helen of wages	1	0	0
	24	1	5½[1]

After so prosaic a page as that, what more were it possible to write, even if I had the time? *Ach Gott!*

Ever yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 82.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Sunday, Oct. 12, 1845.

Considering that a letter of twelve pages will reach you in the course of nature to-morrow morning, another for Tuesday morning seems to

[1] With the receipts all inclosed. Oh, my 'poverty'! richer to me than the Indies!

be about as superfluous as Mr. Kenny's second twin.[1] Nevertheless, to be punctual to orders, this little sheet comes 'hopping to find you in the same.'

I have been from twelve to-day till now (six in the evening) with old Sterling. He came to ask me to drive, and dine with him after, which humble prayer I could comply with in both its branches—the day being Sunday, and nothing particular doing at home. In passing along Brompton Road, he suddenly pulled the check-string and said to me in a solemn voice, 'Now, will you please to accompany me to the regions of the dead?' 'Certainly not,' said I, and called to the coachman, 'Drive on!' He is rapidly improving in his physical part; but the head is confused as much as ever. He began crying about his wife to-day; and, after declaring that 'she had reason to be satisfied with his grief for her loss,' finished off with 'and now I say it really and religiously, I have just one hope left, and that is—to be left a widower as soon as possible.'

On my return, I found on the table the cards of Mrs. N—— and Mrs. A——. 'How these two women do hate one another!'[2] But they are now,

[1] Kenny, the playwright, married to the widow of Holcroft (the nervous Irish gentleman, to black French giantess, afraid of nothing) had an important bequest depending 'on the birth of a child.' Twins duly came, whereupon anxious Kenny dropped off to Basil Montague to inquire: 'But will that do? Two instead of one?'

[2] So had some spiteful fellow once whispered her, in some rout, on seeing them together.

it would seem, not ashamed to drive out together. I was rather sorry to have missed Mrs. N——. Who should drop in on me yesterday at dinner, but little Bölte, looking fat and almost contented? She was passing through with one of her pupils, whom she had been living with six weeks at Sevenoaks, to be near a doctor 'for diseases of the skin.' She had fallen in there with a fine lady who possessed Mr. Carlyle's works, and said she liked them in many respects, and always took his part in public; that there was one thing about him 'deeply to be deplored.' Bölte asked, 'What?' 'Why, you know, on certain subjects Mr. Carlyle thinks for himself, and that is so very wrong.'

LETTER 83.

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Bay House: Sunday, Dec. 7, 1845.

My dear Mr. Forster,—A woman is constantly getting warned against following 'the impulses of her heart!' Why, I never could imagine! for all the grand blunders I am conscious of having committed in life have resulted from neglecting or gainsaying the impulses of my heart, to follow the insights of my understanding, or, still worse, of other understandings. And so I am now arrived at this with it, that I have flung my understanding to the dogs; and think, do, say, and feel just exactly as nature

prompts me. Well, having just finished the reading of your article on 'Cromwell,' nature prompts me to take pen and paper, and tell you that I think it devilishly well done, and quite as meritorious as the book itself; only that there is not so much bulk of it! Now, do not fancy it is my wife-nature that is so excited. I am a bad wife in so far as regards care about what is said of my husband's books in newspapers or elsewhere. I am always so thankful to have them done, and out of the house, that the praise or blame they meet with afterwards is of the utmost insignificance to me. It is not, then, because your article covers him with generous praise that I am so delighted with it; but because it is full of sense, and highmindedness of its own; and most eloquently written. As Mrs. Norton would say, 'I love you for writing it;' only nobody will impute to me a fraudulent use of that word!

My pen—all pens here—refuse to write intelligibly. We are to come home in a fortnight hence, and I hope to see you then.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. C.

Love to the Macreadys.

LETTER 84.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Dec. 30, 1845.

Dearest Mrs. Russell,—We are just returned from our Hampshire visit;[1] and I can answer for one of us being so worn out with 'strenuous idleness,' as I do not remember ever to have been before! Six weeks have I been doing absolutely nothing but playing at battledore and shuttlecock, chess, talking nonsense, and getting rid of a certain fraction of this mortal life as cleverly and uselessly as possible; nothing could exceed the sumptuosity and elegance of the whole thing, nor its uselessness! Oh dear me! I wonder why so many people wish for high position and great wealth, when it is such an 'open secret' what all that amounts to in these days, merely to emancipating people from all the practical difficulties, which might teach them the facts of things, and sympathy with their fellow creatures. This Lady Harriet Baring, whom we have just been staying with, is the very cleverest woman, out of sight, that I ever saw in my life (and I have seen all our 'distinguished authoresses'); moreover, she is full of energy and sincerity, and has, I am sure, an excellent

[1] After a long visit to Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, at Bay House, Alverstoke.

heart; yet so perverted has she been by the training and life-long humouring incident to her high position that I question if in her whole life she has done as much for her fellow-creatures as my mother in one year, or whether she will ever break through the cobwebs she is entangled in, so as to be anything other than the most amusing and most graceful woman of her time. The sight of such a woman should make one very content with one's own trials even when they feel to be rather hard!

To jump to the opposite ends of creation, how is old Mary? Let her have her usual tokens of remembrance from me, poor old soul!—and Margaret. Say kind words to them both from me; which, I know, is always a pleasant commission to one so kindly disposed as you are.

I have never yet thanked you for your welcome letter; but not the less have I thanked you in my heart. I was just expecting my husband's return when it came; and was busy making all sorts of preparations for him; then, after he came, I was kept in a sort of worry till we got away to Bay House, and in the last six weeks I have never felt to have one minute's leisure, though doing nothing all the while. Now that I am home, I hope to settle down into a more peaceful and reasonable life.

God bless you, dear Mrs. Russell, and your father and husband.

Accept the little New Year's gift, I send you as a token of grateful affection, that will never be less.

Yours,

J. CARLYLE.

LETTER 85.

Spring of 1846, she and a small pretty party were at Addiscombe Farm for several weeks. I, busy with the 'Cromwell' second edition, was obliged to keep working steadily at home; but duly, on the Saturday till Monday, went out. There could be no prettier parties, prettier place or welcome, had these been all the requisites, but in truth they were not. Idleness, it must be owned, did sadly prevail—sadly, and even tragically, as I sometimes thought, on considering our hostess and chief lady there, and her noble talents, natural tendencies and aspirations, 'buried under gold thrones,' as Richter says.—T. C.

Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

5 Cheyne Row: Wednesday, April 1846.

My dear Jane,—The spirit moves me to fire off at you a small charitable purchase which I have just made. In the way of suggestion, it may perhaps yield me virtue's own reward!

I am just returned, two days ago, from an aristocratic visit of a month's duration, with the mind of me all churned into froth, out of which, alas, no butter is to be expected! Yes, 'gey idle o' wark' have I been for the last month, 'clatching about the country on cuddy-asses'[1] (figuratively speaking).

[1] Ejaculation of my mother's after reading a long Roman letter from brother John.

Seeing 'how they ack' in the upper places does not give me any discontent with the place I am born to, quite the contrary. I, for one solitary individual (as Carlyle says), could not be other than perfectly miserable in idleness, world without end; and for a grand lady, it seems somehow impossible, whatever may be her talents and 'good intentions,' to be other than idle to death. Even children do not find them in occupation and duties. A beautiful Lady Anne who was at Addiscombe along with me for the last ten days, had been confined just a month before; and her new baby was left with an older one in the care of a doctor and nurses; the mother seeming to be as little aware as all the rest (myself excepted) that any mortal could find anything to object to in such free and easy holding of one's children. But, as your ancestor said long ago, 'they're troubled that hae the world, and troubled that want it.' On the whole, however, the more rational sort of trouble, that which brings least remorse along with it, seems to me to be the 'wanting it.' C. is gone to ride; a little 'ill-haired,' this morning.

Ever your affectionate sister,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 86.

After Alverstoke, February 1846, I had rallied to a second edition of Cromwell (first had been published in October preceding), enterprise in which, many new letters

having come in, there lay a great deal of drudgery, requiring one's most exquisite talent as of shoe-cobbling, really, that kind of talent carried to a high pitch, with which I continued busy all summer and farther. She, in the meanwhile, had been persuaded into Lancashire again; not till late in August could I join her at Seaforth for a little while. Whence into Annandale for another silent six weeks, grown all to grey haze now, except that I did get rid of my horse 'Bobus' there on fair terms, and had no want of mournful reflections (sad as death at times or sadder) on my own and the world's confusion and perversities, and the tragedies there bred for oneself and others. God's mercy, God's pardon, we all of us might pray for, if we could.—T. C.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Seaforth House, Liverpool: July 2, 1846.

Dearest Mrs. Russell,—Your note found me again at Seaforth, where I have been for the last week. The great heat of London in the beginning of June had made me quite ill again, and as my husband would not make up his mind yet where to go, or when, I made up my own mind one fine morning, and started off hither, which has become a sort of house of refuge for me of late years. My husband talked of following me in a week or two, and then taking me with him to Scotland; but whether I shall be able to bring my mind to that, when the time comes, Heaven knows. The idea of Scotland under the actual circumstances is so extremely desolate for me that I should need to get a little more strength

here, both physical and moral, before it were possible for me to entertain it practically. I fancy it were easier for me to go to Haddington than to Dumfries-shire ; I have not been there since it was all changed, and myself become a sort of stranger in it. A family of good women,[1] who were dearly attached to my mother, are very desirous that I should pay them a visit; and I have not yet said positively that I will not. We shall see.

Meanwhile, Tuesday is my birthday, when I must not be forgotten by those who have been used to remember it. I send a little parcel for Margaret,[2] to your kind care ; and will thank you to give Mary [3] five shillings for me, or rather lay it out for her on a pair of shoes, or tea, or what you think fittest. I will send a Post-Office order, in repayment, the first day I go to Liverpool.

I spent part of the day there yesterday, and saw my uncle, who was absent on my first visit. He looks pretty well, and is very patient under the feebleness of age. My cousins, Helen and Mary, were here on Wednesday, and promise to come and see me often, without taking it ill of me that I prefer staying here in this quiet, roomy, country house, to

[1] The Misses Donaldson.

[2] Margaret Hiddlestone, the excellent widow servant.

[3] Mary Mills, who used to depend on charitable Templand, weeding the garden, &c. To me who know the matter, what a piercing beauty in those rigorously punctual small gifts; sad as death, and grand, too, as death !

being cooped up in Maryland Street, which is worse for one's health than Cheyne Row. Margaret[1] goes to Scotland to Walter, on Wednesday.

My kind regards to your husband and father. I could not help smiling when I thought of your father receiving his newspaper[2] all in mourning for—the Pope!

Affectionately yours ever,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 87.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Seaforth: Tuesday, July 14, 1846.

Oh! my dear husband, fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! and I do not even feel any resentment against fortune, for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, when I seem to you most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing like so bad as I deserve. But you shall hear how it was.

Not a line from you on my birthday, the post-mistress averred! I did not burst out crying, did not faint—did not do anything absurd, so far as I know; but I walked back again, without speaking a word; and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you, who know me, can conceive. And

[1] 'Maggie' *hodie.*

[2] The (Irish-Catholic) *Tablet*, which came gratis to me (from Lucas, founder and editor, a great 'admirer,' &c.), and was sent regularly till his death.

then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you, finally, so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe, and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so ill that you could not write?

That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway, and back to London. Oh, mercy! what a two hours I had of it![1]

And just when I was at my wits' end, I heard Julia crying out through the house: 'Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! Are you there? Here is a letter for you.'

And so there was after all! The postmistress had overlooked it, and had given it to Robert, when he went afterwards, not knowing that we had been. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my dear! I am not fit for living in the world with this organisation. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I cannot even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you, by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case; and now I will lie down awhile, and try to get some sleep. At least, to quiet myself, I will

[1] Oh, my darling little woman!

try to believe—oh, why cannot I believe it, once for all—that, with all my faults and follies, I am 'dearer to you than any earthly creature.' I will be better for Geraldine here; she is become very quiet and nice; and as affectionate for me as ever.

Your own

J. C.

Two Extracts.

To T. Carlyle.

Liverpool, July 1846.

July 15.—Jeannie writes to me from Auchtertool that the old minister is suddenly dead, so Walter[1] is now in possession of the appointments of his office. There is something rather shocking in one person's death being necessarily a piece of good fortune for another; but it is all one to the old man himself now, whether they make sad faces at his departure or gay ones. And who knows? 'Perhaps somebody loved that pig,'[2] and will give him a genuine tear or two. 'Poor mortals after all!' what a mighty problem we make about our bits of lives; and death as surely on the way to cut us out of 'all that' at least, whatever may come after. Yes, nobody out of Bedlam, even educated in Edinburgh, can contrive to doubt of death. One may go a far way in scepticism; may

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's uncle.

[2] Sentimental cockney (mythical) that, trotting past, saw a clean-washed pig with a ribbon round its neck, and exclaimed, 'Somebody,' &c. —T. C.

get to disbelieve in God and the devil, in virtue and in vice, in love, in one's own soul; never to speak of time and space, progress of the species, rights of women, greatest happiness of the greatest number, 'isms,' world without end; everything, in short, that the human mind ever believed in, or 'believed that it believed in;' only not in death. The most outrageous sceptic—even I, after two nights without sleep—cannot go ahead against that fact—a rather cheering one on the whole—that, let one's earthly difficulties be what they may, death will make them all smooth sooner or later, and either one shall have a trial at existing again under new conditions, or sleep soundly through all eternity. That last used to be a horrible thought for me, but it is not so any longer. I am weary, weary to such a point of moral exhaustion, that any anchorage were welcome, even the stillest, coldest, where the wicked should cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest, understanding both by the wicked and the weary myself.

Several letters lost, and four dismal weeks of my darling's history in the world left unrecorded. Ill spirits, ill health. Oh what a world for her too noble being, and for some others not so noble! I had left perhaps a week before the date of this letter, sorrowfully enough, but not guessing at all how ill she was. She had gone to Geraldine's quiet place in Manchester, rather as in duty bound than with much hope of solacement or even of greater quietude there; both of which, however, she found, so beautiful was Geraldine's

affectionate skill with her, delicacy, wise silent sympathy and unwearied assiduity (coming by surprise too), for which she never forgot Geraldine.—T. C.

Manchester: Aug. 23, 1846.

Geraldine has kept to her purpose of not leaving me a single vacant minute; and her treatment, I believe, has been the most judicious that was possible. It has brought back something like colour into my face, and something like calm into my heart, but how long I shall be able to keep either the one or the other when left to my own management, God knows, or perhaps another than God knows, best.

Nor is it to Geraldine alone that I feel grateful; no words can express the kindness of her brother. To-night I shall be with all my family that remains, but that thought cannot keep the tears out of my eyes in quitting these strangers who have treated me like the dearest of sisters.

Short while after this I at length roused myself from torpor at Scotsbrig, and made, still very slowly, for home. Slowly, and with wide circuit, by Dumfries, Craigenputtock (oh my emotions there with tenant McQueen in the room which had been our bedroom). After two hours at Craigenputtock with MacQueen, who had now become a mighty cattle-dealer, famed at Norwich, much more over all these moor countries for his grandeur of procedure (and who in a year or two died tragically, poor man!), I returned to Dumfries, took coach next morning for Ayr, impressive interesting drive all the way, wandered lonesome, mani-

foldly imagining, all afternoon, over Ayr and environs (Arran from the sea sand, in the hazy east wind nightfall, grand and grim. Twa Brigs, &c.). Ayr was holding some grand market; streets and inn had been chokefull during the sunny hours; in twilight and by lamplight become permeable enough, had not one's heart been so heavy. I stept into a small stationer's shop, and at his counter wrote a poor letter to my mother. Except two words there, and a twice-two at my inn, no speech further in Ayr. After dark, rail to Ardrossan (bright moon on the sandy straggling scene there), step on board the steamer for Belfast, intending a little glimpse of Ireland before Liverpool, Duffy and other young Repealers waiting me there, all on the ship. At Belfast next morning, breakfast, stay few hours, (cold stony town) take coach for Drogheda where Duffy and Mitchell will await, a post-office letter will say in what particular house. Coach roof in the sunny day pleasant enough; country rough and ill-husbandried, but all *new*; Portnadown Bridge (of the great massacre of 1641); Duke of Manchester's house; a merry enough young Dublin gentleman sitting next me occasionally talking merry sense. Potatoes all evidently rotten; every here and there air poisoned with their fateful smell. At Drogheda, dismount. Postmaster has no letter for me; angry old fool reiterates 'None, I tell you!' and Duffy, who was there waiting and had a letter waiting, stayed in vain, and did not return till afternoon next day; would have had the Drogheda official punished (or at least complained of), but I wouldn't. An angry old fool, misanthropic, not dishonest, pleaded I. Rolled into Dublin (to Imperial Hotel) by railway. After sunset, wandered far and wide about the broad pavements, listening to the wild melodies and cries of Dublin (on a Saturday night), went tired to bed, and, in spite of riotous sounds audible, slept well enough.

In Dublin or neighbourhood I continued till Thursday or Friday; saw various persons, places, and things, which had a kind of interest to me. One day saw Conciliation Hall, and the last glimpse of O'Connell, chief quack of the then world —first time I had ever heard the lying scoundrel speak—a most melancholy scene to me altogether. Conciliation Hall something like a decent Methodist chapel; but its audience very sparse, very bad, and blackguard-looking; brazen faces like tapsters, tavern keepers, miscellaneous hucksters and quarrelsome male or female nondescripts, the prevailing type; not one that you would have called a gentleman, much less a man of culture; and discontent visible among them. The speech—on potato rot (most serious of topics)—had not one word of sincerity, not to speak of wisdom in it. Every sentence seemed to you a lie, and even to know that it was a detected lie. I was standing in the area in a small group of non-members and transitory people quite near this Demosthenes of blarney, when a low voice close at my ear whispered in high accent: 'Did you ever hear such damned nonsense in all your life?' It was my Belfast Drogheda coach companion, and I thoroughly agreed with him. Beggarly O'Connell made out of Ireland straightway, and never returned—crept under the Pope's petticoat 'to die' (and be 'saved' from what he had merited)—the eminently despicable and eminently poisonous professor of blarney that he was.

I saw Carleton—Irish novelist (big vulgar kind of fellow, not without talent and plenty of humour); certain young lawyers who have since come to promotion, but were not of moment; certain young writers do. do. Dined at John Mitchell's with a select party one evening, and ate there the last truly good potato I have met with in the world. Mitchell's wife, especially his mother (Presbyterian parson's widow of the best Scotch type), his frugally elegant small

house and table, pleased me much, as did the man himself, a fine elastic-spirited young fellow with superior natural talent, whom I grieved to see rushing on destruction, palpable by 'attack of windmills,' but on whom all my dissuasions were thrown away. Both Duffy and him I have always regarded as specimens of the best kind of Irish youth, seduced (like thousands of others in their early day) into courses that were at once mad and ridiculous, and which nearly ruined the life of both, by the Big Beggar-man, who had 15,000*l.* a year (and *proh pudor!* the favour of English ministers instead of the pillory from them) for professing blarney, with such and still worse results. One of my most impressive days was the Sunday (morrow of my arrival) out at Dundrum waiting for Duffy, who did arrive about night. Beautiful prospect; sea with shore and islets; beautiful leafy lanes; mile on mile in total silence, total solitude. I only met two persons all day: one promenading gently on horseback; the other on foot, from which latter I practically learnt that the 'Hill of Howth' was unknown by that name here, and known only as the 'Hill of Hoath.' My last day there was also pretty; wide sweeping drive with Duffy and Mitchell. Dargle, stream and banks, Powerscourt, gate and oaks, &c., altogether fine; finally to Bray and its fine hotel to dinner, till steamer time came, and they hospitably put me on board. Adieu! adieu! ye well-wishing souls.

Next morning between five and six I was safe seated on my luggage before the door of Maryland Street (Liverpool), smoking a cigar in placid silence till the silent home should awaken, which it somehow did unexpectedly before my cigar was done.—T. C.

LETTER 88.

This and the next four letters give clear account of a sordid form of servile chaos in this house, and how it was ad-

ministered by one who had the best skill I ever saw in such matters. Helen Mitchell, an innocent-hearted, very ingenious, but practically altogether foolish creature, had, by matchless skill in guiding of her and thorough knowledge of her Scotch character and ways, been trained to great perfection of service, been even cured from a wild habit of occasional drinking, and tamed into living with us, and loyally and faithfully serving us for many years. She was one of the strangest creatures I ever saw; had an intellectual insight almost as of genius, and a folly and simplicity as of infancy: her sayings and observations, her occasional criticisms on men and things translated into the dialect of upstairs, were by far the most authentic table wit I have anywhere heard! This is literally true, though I cannot make it conceivable; the 'beautifully prismatic' medium that conveyed it to me, which was unique in my experience, being gone.

The history of Helen's departure, and of her unspeakable successor's arrival are clearly given in these following letters, and to me at present in spite of their mean elements, have the essential aspect of a queenly tragedy, authentic of its kind!—T. C.

To Mrs. Stirling, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Saturday, Sept. 1846.

My dear Susan,—Do you remember saying to me when you were last here, 'should you ever have to part with Helen, and be in want of another Scotch servant, tell me, and perhaps I shall be able to help you to one; for there are still good servants to be got in Dundee'? It is years since you said this; years since we have exchanged words with one

another; but I now claim your assistance, with as full assurance as if you had offered it yesterday: for I judge of your friendship by my own; and as time and absence have made no change in my feelings towards you, I fancy that neither has any change been made in yours towards me; and that you are still as ready to take some trouble for me as ever you were. If likings depended on locality in this world, poor mortals would have a sad time of it; seeing how those who like one another are drifted asunder, and kept apart; as much, often, as if they were dead for one another; but where a true regard has once existed, I cannot believe that any 'force of circumstances' ever destroys it. And so, as I have said, I calculate on your being still the same warmhearted friend I ever found you, when our stars brought us together—even though we do not write letters to state the fact.

Alas! of late years my letter-writing propensities have been sorely kept down by the continual consciousness of being grown into a sort of bore; ever ailing, ever depressed in spirits—the consequence, I suppose, of this sort of nervous ailment. What have I to tell anyone that cares for me, which it were any satisfaction to hear? The only thing I would write to you, which were not better unwritten, would be just over and over again, 'My dear Susan, I often think of you, and have the same affection for you that ever

I had;'—and that, I flatter myself, you will always take for granted.

But, for the practical business that now puts me on writing to you: you are to know that my poor little Helen has not relapsed into drink again, nor otherwise forsaken the paths of virtue; on the contrary, she has been growing, like wine and a few other things, always the better by keeping. So that at no period of our relation could I have felt more regret at losing her. The only consolation is, that she will find her advantage in the change: at least one tries to hope so. A marriage, you think! No, something even more unthought of has turned up for the little woman. She is going to be made a sort of a lady of! at least, so the matter presents itself to her lively imagination! A brother in Dublin has been rising into great prosperity as a manufacturer of coach-fringe; thanks to the immense consumption of that article on the railways! He is now, by his own showing, a regular gentleman—so far as money goes!—and has 'two hundred girls in his pay.' He looks to me a foolish, flustering sort of incredible creature; but Helen feels no doubt as to the solidity of his basis. Hitherto he has taken no charge of Helen beyond coming to see her for a quarter of an hour when his business called him to London.

LETTER 89.

Helen had usefully and affectionately stayed with us eight years or more. Latterly, a silly snob of a younger brother, setting up, or getting forward, in some small business at Dublin, came once or twice, after total neglect before, opened a 'career of ambition' to the poor creature, and persuaded her over to Dublin to keep house for him. It was well foreseen what this was likely to end in; but there could be no gainsaying. Poor Helen went (and took the consequence, as will be seen); bright breakfast-table report of her strange sayings and ways (gentle, genial lambency of grave humour and intelligence—wittiest of wit that I ever heard was poor in comparison!) ceased altogether then; and to us, also, the consequences for the time were variously sad.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Chelsea: End of Dec. 1846.

My dear Jane,—I am not up to much writing yet; my three weeks' confinement to bed, and the violent medicine that was given me to put down my cough, have reduced me to the consistency of a jelly. But I will not write a long letter, but tell you now in a short one how glad I was of the little token of your kind remembrance, which reached me the other night just when I was trying to sit up for the first time. Your letter made me cry; which is always a good sign of a letter, don't you think? But, my dear, what do you mean by 'forgiving' you? What unkind thing did you ever do to me? I have

not the faintest recollection of your ever doing unkindly by me in your life! At Craigenputtock we used to have little squabbles about the servants and 'all that sort of thing'; but in these it strikes me I was always quite as much an aggressor as a sufferer, and on the whole, considering the amount of human imperfection going, and the complexities we had to work in at Craigenputtock, I think we got through that business 'as well as could be expected'; and certainly you did not get through it worst. Believe me, my dear sister, I have none but kind feelings towards you and kind recollections of you Although we are widely parted now, and although much has changed incredibly since those days at the Hill which you remind me of, the regard I conceived for you then has gone on the same, though so seldom giving any sign of itself.

We are still in a fearful puddle here. Helen's loss has been a serious affair. The temporary servant we have drives Carlyle and my cousin to despair, and I am pretty near despair from seeing them so put about while myself cannot go to the rescue, as I could so well have done but for this dreadful cold. I have no decided prospect yet of anything better. I put an advertisement in the 'Times' newspaper, but the only applicant as yet resulting from it was not to be thought of. I will inclose you Dr. Christie's brief account of her There was a Highland woman

offered the other day, whom I mean to inquire further into, though she rather shocked me by having forgotten what part of the Highlands she came from! I will write when I am stronger and tell you what comes of us. It is a great worry my cousin being here when everything is so wretchedly uncomfortable, although I suppose there was absolute need of her while I was confined to bed.

Ever your affectionate

J. C.

Kind regards to James.

LETTER 90.

This is the catastrophe or utter down-break of Pessima, whom I still remember as a handsome, cultivated-looking Edinburgh girl, speaking Scotch like an Edinburgh gentlewoman, and exhibiting a character and style of procedure detestable beyond any previous specimen I had ever known of. She had been carefully trained by pious Edinburgh ladies; was filled with the consciousness of free grace; and, I believe, would have got more real education, as I told her, if she had been left to puddle through the gutters with her neglected fellow brats, by whom she would have been trampled out of the world had she behaved no better than now. Indisputably the worst specimen of Scotch character I have ever seen produced. My brief request to her was to disappear straightway, and in no region of God's universe, if she could avoid it, ever to let me behold her again. The poor devil, I believe, died in a year or two, and did not come upon the streets as predicted of her.

Betty, the old Haddington servant, who had been concerned in the sending or sanctioning of this wretched

creature, was deeply grieved and disappointed. The charm for Betty had been the perfect Free Kirk orthodoxy and free grace professions of this Pessima, who, I think, reported at home that she had been obliged to leave us, having actually notice once or oftener that we 'received' on Sabbath.

The cousin mentioned here is good Helen Welsh, of Liverpool, Maggie's eldest sister, whose amiable behaviour and silent helpfulness in this sordid crisis I still well remember. The improvised old woman, I remember, got the name of slowcoach between us, and continued for perhaps three weeks or more. She was a very white-aproned, cleanly old creature, and I once noticed her sitting at some meal in her kitchen, with a neatness of table-cloth and other apparatus, and a serene dignity of composure in her poor old self, that were fairly pathetic to me. For the rest, never did I see so sordid a domestic crisis appointed for such a mistress, in this world! But it had its kind of compensation too; and is now more noble and queenlike to me than all the money in the bank could have made it.

The little creature called Anne did prove a good cockney parallel of Scotch Helen Mitchell, and served us well (with only one follower, our butcher's lad, who came silently, and sat two hours once a week): follower and she were then wedded, went to Jersey, where we heard of their doing well in the butcher's business; but, alas, before long, of poor Anne's falling ill and dying.

Before Anne's quitting us, dottle Helen had finished her ladyhood at Dublin, quarrelled with her fool of a brother there, and retired to Kirkcaldy, signifying the warmest wish to return hither. She did return, poor wretch, but was at once discerned (not by me) to be internally in a state of chaos; and within three months, for open and incurable drunkenness, had to be dismissed. Endless pains were taken about her; new place provided (decent old widow in

straitened circumstances, content to accept so much merit in a servant, and tried to cure the drunkenness). But nothing whatever could avail; the wretched Helen went down and down in this London element, and at last was sent home to her kindred in Kirkcaldy to die. 'Poor bit dottle,' what a history and tragedy in small!—T C.

To Mrs. Stirling, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Dec. 29, 1846.

My dearest Susan,—I wonder if you are out of anxiety about your sister? I am almost afraid to begin telling you of my own troubles, without being first satisfied of that. But it seems unkind, after all your exertions, to provide me with a servant, not to tell you of the catastrophe of the one sent me by Betty! It is only now, for the first time, that I am in a condition to give you the disgusting history; for I was taken ill in the second week of her; have been three weeks confined to bed, and a week more to my bedroom fireside; and am just emerged into the library, between which and my bedroom I look forward with 'a certain resignation' to passing all the rest of the winter.

You would see by my last letter that I was dubious as to the result of that Edinburgh damsel. I tried to hope the best and cultivate patience and cheerfulness; but your notion that she had been too much petted for this situation gained on me every day. She showed no disposition to learn her work;

in fact, she became every day more sulky and slovenly ; and, on the first washing-day, she burst out on me with a sort of hysterical insolence ; declared she 'had never been told by anybody she was to wash ;' that 'no one woman living could do my work,' and when I told her the answer to that was, that it had been done by 'one woman' for eleven years, without the slightest complaint, she said, almost screamed, 'Oh yes, there are women that like to make slaves of themselves, and her you had was of that sort, but I will never slave myself for anybody's pleasure.' I asked her if she would be so good as state calmly what she meant to do. To 'go, to be sure.' 'Did she propose repaying me her expenses, then?' 'No, she had no money.' I thought the only way to treat such a creature, who seemed to have no sense of obligation, or anything else but her 'own sweet will,' was to let her depart in peace, and remain a loser of only two guineas, and not of my temper as well. So I told her, well, she might go at the end of her month, only to make no noise, if possible, for the remaining three weeks. But even this was too much to ask. In the second week of her, I was laid up in bed with one of my serious colds, caught by doing the most of her work myself, and exposing myself after quite an unusual fashion ; once there, I lay, with a doctor attending me daily ; and dosing me with tartar-emetic and opium, till I

had hardly any sense left, and was too weak to cough; while Carlyle and my cousin had to shift for themselves and me too, with an occasional helping hand from our postman's wife; Isabella, meanwhile, crying about her 'hands getting all spoilt with dirty work'; and doing nothing she could help; till on Saturday night, just a fortnight after she had come, she sent me word in my bed, that if I did not let her go next day (Sunday!) she 'would take fits, and be laid up in my house a whole year, as happened to her once before in a place where the work was too hard.' Carlyle told her to go in the devil's name; and a little more of his mind he told her; which was a satisfaction for me to have said in his emphatic way, since I was unable to rebuke her myself! But you may fancy the mischief all this did to a poor woman taking tartar-emetic and opium every two hours! When my doctor came next day, he said it 'was well he had not been here at the time, as he would have certainly dashed her brains out!' By that time, however, she was gone; actually rushed off after breakfast on Sunday!—so much for 'free grace,' of which she professed to be full!)—smartly dressed, and very happy, they told me—off to the 'seven cousins,' with whom I had, more good-naturedly than wisely, permitted her, at her own request, to pass all the previous Sunday; leaving me very ill in bed, and no servant in the house! The day after, she brought an

omnibus and a female friend to the door, in the finest spirits, to take away her box; and from that day to this I have heard no more of her! But if such a character as she exhibited here does not lead her to the streets some day, I shall be greatly surprised. Of course her respectable appearance, backed out by the seven cousins, will have got her another place ere now; where, if men-servants be kept, she may exert herself. My doctor said he could tell by her looks, the first day she opened the door to him, that she had then, or had quite lately had, the green sickness, and that I was well rid of her.

And now I might write a few sheets more, of the old half-dead cook, whom a lady who was going to part with her at any rate, on account of her 'shocking bad temper,' obligingly made over to us as 'a temporary,' at an hour's notice. Such as she is, she has been an improvement on Isabella, for she does her best. But oh, what a puddle it has been! and rushing down of an orderly house to chaos! Another fortnight of it would have sent my not too patient husband raving mad! Since I got out of bed I have been seeing all sorts of horrid-looking females 'inquiring after the place;' and two days ago finally settled with one not horrid-looking, but a cheery little 'button' of a creature, with a sort of cockney resemblance to Helen; she has been nearly three years in a similar situation close by, which she has only left in

consequence of the mistress having died, and the master going into lodgings. He gave her an excellent character to my cousin; especially for quiet habits. 'She had only one lover who came to see her, and one female friend (happy little woman!), both highly respectable, and not too troublesome.' She is to come on the last night of the year.

This will reach you on the first day of the new year; and I put many good wishes and a kiss into it.

Do write to me how your sister is.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 91.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Liverpool.

Chelsea: Jan. 20, 1847.

Dearest Helen,—One hears much fine talk in this hypocritical age about seeking and even finding one's own happiness in 'the happiness of others;' but I frankly confess to you that I, as one solitary individual, have never been able to confound the two things, even in imagination, so as not to be capable of clearly distinguishing the difference; and if every one would endeavour, as I do, to speak without cant, I believe there would be a pretty general admission on the part of sinful humanity that to eat a comfortable beef-steak when one is hungry yields a satisfaction of a much more positive character than seeing one's neighbour eat it! For the fact is, happiness is but

a low thing, and there is a confusion of ideas in running after it on stilts. When Sir Philip Sidney took the water from his own parched lips to give it to the dying soldier, I could take my Bible oath that it was not happiness he felt; and that he would never have done that much admired action if his only compensation had been the pleasure resulting to him from seeing the dying soldier drink the water; he did it because he could not help himself; because the sense of duty, of self-denial, was stronger in him at the moment than low human appetite; because the soul in him said, do it; not because utilitarian philosophy suggested that he would find his advantage in doing it, nor because Socinian dilettanteism required of him a beautiful action!

Well, but if these moral reflections are not a preamble to something more relevant, I find such a commencement of a letter 'what shall I say? strange, upon my honour!' Do you so? my sweet little cousin —be thankful, then! we live in a world of commonplace; a strange letter, a strange woman, so far from being taken sharply to task, should be accepted graciously, as a sort of refreshing novelty.

But if I cannot show you that my moral reflections lead to something, I can show you that something led to them. I had been looking over the last budget of autographs that I had got together for you. Such distinguished names! 'To be sure,' I said to

myself, 'these will make her fortune in autographs.' And then I felt a certain self-complacency, a certain presentiment of your satisfaction in seeing your collection swelling into something really worth while; and having the pen in my hand to write to you, I was on the point of putting on the paper some such *fadaise* as this: 'It was a capital thought in me, dearest Helen, the making of this collection for you. My own pleasure in sending you the autographs being greater, I am sure, than any you can feel in receiving them.' But the sentence having reached a full stop, in my head, my better judgment said, 'Bah! Beware of the Socinian jargon, *ma chère*, there is always "a do at the bottom of it!" ' and so my pen dashed off, of itself as it were, into a reactionary tirade against 'the welfare-of-others' principle.

I have been long plaguing Carlyle to give me, for you, one of the letters of Varnhagen von Ense; for besides being the autograph of a distinguished author and diplomatist and husband of Rahel, you will find it curious for its perfect beauty. I never saw such writing; and in whatever haste, in sickness or in health, it is always the same.

Carlyle was very grumpy about parting with one of his letters; but, having taken a great deal of trouble for him the other day in seeking out some notes he wanted, from his trunk of old papers, he presented me with this one as a reward; and also, I

suppose, as an encouragement to future exertions of like utility.

Besides Varnhagen von Ense, you have here Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, Rogers, Sir R. Peel, a whole note from Harriet Martineau (before our friendship), Charles Buller, Count d'Orsay, Milman, a very characteristic note from Mazzini, Lord Stanley, Mrs. Austin, Lockhart, Thackeray (alias Titmarsh), Allan Cunningham.

Tell Jeannie that when I informed Mazzini yesterday that Geraldine was to be here on Monday, he first stared, then said 'Well! after then I come for ten minutes only!' and then, looking into the fire, gave a long, clear whistle! Jeannie can figure the sort of mood in which alone Mazzini could dream of whistling!

But alas! I must go and clean the lamp, a much less agreeable occupation than writing to you, my dear. But such consequences of the fall of Adam will always exist. Nothing will go on any time without human labour.

Ever your affectionate cousin

J. Carlyle.

LETTER 92.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Liverpool.

Chelsea: July 15, 1847.

My dearest Helen,—I would have written yesterday, if I could have done anything on earth but cry.

I suppose 'the fact is,' as Carlyle says, 'that I am very unwell.' In a general way I can keep from crying at all rates. But this heat is most disorganising and demoralising. And so I fell a-crying in the morning over my gifts, and could not stop myself again.

Carlyle had prepared a cameo-brooch for me, and I cannot tell how it is, but his gifts always distress me more than a scold from him would do. Then the postman handed in your letter and little box, and that brought all sorts of reminiscences of home and of Templand along with it; a beautiful little thing as ever I beheld! but too beautiful and too youthful for the individual intended to wear it. A hat-box from poor Bölte completed the overthrow of my sensibility: it contained an immense bouquet of the loveliest flowers, in the middle of which was stuck—her picture! in water-colours, and gilt-framed, and a note. I shall send you the note, that you may see Bölte in her best phase. People wonder always why I let myself be bored with that woman, but, with all her want of tact in the everyday intercourse of life, she manifests a sentiment on occasions so delicate and deep, that I should be a brute not to be touched by it.

Whose is the hair in the little basket? it looks all one shade.

Thank you, dearest, and the others concerned in that little realised ideal of cousinly remembrance. I have attached it to my bracelet, but it seems almost a

pity to wear it there. I was thinking whether I ought not to have my nose pierced and suspend it from that.

Perhaps I shall see you this summer after all. I really am suffering dreadfully from the heat; quite as ill, in a different way, as I was in winter from the cold.

I cannot sleep or eat, can hardly sit upright, and am in a continual high fever, obliged to keep wet cloths on my head all day long. In these astonishing circumstances Carlyle declares I absolutely must go away, and best to Haddington. He will take me there and leave me; so if I go to Haddington I shall surely go to Auchtertool; but I am not there yet. I am to write to Miss Donaldson to-day, to inquire if her house be empty; if the London family are there I shall consider that objection final.

I hope, if I go, I may get off before Geraldine returns, for I am not up to any visitor just now, not even to *an angel awares.*

Kind love to all. I have that letter to Miss Donaldson to write and am already worn out.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 93.

October–November, 1846.—We went for a week to the Grange—old Rogers, &c. My poor Jane's health very feeble. Beginning of December, bothered by various things,

change of servants, foolish Helen off to Dublin to a foolish brother there, and to ruin, as it proved. My dear little woman fell quite ill—Dr. Christie attending—and for three weeks was helpless, oftenest in bed, amid these household irritations, now painful to remember. Helen Welsh luckily was here on visit from Liverpool; before New Year's Day the hurly-burly, bad servants, Free Kirk Edinburgh ones, slow coach &c., swept away, and a new good one got; and my darling, once more victorious, seemed to be herself again.

End of January, part of February 1847, at Bay House, Alverstoke; there again, however, she had a miserably bad sore throat, sad to read of in her letters. I idle, lying painfully fallow all this time, brother John busy with his Dante.

August 1847 we go for Matlock, stay about a fortnight. W. E. Forster over from Rawdon (Bradford neighbourhood), loyal cheery ex-Quaker then, Radical politician now, ran over to join us, and, pressingly hospitable, took us home with him. Charming drive to Sheffield from the Peak country. Stay at Rawdon for another fortnight; there part; I for Scotsbrig, my Jeannie for a trial day or two at Barnsley (brother of Mrs. Paulet's there), and so home to Chelsea.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Saturday, Sept. 11, 1847.

Here I am, then, safe and sound! rather tired, and as yellow as saffron with yesterday's journey; but that is all. I left Barnsley at one, and got home at eleven, rather low when I stopped at my own door all alone; but Anne received me with a little outburst of affection, as cheering as it was unexpected. What you will consider more to the purpose, she had everything in the nicest possible order; seemed

really to have exerted herself to the uttermost in divining and executing my wishes. A better-cleaned house I never set my foot in: and even her own little person had bloomed out into new clothes for the occasion. All the carpets have been not only up, and most effectually cleaned, and nailed down again, as nobody but myself ever succeeded in nailing them before, but she has been at the unbargained-for pains to darn them, wherever they needed it. Nay, she has actually learned to stand on steps, and dusted every book on the shelves! Mrs. Piper has been at work like a very Brownie. Postie[1] and she came at four o'clock one morning, and washed up all the blankets and counterpanes. And then the little post-woman herself fell upon the chair and table covers, and, having washed them quite beautifully, nailed them all on again; so that the whole house looks as bright as a new pin. Postie had also helped to beat the carpets, considering that Eaves[2] was rather slimming them; but he charged Anne to keep this, and indeed all his doings, a secret from me. To fall to work messing and painting inside, now that everything is so well cleaned, and so late in the year, would, I think, be 'very absurd.'[3] When the

[1] Our excellent, punctual, and obliging postman, for above twenty years.

[2] The ostler, turned out (seven or eight years after) to be a very great scamp.

[3] Brother John's phrase.

parlour is new-papered and painted, it should be done properly, and proper painting takes a prodigious time; but I will see somebody to-morrow, to speak at least concerning the outside.

I have not seen John yet, but he will come, I suppose, after his proofs are corrected. Nobody else knows of my return, and I shall keep it 'a secret to please him,'[1] till I feel a need of company, which I fancy will not be for some weeks to come. Meanwhile I have plenty to employ me, in siding[2] drawers and locked places, which I left in the disgracefullest confusion; and in re-habilitating the clothes-department, which has been wonderfully reduced and dilapidated by these weeks of travel, to say nothing of plenty of letters lying on my conscience. Did you find at Scotsbrig a letter from Anthony Sterling announcing his father's death? Anne says he (Anthony) called here last Saturday to ask the address; and she gave him the Rawdon one. The poor old man had been quite insensible for a week before his death; and the week before that, he had insisted on having himself brought in the carriage to this door, though even then he was speechless. Anne said it was the saddest thing she ever saw; he waved to her to come to him, and made signs as if he were leaving a message for me, pointed repeatedly to his lips, and then to the house, and then shook

[1] 'Ou que manger un hareng? C'est un secret pour lui plaire?'
[2] Lancashire for 'sorting.'

his head with tears running down. How often I have made a jest of that old man's affection for me, and now it looks one of the most valuable affections I ever possessed, for he clung to it till his last moment of consciousness. His nurse, who came with him, told Anne she knew I was not at home, but it was perfectly impossible to hinder his coming. Anthony, Anne says, seemed 'dreadfully cut up;' he 'could hardly speak to her, for the tears in his throat.'

Your letter was lying for me last night when I came in, and gave me somehow the feeling of a letter written out of Hades. I hope I shall get another soon. I hardly supposed your Manchester worshippers, and least of all Geraldine, would let you off on the Tuesday. As to me, I could not well have got home on the Wednesday, even if much set on it, which I was not. On Tuesday, Nodes[1] and his wife took me through two immense factories, and a long drive besides in a phaeton. On the way home I was seized with one of my very worst fainting headaches, and had to be carried from the carriage to bed, where I lay in what they took for a last agony, till midnight. Nothing could be kinder than Mrs. Newton was, but kindness could do nothing till the time came. Next day I got up to breakfast, but too brashed to dream of going off to London; so I

[1] Nodes Newton, Mrs. Paulet's brother at Barnsley.

agreed to stay till Friday. They would fain have had it Monday, but I could not be so silly as to change my day twice. My visit was a highly successful one, except for that headache, which might have happened anywhere. The children are beautiful, loveable children, brought up as children used to be in my time, and no trouble to anybody. Mrs. Newton herself grows more attractive for me the more I see of her; her quiet good sense and loving heartedness, and perfect naturalness, are very refreshing to one's world-used soul. Even poor Nodes is a much more interesting man at the head of his mill and his family than when hanging loose on society in London—but it is twenty minutes after four.

Ever yours,

J. C.

LETTER 94.

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1847.

Dear Mr. Forster,—Here I am, then! returned to Chelsea; a sadder and a wiser woman for my five weeks of pursuit of the picturesque under difficulties. My husband and I parted company at Leeds a week ago. He is now in Annandale 'spending his time' (he writes to me) 'chiefly in sleeping and in drinking new milk under various forms!' Rather bilious work, one would say! but every man to his humour! For me, I am spending my time chiefly in loving the

devil out of a—Yorkshire kitten! which I have adopted for its inexpressible charm of tigerishness. But a huge brown-paper parcel of MS. lies like an incubus on my free spirit! What is to be done? When and how are we to get through it?

Since I arrived on Friday night, I have spoken with no mortal but my maid, and twice for ten minutes with my brother-in-law. I believe, besides you, there is still a man, or perhaps two, of my acquaintance left. But I feel so mesmerised by the silence and the dimness, that I have no power to announce my return.

Write to me. I am prepared for anything.

Ever yours affectionately

JANE CARLYLE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET